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SHADOW OF THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

JUST a century ago, after one of the fiercest political struggles in the history of Parliament, the great English Reform Bill of 1832 was finally passed over the determined opposition of the House of Lords and against the convictions of much of the best and soundest opinion in England. In 1830, the restoration of the Orléans monarchy in France had been accepted only with a theoretical basis of democratic equality before the law and on condition of transferring most of the powers of government to the popular branch of the Legislature. By 1828, in the United States, all the Northern States had adopted manhood suffrage, and in that year Jackson had been overwhelmingly elected President on a surging wave of democratic enthusiasm. It is true that the English Reform Bill merely enfranchised the middle classes, and it was not until our own century, either in England or in the United States, that practically universal suffrage, including all classes and both men and women, became an accomplished fact, after passing through many stages. Yet it is not wholly inaccurate to speak of the last hundred years as the first century of democracy, although perhaps the term 'liberalism' would be more just. The historic process is continuous and knows no dates, but for our convenience we have to use them, and the struggle over the Reform Bill does mark very definitely the turn in the tides of the modern political world toward Bentham's ideal of 'one man, one vote,' and the bestowing of political power upon the entire people.

It is hard for us to-day to 'recapture the first fine careless rapture' of the great democratic advocates of the 1830's, and to accept their assertion that with universal suffrage our political immorality and corruption would cease, and the people would provide for themselves a wise and frugal government in the interests of all. It is equally difficult to accept their belief that with universal education all men would be able to judge rightly of what was for their own good, and that they would follow it. There was something charmingly naïve in this faith of the time that

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one had only to transfer power to the people at large to find them using it wisely and unselfishly, and that by the simple process of counting noses we could automatically reach right conclusions.

Why did they believe so fervently then that if only control of government could be transferred from a king, an aristocracy, or an electorate with a property qualification, somehow the millennium would come when the men who were at the bottom of the scale socially, economically, culturally, were put in the seats of the mighty? Why have we ceased to believe it to-day?

The latter question is perhaps easier to answer than the first, except in so far as each generation reacts against the particular evils of its own time and seeks regeneration in mere change. In some respects the earlier period was much like our own — one of vast ferment. Only fifteen or a dozen years earlier the peoples had emerged from the colossal wars of the Napoleonic era. England was burdened with a debt almost as crushing as that of to-day. It would be easy to run a parallel.

But there were also great differences. Religion and morality were still compelling forces and ideas in the 1830's, and democracy, however disconnected with religion in the mind of the individual man, had sprung straight from the great religious movement of the Reformation. The claimed Protestant right of each man to interpret the Bible for himself, to judge of creeds and ceremonies, to erect his own church and elect his own pastor, had been the solvent which had undermined thrones and the old belief in divine right. The Protestant leaders had not believed in democracy, but their doctrines had led to it with complete inevitability. The early nineteenth century was still deeply religious, and the environment in which democratic ideas were coming to fruition was largely unaltered from that which had given them birth. Science was beginning to open limitless vistas of possible improvement to man without yet having reached the point of disillusioning him of his religious beliefs. It was a period, for enthusiastic souls, of apparently boundless possibilities in the future, emphasized in the American case by our vast westward expansion. Uncritical optimism was rampant.

To-day all is changed. Science still promises possible extraordinary advances in the control of our physical environment, but for whole sections of the people it has destroyed old religious beliefs. Religion and morality as moulding forces on our ideas have given place to science and efficiency. We have glimpsed the millions of years it has taken man to rise to what he is, instead of the four thousand given to him in the 1830's, and we realize that perfectibility is not to be attained in a generation.

But most of all, in looking back over the last century, we find that the high hopes entertained in the first part of it have not been fulfilled. On the contrary we see that many forces then expected to work out only for good have worked also for ill. It has been said that to-day democracy is on trial. I do not think it is so much on trial as that it is passing into something quite different, wholly without control by any of us.

II

The very corner stone of democracy was thought to be education. In 1830, a workingmen's meeting in Philadelphia declared that there could be no real liberty until 'equal instruction shall be equally secured to all,' and such was the universal opinion among the democrats. There seemed to be no hesitant doubts about all men being able to be equally benefited by education and

equally anxious to secure it in a real sense. We have now had several generations submitted to the process of universal education and can begin to test the consequences a bit. It may be admitted that comparatively few have had a genuine education, that most have merely learned to read, write, and cipher, and got a smattering of a hodgepodge of facts, soon forgotten. It must be recalled, however, that, even with a good system, a real education in the modern sense can only be acquired by a good mind willing to work hard over it. Most people do not have good minds and most of them are not willing to work intellectually; and these facts are quite apart from any opinion we may hold that the democratic system of education is bad.

It is not easy to say just what our so-called education has done for the individual. It has, of course, opened unlimited opportunities for some. It has increased smug self-satisfaction as well as worthy self-respect. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether it has not weakened the power to think. A farmer who tries to work out logically just what it is that has made his car stop is probably doing more to make his mind an efficient instrument of thought than he is by reading the papers for a week and swallowing their opinions uncritically. Our problem, however, is not with education in regard to the individual, but with education as the fundamental basis for a sound administering of the State based on universal suffrage.

Instead of bringing about a healthy cleansing of our political life, education and suffrage would seem to have had unexpected results quite contrary to this. For one thing, a literate public of millions has brought into being the popular press, and what that is after a century of democracy needs no long description. I need not refer to the standards of taste exhibited by either the newspapers or the films which cater to the largest audiences. What I have in mind is not taste, but the enormous power of the popular press over its readers and creators. The lowest common denominator of humanity is raw emotion, and it is that to which the press, reaching toward ever wider circulation, tends to cater, whether in murders or international relations. It had been hoped, for example, that great democracies would become peace-loving and internationally-minded. On the contrary, the century of democracy has witnessed that very rise of excessive and exacerbated nationalism which, in a world economically intertwined, is one of the greatest menaces to the peace of the world to-day. This, I think, can be attributed to the fact that the press appeals to emotion in order to secure circulation among the democratically 'educated' masses.

At present, I am reading the French papers daily, and, as if on one string, they play in every issue on hatred of Germany. A few days ago *Le Figaro*, for example, published a large map on its first page purporting to show what was intended against France. Germany had advanced westward over nearly a third of French territory. England had become possessed of all the seacoast along the Channel and on the Bay of Biscay except the point of Brittany, which was shown as belonging to the United States for a naval station. The Mediterranean coast had been taken by Spain, and France was depicted as shrunk to a little interior country with only a corridor to the sea at one point. Such propaganda as that, going through a whole country, carries far more weight than would have been carried by the voice of an orator before a single audience in old illiterate France. The mere fact that it is in print seems to give it a certain authority which the

human voice of a Jean or a Jacques known to his hearers would not have had.

In so far, then, as democratic education was to have made the masses fit to govern themselves and others wisely, that education has lamentably failed. Without will to think, without strength of mind to study documents or close reasoning, yet with the ability to read, the masses have raised up the cheap press of wide circulation to mislead them into misleading others.

On the other hand, universal suffrage has developed a new type of politician who only too readily uses the press as his organ. He realizes also that his power and influence do not depend upon reason, but on his appeal to emotion in his electorate, whether that emotion be nationalism, class feeling, or mere greed. My housemaid in London, for example, is a bright girl of her sort. She has had the full education given here in what we should call the public school. She has the vote. But she knows so little of what is going on in the world that when the late government fell in August and I spoke to her of it she asked, 'It has been a Labor Government, has n't it?' Yet she is one of the democratic rulers of the British Empire. At times of great excitement, such as in the 'Khaki Election' of the Boer War or the recent one in England, it is impossible to tell how such a mind will react to the prejudices that are played upon. One of the chief of these in this century is nationalism, and this emotion may be made to carry either unwise and popular issues or wise and unpopular ones. It was for this reason that, as soon as England's immediate crisis of August was surmounted in an undemocratic way, it was decided to hold an election while the wave of nationalistic emotion, evoked by the sudden fall in the prestige of England, was at its height, and before it had had time to cool down.

Even so, the maid I mentioned, as well as both the others in the house, refused to vote at all on the ground that they did not know what it was all about. Nor can they be too heavily blamed. Merely to keep track of what is going on to-day calls for the expenditure of a good deal of time in reading. To have a really intelligent opinion about the acts of a government and the policies it has pursued or ought to pursue requires an amount of time, hard intellectual work, and ability that few of us have. Think of the questions that have been debated in America within the past few months — the Farm Board and what it has been doing, the tariff, unemployment and possible forms of relief, banking reform, the Shipping Board, old-age pensions, and dozens more. I sometimes wonder whether most of us are more thoroughly grounded in these matters than my housemaid on the MacDonald ministry.

III

All this would not make so much difference if we had not abandoned the old doctrine of representation for the democratic one of mandates. In the old days the members of Parliament did have to see that the interests of the landed class were taken care of, but beyond that they were independent to do what seemed best. To-day, however, no member of Parliament, no Congressman, can do anything of which his constituents do not approve. Ears have to be kept to the ground every instant. A Congressman, however able or honest, who runs counter to the passing whim or emotion of even a minority in his district, if a noisy one, will be dropped at the election, and his usefulness ended. The other day in England the constituency of the Prime Minister, objecting to what he was doing to save

the nation and without even waiting for him to get a breathing moment to go down and address them, demanded not simply that he should not be reëlected, but that he should immediately resign.

Universal suffrage, combined with the democratic doctrine of mandates to legislators and with the fact that citizens cannot know about all governmental problems at once or take an interest in all of them, has resulted in Parliaments and Congresses whose members no longer represent the country, but must obey the behests of minority groups. This is working out to some extent differently in the two great democracies of America and England. We need not dwell on how such a body as the Anti-Saloon League brings its pressure to bear on candidates for office or on the men already in. It is only one of the innumerable 'pressure groups' which make the life of a legislator miserable and cause jumbled legislation of the most vicious sort.

We can imagine a member of a legislature, viewing the whole national field, trying to pass wholesome measures that will take account of all the conditions. Soldiers' bonuses in his mind will necessarily be linked with a Treasury deficit. Or we can imagine an ideal citizen having the knowledge and the fairness to view things as a whole in the same way. But in practice the citizen does not view things so. He has his particular field of knowledge or his own axe to grind. He is interested in Prohibition, in the bonus, in a tariff rate, in any one of dozens of things. He and his fellows join in a pressure group, and Congress passes legislation that expresses the resultant stresses and strains of all these pressures. Except perhaps for a few Senators, an American legislator does not openly represent, as yet, any one group. He represents them all (supposedly all citizens), so that his tortuous course can never be plotted in advance. It will depend upon multitudinous pressures, visible and invisible to the general public.

In England the tendency is in another direction. In the last Parliament, for example, the Miners' Federation had forty-three members of Parliament who owed their office and allegiance not to the nation but to the Federation. And so with other trades-unions. At the height of the August crisis, the Prime Minister and Cabinet were forced to consult the Council of the T. U. C. (Trades-Union Congress) as though that body were part of the regular machinery of government coordinate with the House of Commons. It is perfectly true that special economic interests have always been represented in legislatures, but the point is that democracy, so far from having brought about a genuine representation of us all in a government thinking in terms of the nation, has merely succeeded in making our legislatures the recording instruments for all sorts of pressures from all sorts of groups, as with us, or is tending toward a sort of Sovietism, as in England, where members of Parliament are coming to represent directly single groups, such as railwaymen or miners, instead of cross sections of the community as a whole.

IV

It may be said that in the old days only certain classes or groups had representation, and legislated for their selfish benefit. Quite true, but there is a difference in our new system. The old American or English system did not consider sufficiently the rights of every class, but it did not, and would not if the legislators could prevent it, ruin the entire nation. Their own property, for one thing, was at stake. They were, also, a limited class, and even the loot of the politicians under a George III was

trifling as compared with the loot now demanded by the democratic masses. Our pension scandals, and what promise in time to become even greater bonus scandals, make the looting of a politician of the aristocratic régime look like a subway ticket. In the old days the country might have to allow exorbitant grants or sinecures to a few, but when those who demand the same sort of thing to-day are the masses by the million, I do not say it is any less moral, but it is immensely more of a burden to the nation — a burden under which England has almost collapsed. Democracy has not at all done away with bribery or corruption. It has merely turned it into a business of mass production, under which the finances of the strongest nation may give way.

There is another difference between the old graft or bribery or bonuses and the new. A large grant to a successful general or leader of some sort did have a tendency to develop leaders and to stir ambition, by making one who had greatly served a nation distinguished and independent for life. But the new mass grants or bonuses, although casting an infinitely heavier weight on the nation, have no such effect. In England, for example, the knowledge that a title and a half million might await the general who could win a war had a very different effect on ambition from the scattering of a few hundred dollars each among millions of ex-service men, often utterly without reason or need on their part. In the World War I was an officer. I had my officer's pay and an independent income in civil life, yet both the United States Government and New York State offered me bonuses and compensation. The billions spent in democracies to buy votes on a gigantic scale can ruin a State as the old grants to individuals, even those who did not deserve it, could not; and the nation gets far less out of giving Tom Jones two or three hundred dollars of 'adjusted compensation' to buy a car with than the old State did out of giving the general his title and half million. I do not mean that the old grants were always well given. They were not. Nor that all pensions, such as those to the really wounded or incapacitated, are not well given. But the comparison I make is, on the whole, just.

We have discovered that under democracy, just as under any other form of government, most men prefer their private profit to the public good. Morally the private citizen who calls himself a king in virtue of democracy is no more to be trusted to look at national interests before his own than was the old king — perhaps even less. The king at least had always before his eyes the danger of losing his throne if he went too far. The modern democratic citizen, bent on 'getting his' somehow out of the national purse, has no throne to lose. All he can get is clear gain, a national breakdown seeming inconceivable to him so long as a lot of people have more money than he has. He gets most of his information from the sort of press which the education that was to make democracy workable has brought into being by the sort of education that has actually been achieved. The bringing of legislators close to the people by the mandate system instead of the representative has merely brought them close to groups bent solely on getting something for themselves irrespective of the general effect on the nation.

It may be freely admitted that the position of the working classes has greatly improved in the last century. That is a fundamental advantage for any people and something to be set to the credit of any system. But several questions at once arise as to this. One is, how much of this improvement is

due solely to suffrage, and how much to the liberal spirit of the nineteenth century; how much to workmen's extra-political organizations, and how much to applied science and the workings of business? Undoubtedly much of it, but far from all, is due to the political pressure brought about by the vote.

But this brings us to another question, the one I have raised elsewhere of the law of diminishing returns in social institutions. Before the Reform Bill of 1832 the landed interest was supreme in Parliament. By that measure (which, by the way, was intended to act as a dam against the democracy engendered by the French Revolution and not as a measure to promote it) the balance of power was transferred in England to the middle class — the business men, small shopkeepers, and others. It was more than thirty years later that the suffrage was extended more widely, and not till another fifty years after, in 1918, that it included women. May it not well prove to be the fact that there is a point up to which too exclusive a franchise works harm to certain excluded classes; that at a given point of proportional representation good results are obtained for all; and that after that point has been passed, and the suffrage is still more widely extended, harm may be worked on sections of the community, spreading in time to the whole of it, and resulting in collapse or change in the form of government?

V

It seems to me that the history of England in the last century — the best to study for the rise and fall of liberalism — indicates this. In 1832, the working class suffered at the expense of the aristocratic; in 1932, the entire nation is beginning to suffer from the control of the working class, which, if it had had its way in those fateful weeks of last August, would clearly have ruined the whole national structure rather than give up a tittle of what it thought it had won, with no realization that, if the business structure had collapsed, this class would have suffered more severely than any other.

In that crisis England had to be saved by scrapping democracy for the moment and resorting practically to a dictatorship. The Labor Government, after pursuing its policies for several years, had at last brought the nation to the very brink of ruin. Two or three of its very ablest leaders, such as MacDonald and Snowden, who were responsible with the rest for the plight of England but who did at the very last minute see what had happened, wished to make desperate efforts to save the situation. They were repudiated by the other members of their Cabinet, by the trades-unions and the Labor Party at large. With a huge unbalanced budget and the imminent danger of going off the gold standard (a catastrophe which would have been far more colossal than it was, had it come before the budget had been balanced and with a Socialist Party in power), there was not an instant to lose. At that moment, the state of public opinion and knowledge being what it was, a general election was considered by all who knew the conditions, including MacDonald himself, as spelling disaster. Yet under the democratic system there seemed nothing else for it, and MacDonald wished to resign.

Then what happened? The King, who had been on holiday in Scotland, hurriedly returned to London. He summoned the leaders of all three parties, MacDonald, Baldwin, and Samuel, to Buckingham Palace. This much was in all the papers. What was not in the papers, but what is generally reported in London to have happened, was briefly this. The King greeted the

three men, and then remarked that the nation appeared to have got into an extremely bad mess, and that at the instant an election could only make it worse. 'Therefore,' he is said to have added, 'I have asked you three gentlemen as leaders of the three parties to meet here. I shall retire to the other room for ten minutes. When I return I shall expect you to have found a solution.' When he did return, he was told that the three had agreed to postpone the election, sink party differences, and form an emergency Cabinet.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the precise details of this version of the interview which is current in the London clubs; but something of the sort happened. The point is that at one of the great crises in England's history democracy broke down in its ordinary workings. The electorate at that time was not to be trusted to vote wisely. The Prime Minister's Party and Cabinet had been completely disrupted. The other parties could not get together, and the nation hung suspended over the abyss. Had it been ruled over by a President who was himself the creature of a party, it would have fallen headlong into it. It was saved by having at its head a ruler who is above and outside of all parties, and who was also strong enough in the crisis to bring order out of impending chaos. In other words, democracy had not saved itself, but had been saved by the monarch.

Nor should the welcome result of the election held after two months of education and fervent appeals to national honor and the national spirit blind us to what would have happened in August, or might happen again. Just as our electoral system in the United States sometimes places in the White House a President who has received only a minority of our votes, so the English system may bring surprising results. The Nationalist Government has won the astounding majority of 490 seats in Parliament, but this figure completely distorts the recorded opinions of the people, 6,800,000 of whom voted against the Nationalists while 14,400,000 voted for them. The Nationalists will be ten to one in Parliament, whereas they were only two to one at the polls.

The overturn was very great, and fortunate, but we must recall certain facts. It required two months after the actual crisis to make any election safe. When it was held, the Nationalists had the advantage of the wave of patriotic sentiment they had counted on. And, lastly, it was not an election in the ordinary sense, for by previous arrangement two and a half parties combined to fight a half party; that is, the Conservatives, Liberals, and part of the Socialist Party, including its ablest and best-loved leaders, combined to defeat the remaining rump of the Socialists. That even under those conditions, with the very life of the nation at stake, over 6,000,000 out of 21,000,000 voted against the combined forces is a matter for serious thought rather than jubilation. As one of the leading financial papers said next morning, 'if the pendulum can swing with such violence in one direction, may it not later swing equally violently in the other?' And, 'with our modern electorate and its tendency toward violent convulsions of this sort, is there not a fresh case for consideration of "proportional representation"?'

This is a lesson which the century of democracy teaches us, that in every crisis democracy has to give way to autocracy or a dictatorship. It had to do so in our Civil War when Lincoln was made practical dictator and the constitutional guarantees were suspended 'for duration.' It happened again in the last war, when Wilson had to be made even a more complete

dictator than Lincoln. It happened in every European country at war. It is happening again in England in time of peace; and with the growing complexity of modern life, and the recurring of crises, it is likely to happen more often. Our crises of the future are not likely to be all military.

Personally I do not like dictatorships, whether of Mussolini, the Russian proletariat, or the Anti-Saloon League. I like freedom of the press, of speech, of the palate. But my individual likings have nothing whatever to do with the cosmic process. It is useless to sit in an easy-chair in a study and talk of substituting something for democracy, even if we think it has failed. We cannot disenfranchise any class that has been enfranchised, even if they want the vote as little as most women seem to. There will always be a noisy minority who will make a racket, and legislatures never will be oblivious of noise and card catalogues made by persistent minorities. Things will develop as they will.

VI

How will they? A prophet's job is the worst-paid in the world, but we may note a few facts. For one, as we have said, democracy invariably breaks down in a crisis, and crises are likely to be more and more recurrent. A boat that can sail only in fair weather is likely to be sunk some day when an unexpected storm is worse than usual. The pressure of untaxed and more or less unpropertied millions on national treasuries inevitably leads to far more serious troubles than the raids of a few courtiers or placemen. The interest of the modern world is economic, not political. The average man is getting to be stirred little by talk of liberty so long as he is made more prosperous every year. The Roman plebs wanted bread and circuses, and to-day in Germany the demand for the coming winter is lower-priced bread and free seats in the cinema for the unemployed. The modern man in the street wants movies, a car, and what he calls his 'standard of living.' Political democracy has brought neither social nor economic equality. There is far more difference to-day between Ford with his $1,000,000,000 and the workman whom he turns off from a not very lucrative job whenever it suits him than there was in colonial days, when we had no democracy, between a rich man and an artisan. The citizen is getting fed up with having to have an opinion on every sort of complicated subject. As has been reported, 'When Mussolini said that they, the people, might go back, stop governing, and go to work, — he would do it all, — it was almost as if all Italy sighed and said, "Amen."'

Moreover, the old liberal spirit is dying everywhere. The failure of the *New York World*, like the failure of the Liberal Party in England, was merely another signpost pointing the way. Everywhere the extreme Right is coming to face the extreme Left. In the recent election in England all the parties standing for stability had to combine against the extreme Left Wing of the Socialist Party. As the papers pointed out next morning, the very fact that the Opposition Party, by chance, had dwindled to almost nothing made the formation of a new and reasonably powerful Opposition essential, and a far-reaching new alignment is looked for. When the present wave of popular nationalism passes, the third of the electorate who have found themselves cut off with only a tenth of the Parliamentary seats will not be content. They represent the extreme radical elements in the population. Polling one third of the vote under extraordinarily favorable circum-

stances for the conservative groups, they can be expected to poll more when the fear of a fatal crisis has passed, and from them should come the new Opposition, which would be so powerful that it might cause all conservative people to group themselves again into one party to oppose it. The election has saved the pound, but raised the most serious problems for the future. In that future, in England as elsewhere, it looks as though the middle-of-the-road liberals would everywhere lose their historic function of helping change to proceed on cushions. It looks as though, more and more, two extremist groups would confront one another, and out of that will come the danger of armed conflict. And out of that, again, comes the strong man who will save the little man and let him live his life as he wishes, though he may not be allowed to say all he thinks.

Imminent? No, I do not think it is; but a few generations are nothing in history, and I see nothing in the century of democracy to lead me to believe that the world has become static or discovered a mode of governing masses of men with conflicting emotions and desires, and of different ideals and planes of culture, which will never again have to be altered.

There are advantages as well as disadvantages in democracy, and in the last century it fitted in with our whole intellectual climate in general. We had had our religious phase and passed into what may have been only a temporary political one. The rights of man, natural rights, political equality, and other catchwords roused powerful emotions already beginning to be hard to stir again. 'Natural rights' do not seem as real to-day as a 'living wage' or a 'standard of living.' Pope and reformer gave way to tyrant and patriot, and they are giving way in turn to Capital and demands of the 'workers.' Democracy was the mental mode that fitted the second phase. It had little obvious relation to the first and may have none to the third. Not only its slogans but its emotions may become obsolete. We may come to think it no more important to figure how big a majority ensures truth than how many angels could dance on the point of a needle.

Human history has been as changeable as weather. There have been devastating storms and long 'bright intervals,' as the English weather report calls them. There have been periods of liberty, of outbursts of art, of mental lethargy, of sudden advance, of slow germinating. Perhaps only one thing can be safely predicted, and that is that change is ceaseless. The democratic movement that was marked by the Reform Bill in England and the Jacksonian election in America is only a century old, yet it has been moving steadily. It was only a dozen or so years ago in both countries that it took in doubled numbers of voters by giving the franchise to women. It is no more static than anything else in human life. It is inconceivable that it will not change further, and, since we are not likely to enfranchise children and idiots, the change would seem to be indicated in some other direction. The age is economic above all else, and the shift will be along economic lines into some new form of governing.

England with its strongly developed social consciousness, its willingness to 'muddle through,' and its miners' and railwaymen's and other trade-union members of Parliament, looks toward Moscow. The United States with its sentimental devotion to leaders, its 'Teddies' and its 'Cals,' its love of efficiency and getting things done, looks toward Rome. But no one can say, except that life goes on and on, and institutions forever change.

JUDGMENT DAY IN THE HILLS

BY LOUIS REED

I

A LARGE-SIZE map of West Virginia shows that Winfield is on the Great Kanawha River about twenty-five miles north and west of the capital city of Charleston. The Alleghenies at this point dwindle to foothills; yet Putnam County, of which Winfield is the county seat, is properly a part of the region known as the Southern Mountains, because the people who inhabit it are typical mountaineers. As the crow flies, it is about fifty miles to Logan, the scene of the historic Hatfield-McCoy feud.

The village has a population of three hundred souls, many of whom are county officials. Because it is the county seat, there are three law offices, and there was, prior to its failure some months ago, a bank. I was unfortunately attorney for the bank, and lost money when it failed. The District High School is here, employing two buses and two bus drivers to bring in students from the surrounding farm country.

The village lies sprawled over the wide river bottoms, but the two most important and imposing buildings — the courthouse and the jail — are situate at the top of a low ridge overlooking the village, a ridge that in the dim geologic past must have been one of the banks of the Kanawha. The courthouse lawn, covered with maples and elm trees, slopes rather precipitately down to the highway below. At the west end of the lawn, about twenty paces from the front steps of the jail, is a two-room, cabin-style frame building, housing the law offices of Beckett and Reed. Beckett lives on a farm some eight miles distant, but my present home is the jail. I board with the jailer because the jail is the one building in Winfield with modern plumbing. As I write this I can hear the jailbirds downstairs singing.

The big day both for a lawyer and for a layman in this community is the opening day of the Circuit Court. Without betraying confidences reposed in me as an attorney, I shall attempt to describe, in these pages, as truthfully as I can, exactly what happens on a typical first day, and shall begin with a brief description of the court itself.

II

The Circuit Court of Putnam County convenes on the first Monday in March, the fourth Monday in June, and the third Monday in October of each year. Each term lasts six to ten days. Aside from informal courts presided over by justices of the peace and the anomalous proceedings of the misnamed County Court, there are no other courts in this county. The Circuit Judge lives in the City of Huntington. He has jurisdiction in this county over all felonies and misdemeanors, all actions at law, and all suits in chancery. The Circuit

Court is also an appeal court from decisions of justices of the peace.

Because there are but three short terms of court each year, the Winfield lawyer at court time works under terrific pressure. It is no small task to appear in thirty-odd different cases within ten days, including six trials before a jury. As the total amount of legal work to be had here is necessarily limited, there was a term when I appeared, on one side or the other, in every case on the docket but four. That docket included everything from selling moonshine liquor to issues out of chancery.

For two weeks prior to the opening of any term of court my partner and I work night and day getting ready. We prepare instructions to juries, notices of motion for judgment, orders in cases at law, pleas, answers, decrees, arguments, and briefs. We do all this before court starts, because, if we are lucky enough to have a little time to ourselves while court is in session, we shall have no opportunity to use it in preparing cases.

On the first day of court we are at our desks at 5 A.M. making a hurried final examination of the documents. If there is not something to be added at the last moment, we are fortunate indeed. Even at this early hour people are beginning to arrive for court. Time was, not so long ago, when they arrived on horseback or in buggies, but nowadays most of them use automobiles. They park their cars on the highway below, and collect in little groups about the front steps of the courthouse and the war memorial.

These are plain folks from the hills, and, although each is distinctly different in appearance from all the others, there is nevertheless a marked resemblance between them. Nearly all the men are tall, lean, and slightly stooped. They say little, and that unsmilingly and watchfully. The women — except the young girls, who are often beautiful — are weather-burned, stringy of hair, shabby, and as silent as the men.

All of these people are potential clients because of a strange custom that survives here. At one time there were no resident lawyers in Winfield. To supply the needs of this county, lawyers out of Charleston and Huntington rode the circuit with the judge. In those days a man had to wait until court time to secure the advice and services of a lawyer, and, although the circuit riders have long since disappeared, the custom of waiting until court convenes to consult an attorney largely persists.

III

At 6.40 I see a man disengage himself from the group on the courthouse steps and approach our office. Beckett goes to the other room, which is also the waiting room, where he has a desk in one corner. This particular client, however, is mine. He is an aging man of sixty or thereabouts, dressed in blue overalls, hunting cap, and a sweater. One side of his face is swathed in bandages. His name is John Stimpson.

Mr. Stimpson, it develops, has had trouble with a neighbor by the name of Sim Matthews. During the preceding afternoon, which was Sunday, Matthews invited Stimpson to help him partake of a generous quantity of homebrew, freshly bottled. Matthews got drunk, and remembered a most unfavorable horse trade he had made with Stimpson some twenty years before. He began to talk about it. The more he talked the more eloquent he became, until his pronouncements took on the appearance of a diatribe against the whole generation of horse-trading, skinflinting Stimpsons. Finally, he worked himself up to such a pitch of righteous indignation that, when Stimpson tried

to expostulate, Matthews crashed a home-brew bottle over Stimpson's skull and 'sent him windin'.'

Stimpson wants the vengeance of the law. What can be done about it?

There are several things, I point out to him, that *could* be done about it, but it is questionable whether anything *ought* to be done about it. According to his own statement, both men were drinking. Drinking happens to be a crime in this country, and, in spite of rather extensive illicit moonshine operations throughout the county, Putnam County juries have a way of declaring themselves bone-dry. I know, and no doubt Sim Matthews knows, that Stimpson himself owns and operates a small still, which would provide an opening for serious retaliatory measures on the part of Matthews. While the law gives each of its citizens certain rights, it is not always expedient to exercise them.

Stimpson is no fool, but he is full of wrath on account of the beer bottle. It looks as if he ought to have some satisfaction. I think I can arrange this. Sim Matthews is also a client of mine. I will advise him to pay Stimpson's doctor bill and also a small amount to cover Stimpson's loss by reason of not being able to work for a few days. My advice to both of them is to forget this incident and not to drink home-brew in the future — at least not together.

If not satisfied, Stimpson is resigned to the inevitable.

'I ain't got no money,' says he, 'but I have got a quart of aged liquor. It's yours if you want it.'

'Not to-day,' say I. 'I'm too busy. Maybe I'll need you for something sometime.'

IV

By this time two more clients have arrived. One of these is talking to Beckett. The other is my man, Courtney, who is having a dispute with a farmer about a cow. Courtney is a railroad brakeman.

Courtney's case arose out of the 1930 drought. According to his story, the farmer, whose name is Strickman, found at the end of the summer that he did not have enough feed to keep all his cows through the winter. In the emergency he told Courtney that he could have the use of one of them throughout the winter if he would feed her. In addition, said the farmer, if Courtney liked the cow and wanted to buy her, the price was forty dollars. Courtney took the cow home. His wife was so well pleased with the milk that they decided to buy her, but before they got around to paying for her the farmer appeared on the second day of February, refused the proffer of forty dollars, and took the cow away. Whereupon we instituted an action of detinue before a justice of the peace and won the case there, but the farmer has appealed.

Courtney has been working all night. He looks worried.

'What I want to see you about,' says he, 'is that jury. Do you know who is on it?'

'No. Who?'

'Pete Devine. Old Man Strickman's brother-in-law.'

'Well, in that case he won't be on our jury. We'll strike him off.'

'Yes, but look what a leeway that gives him with the other jurymen. They'll bear watchin', all right. I can see that.'

Perhaps so.

'A man that will stand up and lie like Old Man Strickman done before the squire,' says Courtney, 'will do anything. What do you think now of that tale he tells the squire? Says he never opened his mouth about sellin' the cow, and me with three witnesses there that heard him say it.'

'There were two,' I remind him, 'who said he did n't say it.'

'Yes, and who are they? Workin' for him, both of them. Afraid of their jobs.'

People who go to law, I reflect, are inclined to be certain they are absolutely in the right and that the other fellow is a crook. There is a good deal of downright lying in this court, particularly in criminal cases, but there are also many cases of genuine misunderstanding. It would be a waste of breath, however, to tell Courtney that his adversary is perfectly sincere in the matter, because Courtney has already convinced himself that his adversary is trying to put over a dirty deal.

'The case is set for Thursday afternoon,' say I, changing the subject.

'I'll be here,' says Courtney, 'and while I think about it, I'd better put up that ten-spot. How do we stand?'

'You've turned over sixty-five dollars to me, including the forty-dollar tender.'

'Pretty expensive cow,' says Courtney sourly. 'But I'll say this: I'll put up sixty-five more, and then some, before I'll let a man do me that way.'

That's another characteristic of a large class of litigants. Many a client is willing to pay his attorney more than he could possibly hope to gain from winning the suit merely for the sake of winning. He evidently considers it a sporting proposition with the bets placed on the lawyers.

V

My next caller is a woman. Mrs. Parry is still in her early thirties, but her hands are worn and gnarled and her body misshapen from hard labor. She was one of my very first clients. Nearly four years ago she came to my office with a tragic story.

She was married at twenty to an energetic and thrifty young farmer. They saved money and in 1922 were able to make a down payment of $2000 on a very good hill farm of fifty-odd acres. As the total purchase price was $5200, young Parry financed himself through one of the Federal Loan Banks, agreeing to pay the bank a stipulated amount each month over a period of years.

They moved to the farm, slaved valiantly, and met the payments. Five children were born before 1928. When the youngest of these was a month old, Parry took suddenly ill of a fever, and died within a few hours. With three children under five years of age and no previous experience to fit her for the task, the woman was trying to run the farm and meet the payments at the bank. At the time of Parry's death $1800 was still owing.

In the meantime our economic system had manœuvred us into what was known as 'the plight of the American farmer.' It may be recalled that the farmers did not share in the stock-market prosperity of the Coolidge administration. From 1922 to 1928, farm values dropped steadily, while fixed charges remained the same, and taxes and the prices of commodities the farmers had to buy were on the increase. Owing to the high wages paid in industry, the cost of farm labor was almost prohibitive and men were scarcely to be had at any price. Thus it happened that the Federal Loans, designed to aid the farmer, became his greatest burden, because default inevitably meant the loss of his farm.

When Mrs. Parry first came to see me it was to say that she was bound to default the bank's payment. I advised her that to save herself something from the wreck it was best to bring a suit in the name of Parry's administrator to sell the land. My thought was that the property ought to bring at least $3000,

which would leave her a comfortable nest egg to go on after the bank was paid. We brought the suit, obtained the necessary decree, and I was appointed special commissioner to make the sale. My first offer was $2400. In refusing it, I made a serious blunder.

My intentions were the best, for I really thought I could get more money for the farm. In all probability I was not alone, in 1928 and 1929, in failing to foresee 1930 and 1931. The second offer was $2200, which I also refused. Thereafter I had no offer of any kind.

The bank, in the meantime, lost patience. I had dragged the case along for nearly three years hoping for better times, so that I cannot honestly blame them for applying to the court and obtaining a decree forcing me to sell the farm at public auction. As nobody wanted it but the bank, the farm went for the amount of the bank's claim against it. The proceedings have now reached the stage where the widow has been served with notice to vacate.

Scarcely has Mrs. Parry been seated when a baby begins to cry in the waiting room. Mrs. Parry recognizes the voice and departs to fetch in her youngest. A glance shows me that the child is pitifully undernourished. It is sucking a piece of hog fat commonly called a meat rind.

Mrs. Parry doesn't know what to do. She has to move, and has no place to go to. A brother in Kentucky says he will support her at his home, but he is poor also and cannot send the money for transportation. She has n't a penny of her own. The year's crop has been an utter failure. She has been forced to sell all her live stock to meet living expenses and has killed all the chickens for food. There has been no milk for three months, nothing to eat for three days.

The story touches me. From the bottom of my heart I wish that I had money enough to say to this poor woman, 'Take this, and be happy.' But I am poor also, only a degree less poor than the woman herself. Still, I can do something. The two girls, I think, may be placed in a charity school. Perhaps if she goes to her brother's home she may find work for herself and the oldest boy, and keep the other children together. She wants to do that, if possible. Of course, they must have something to eat, and at once. Fortunately Courtney has just paid me ten dollars. I will call on the County Court and see if I can arrange for one of those magnificent widow's pensions of eight dollars a month. She still has a week before the notice to vacate becomes effective. Let her go on home and start packing to go to her brother's place. I will raise the money somehow, if I have to take it out of my own pocket.

I hope the reader will not think that I am trying to picture myself as a Good Samaritan here, because I should prefer not to speak of this case at all. When I recall that my own error of judgment contributed to the plight of this unfortunate family, I should consider myself less than the dust beneath human feet if I did not do something. The pity is that I was not able to do more.

As the woman leaves me she says something I shall never forget. It is, 'May God bless you.' What a strange thing is Christianity, I think. If she had cursed me, I should at least have understood her bitterness. Her blessing touched my heart and left me feeling hollow and ashamed.

VI

After all, it is a relief not to have to talk always to people on the edge of disaster. Another woman is at the door, a woman also in her early thirties, but how different she is from Mrs.

Parry! Her black dress is silk and the hat with the feather on it must be one of those Empress Eugenie things they talk about. If she had a little less paint and fewer gold teeth, she might pass for smart.

'I'm Mrs. Jordan,' says she, gold teeth flashing. 'I want to talk to you about a divorce.'

She arranges her skirt so as to expose a portion of her shapely knee, and gets down to business.

'It's like this,' says she.

I have heard the story a hundred times already — the old story of the marriage that goes wrong. In this case the husband is older — and jealous. She has put up with his jealousy, his spying and his quarreling, but now that he has taken to beating her the limit has been reached. Yes, he beats her. This bruise on her arm shows it. He beat her that very day because she went automobiling with a friend and failed to return until four o'clock in the morning. Everything was perfectly innocent, too; no cause for suspicion or jealousy.

Women, I reflect, are always concerned with making a good impression. I mean women like Mrs. Jordan. She wants to know about divorces.

There are two types of divorce in this state — absolute and limited. An absolute divorce is granted only on the strong grounds of adultery, desertion for three years, impotency, and so forth. Limited divorces are really decrees of separation, and are granted on lesser grounds. At the end of two years, however, they may become absolute. The latter nearly always carry alimony, although it is sometimes waived.

The cost of a limited divorce varies. Generally speaking, if the case is uncontested, court costs and attorney's fee are about seventy-five dollars. If contested, more.

This is really the crux of the matter, and I perceive that the individual for whom the lady is angling is either uninterested or insolvent. She does n't know whether she can raise the money.

Of course, this is her problem, to be handled in her own way, but not even a wide acquaintance with ladies seeking divorce has prepared me for the next move. Mrs. Jordan pulls her chair up close to mine, lays her gloved hand gently on my shoulder, and gazes into my eyes soulfully.

'Do you suppose,' says she, 'we could arrange it some other way?'

There is no mistaking her meaning. A thought strikes me — not the thought she meant to suggest, but the thought of the endless and almost unbelievable situations that arise between men and women. I do not forget, however, that a long day is ahead, and the alacrity of my 'No' puts an end to the interview.

VII

It is now getting close to court time, and the lawn is covered with people. Down below on the highway, cars are parked as far as the eye can see. I was engaged with Mrs. Parry so long that many clients who were waiting to see me consulted Beckett instead. This is as it should be, for Beckett is the brains of the firm, while I am the mouthpiece. I do the trial work; he handles most of the business.

There are two Charleston attorneys, however, waiting to see me personally because they know me and do not know Beckett. Their business is brief, — all they want is an abstract of title to certain coal lands, — and it is lucrative. A hundred-dollar fee here.

The bell rings, announcing that the judge has arrived from Huntington. The others will have to see Beckett now; I snatch up my brief case and depart. The courtroom is already filled

to overflowing. As I reach the door, the jailer repeats the ancient formula for opening the court: —

'Oyez! Oyez! Silence is now commanded while the Honorable Judge of the Circuit Court is sitting. All ye that have pleas to enter, motions to make, or suits to prosecute, draw near and ye shall be heard.'

The jailer does not know that these words are very similar to those spoken by the heralds at the opening of the Assizes in the time of Henry II. In this manner do the courts stick to the letter of the past.

The courtroom is a large one, seating perhaps five hundred people. Up near the judge's bench is an iron railing beyond which a layman, if he be not a litigant, prisoner, juryman, or witness, does not enter. This is the sanctum of the lawyers. At the judge's right are the witness chair and the jury box, and on either side are the witness rooms, which serve also as jury rooms when a jury is deliberating.

The judge is an old bachelor in his sixties. Short and squat of build, with the corpulence that comes to men who were once athletic, he often reminds me of a football player preparing to charge. His thick body is surmounted by a leonine head, always bowed; only the surprisingly gentle and childlike smile keeps him from being formidable.

He is a devout man who believes in the Bible and the teachings of Calvin, and teaches a Sunday School class in Huntington. It is notoriously easy to reach his sympathies in all kinds of criminal cases except two. Woe unto the man who comes before him charged with driving while intoxicated or with disturbing public worship! These offenders never fail to rouse the full force of his fury. Bending over his desk with flashing eyes, the tufts of hair standing out above his ears where the baldness has not extended, the judge becomes the personification of legal fury. Before he finishes, the offender will consider himself lucky to have received the full limit of the law. His honor is also a great lover of dogs — especially bird dogs. Lawyers have been known to go somewhat far afield in order to introduce bird dogs into the evidence.

The judge glances at the score or so of attorneys congregated beneath him.

'Any motions, gentlemen?'

Motion hour has begun. Many of these attorneys are here to present motions and nothing else. They come from out of the state, from Charleston, and from Huntington. They want pleas struck, actions dismissed, continuances, writs of prohibition, temporary injunctions, arguments on demurrer, rules to show cause. In some of these cases I represent the other side, and I have some motions of my own.

As the motion hour passes, many attorneys leave the courtroom. Toward the end the total number of lawyers dwindles to eight or nine, including the local ones who, like myself, are connected with a number of cases and must be on hand throughout the day. By 10.45 the judge is ready to take up the criminal docket.

'How many indictments?' he inquires of the clerk of the court, who sits beneath him.

'Thirteen,' says the clerk.

'How many in jail?'

'Seven.'

'Six on bond. Call them first. In the meantime, bring over the jail prisoners.'

The sheriff departs to fetch over the jailbirds, who have not yet entered pleas, as the clerk reads off the name of the first bonded offender. The man comes forward, accompanied by his lawyer. The clerk rises to read the indictment: —

The Grand Jurors, in and for the County of Putnam, State of West Virginia, upon their oaths present that T. P. Means, upon the 28th day of June, 1931, in the nighttime of that day, in the county aforesaid, a certain dwelling house of one Estil McGlamery, then and there situate, feloniously and maliciously, did burn, against the peace and dignity of the State.

Found at the September, 1931, Special Term of the Circuit Court of Putnam County, West Virginia.

(*Signed*) JOEL MIZNER
Foreman, Grand Jury

'Guilty or not guilty?'

'Not guilty.'

'Set the case for Friday.'

VIII

The next offender is a client of mine charged with armed robbery. He pleads guilty.

'Anything to say?' asks the judge, directing the question at me.

'Only this, your honor. This offender, as your honor may see for himself, is a youth of tender years. As his attorney I am able to assure the court that he comes of an honest though poor family, and that he has never before been accused of any crime. Because of his extreme youth I ask the court to avail itself of the discretion allowed it under the provisions of the statute relating to delinquent minors, and to sentence this young man to an indeterminate term in the State Reformatory.'

'Of course,' says the judge, 'if the prisoner is under eighteen years of age I shall consider a motion to sentence him to the Reform School. Otherwise, the least I can give him under a plea of guilty is ten years at Moundsville. Where is his birth certificate?'

'Unfortunately, your honor, there is no record of this young man's birth at the County Clerk's Office. The young man's father, however, is in the courtroom and will testify as to his age before the bar of the court.'

The boy's father, a coal miner from up Poca way, approaches the bench. He is sworn by the clerk.

'You are the father of this young man, Ernest Stayton?'

'Yes.'

'How old is he?'

'He was sixteen the fourteenth day of last July.'

'That's all.'

The father retires. The judge takes the measure of the prisoner.

'Step forward, Mr. Stayton.'

'One of the saddest things I have to do,' says the judge, 'is to sentence boys like you for serious crimes. You are charged with armed robbery, and under our law I could give you forty years at hard labor. But because you are a mere child — sixteen years of age, as your father testified — I am constrained to temper justice with mercy. On top of that, I am going to give you a bit of advice free of charge.

'You have made a bad start in life, young man, but it is not too late yet to make amends. The thing you did not know, and the thing that so many boys find out to their sorrow, is that you can't beat the law. The only way to beat the law is to observe it, and that is the essence of good citizenship. When you go up to the Reform School, make the most of your opportunities. They won't keep you there long if you do.

'Above all else, avoid evil counsel and evil companions, both at the institution and afterward when you return home. My experience is that second offenders become second offenders because they fall in with the old gang after they are released. Avoid the old gang. Find yourself honest work, and work at it.

'The judgment of the court is that you be confined in the State Reforma-

tory at Pruntytown until you reach the age of twenty-one years, or until you are sooner released for good behavior.'

IX

Prisoners from the jail have arrived in the meantime, and these, together with the other offenders answering bonds, make their pleas. A few plead guilty. Most plead not guilty, and have their cases set for trial, either at this term or at some succeeding term of the court.

One of these jail prisoners has already given me several sleepless nights. He is accused of a most heinous crime — an attack upon a twelve-year-old daughter — and his appearance in the courtroom has caused a sensation. There have been rumors of lynching.

Physically and mentally this man, whose name is Elijah Smith, is one of the most remarkable characters I have ever seen. He is seven feet tall, wears a red beard that falls to his waist, and dresses in spotless white. Locally he is known as the Prophet of Ammon, and is the organizer of a strange religious cult that has gained a few adherents. Nobody knows what Ammonism is. In an effort to find out, I have read some of his printed tracts, but discovered nothing. One of these tracts contained extracts from the Bible, the Koran, the Avesta, and a short description of the Eight-fold Path to Nirvana. It concluded with the remarkable statement: —

'Now you will understand why you are a bastard!'

An interesting subject for a psychiatrist or a psychoanalyst, the Prophet of Ammon presents a more difficult problem to his lawyer. His case is the very worst kind of case to defend before a jury. The mere fact that a man is accused of a crime of this nature is almost enough to condemn him ahead of time; yet I honestly believe the man is innocent. The deep, clear blue eyes, with the strange light in them, mark him as an ascetic; the features, in repose, are gentle and remarkably like the most common portraits of Jesus.

Clad in his customary spotless white, he makes his plea, staring the judge straight in the face. The judge averts his eyes, as I have done myself, because there is something about the eyes of this prophet that suggests both Heaven and insanity. His is the last plea; the case is set for the following Monday.

The judge consults his watch.

'The docket will be called,' says he, 'immediately after lunch. The first case is that of State versus Fitzmaurice continued from last term. Court is adjourned until one o'clock.'

(*Next month, 'A Trial for Murder'*)

PLAY HARD!

What the Competitive Spirit Has Done to Us

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

I

THERE is nothing more amusing to the observer of human nature than the American business man on shipboard in mid-Atlantic — especially when homeward bound. For some weeks or months he has been far from conferences, sales reports, and 'your esteemed favor of the third inst.'; he has been separated by leagues of water from the stress and strain of office life. But at last he is returning. Is he happy? He is. Like an old war horse he sniffs the battle from a distance; over fifteen hundred miles of ocean the sound of the guns comes faintly to his ears. The competitive spirit which is inculcated on all American citizens begins slowly to take repossession of his soul. Soon life will again be worth living.

But meanwhile the days are long and time drags. From deck to deck he wanders abstractedly with a book under his arm which he neither has read nor is likely to read. At ten o'clock in the morning his attention is momentarily diverted by the daily newspaper, that meagre and tantalizing sheet which is distributed on all big liners. Æons, centuries pass, and at last it is noon; the ship's run is posted, a speculative item of interest in the twenty-five hours. More æons go by and it is three o'clock; horse racing in the Louis XIV Salon aft. At four a shuffleboard tournament is held on the boat deck and after dinner the ship's pool is auctioned off in the smoking room by the distinguished Mr. X.

You may have noticed that all pleasures and entertainments provided on shipboard are cleverly calculated to appeal to one thing — to the competitive spirit of the American traveler. Quite properly so, too, since every good native of the United States has the competitive spirit instilled in him from his earliest days, deepened and strengthened in school and college, and in the world of affairs. After all, it is the competitive spirit, is it not, which has made us the great nation we are to-day?

But despite these appeals to his instinct, despite the approaching nearness of his native shores, the American business man is not really happy until the last day, when, with the engines stilled, he comes on deck in the morning to find the liner anchored off the green shores of Staten Island. What a change has come over him! Gone is the shipboard costume, the soft shirt, the golf trousers, the white shoes faced with black; now he is dressed and ready for action. And if a change is noticeable in his attire, what a change in his looks and attitude! Vanished is the listless, bored expression which he wore in mid-ocean; now his eyes sparkle, his glance is keen and atten-

tive, his whole being is mobilized for the coming fray.

Observe his manner, no longer slow and detached; now it is — 'Excuse me, where did you get that newspaper? Steward, where can I get a morning paper? In the Salon on C Deck?' Off he goes like a runner from the mark. Follow him down to C Deck, watch his eager and excited absorption in the first American newspaper he has seen on the date of publication since he left home. He is going over the market quotations. General Motors at 25½. Whew! Telephone at 135. Ah, now he is in it all again, back in the centre of things; this is something like. Two hours from this moment he will be sitting with his feet under that familiar desk, running over his accumulated mail, dictating letters, talking into the telephone, and shaking hands with the sales force all at the same time — part and parcel of the great struggle once more. No wonder he paces along the deck with quick, excited steps as the liner raises anchor and moves slowly up the Hudson.

Alas, I am only too well aware of what an idiot the average American business man succeeds in making of himself under these circumstances, because, having been reared in the competitive spirit, I do precisely the same thing myself on returning from Europe each summer. Possibly you have acted in much that way, possibly you also have felt that peculiar thrill on returning to scenes you were so happy to desert but a few months previously. This was the effect of the competitive spirit. In the following pages I propose to observe the consequences of the competitive spirit, of the 'play hard' idea, in our social and business life, in our athletics, both in those sports which are recreational and informal and in those organized spectacles which we attend as spectators every year. And I shall ask this question: Is the competitive spirit worth while?

II

Such a question at first seems absurd. Is the competitive spirit worth while? Of course it is. Without the competitive spirit we should to-day be a small and second-rate nation; in industrial life as well as in athletics it has been a factor — and no mean factor, either — in our development to our position as a world power. To individuals and to nations, to sportsmen and to business men, the competitive spirit is necessary for success. Yes, of course. I agree. But before looking at the competitive spirit in its larger aspects it might be interesting to see how it often works out in practice among human beings.

It was a beautiful morning in October; ideal for golf. Air crisp and cool, little wind, turf just right. From the first tee you could see the blue waters of Long Island Sound sparkling in the brilliant sunshine. We were four evenly matched players, all eager and exhilarated in pleasurable anticipation of several hours' keen sport that lay ahead. But the entire morning was ruined by Jones, my partner.

Curious fellow, this Jones. Plays a useful game of golf, but you cannot depend upon him. Had he been paying attention to business, we should have had a first-rate match, and he and I would have given those two a beating. As it was, the miserable chap would not concentrate upon the game. For instance, when we reached the third green he stopped to admire the view of the Sound, and in consequence missed an easy eight-inch putt which would have given us the hole. He was inattentive and careless in his drives and messed them up consistently. Worst of all was his obnoxious good humor. He appeared to be enjoying

himself and to insist on enjoying himself merely because it was a beautiful morning in fall and he was in the open air. Ridiculous! He did not have his heart in his shots or his mind on the game in the least; he did not attempt to take the play carefully. This was really most annoying; it completely upset the rest of us and ruined our golf for the round. I was particularly annoyed because, had he really tried, we could have beaten those two fellows. Not that victory is everything; no, of course not, but then . . .

Obviously, we three agreed later, Jones had let us down badly. He had spoiled the morning's sport. Never again would we ask him to play a foursome. In fact, we were all rather fed up on him and thoroughly disliked the man. It was not until some time later, in a cooler moment, that, in thinking it over, disturbing thoughts flickered through my mind. I began to wonder whether Jones really was as unsportsmanlike as he appeared to be. The more one considered it from every angle, the more one looked at the affair logically, the less did our attitude seem correct and the more sensible did Jones appear.

But one should play hard. One should give one's best. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. One should always, in sport, try as hard as one possibly can. Let's see if we can't break a hundred this morning. Then we will attempt to break ninety next week, and eighty next month. Why? Because it seems eminently desirable to do so, because trying hard and breaking records is part of our sporting credo. Because unfortunately we have been brought up that way, and because, sheep that we are, we have never asked ourselves the ultimate value of the thing, we have never thought the problem through to the end. Never have we asked ourselves that embarrassing question: Why? Why? What difference does it all make in the cosmic scheme of things? A game is a game — nothing more. Despite the slogans and the preaching of the athletic Babbittry, notwithstanding the clichés of those who extol the character-building values of sport, a game is a game. It is difficult for us to appreciate this. That merely goes to show the mental state into which we have worked ourselves regarding athletics in this country.

Granted that one should take one's life work with an amount of seriousness, put into it the best one has, what does that leave for relaxation and recreation? We should take our work seriously, yes, but why should we take our games and sports seriously? If Jones wishes to enjoy the open air, the color of the changing leaves on the trees, the feel of that springy turf under his feet, if he desires to appreciate the kindly fruits of the earth, why should he be asked to concentrate upon every putt as though a failure to sink it meant that the United States would abandon the gold standard? Why should he be forced to treat a game as a task? Because . . . well, because what? Simply because we have all been brought up in this belief and it is difficult to divest ourselves of it.

But that morning, you may suggest, there was far more than just an individual game at stake. It was team against team. Jones was not merely playing for himself. He was playing for his side; he had a responsibility to his team; he had no right to do as he pleased. There were others to consider. One should give one's best in sport for the sake of the other man or men; one should play hard for the team. Why? Because otherwise one would let the team down. Alas, few of us have the moral courage to reply to this argument, 'What of it?'

III

'Americans,' Lord Knebworth once remarked, 'are a race of sporting athletes gone mad on success. The English are a race of unsuccessful athletes gone mad on sportsmanship.'

Several years ago I happened to be playing in the finals of a deck tennis tournament, on a liner at sea, against a young Englishman. More adept than myself, he led two sets to love until I discovered that many of his fast services were sailing out, and, by allowing them to fly past instead of trying vainly to catch them, I finally managed to win. Yet all through the five sets it was noticeable that he kept taking many of my services which also would have been out. Afterward I mentioned this.

'Yes,' he replied, 'but if you don't take them you don't get much play.'

What he wanted, you see, was a game, sport, exercise. What I wanted was victory. We each obtained the thing we sought; but naturally I was somewhat ashamed of myself as we sat together over a whiskey and soda in the smoking room. I need n't have been. It was my education and training that were at fault, that had engendered the attitude which treats a game as something which one should go in to win. To play fair, but to play hard; to give one's best, and if possible to win.

'The football grind is killing the sport,' said Mr. William W. Roper of Princeton, a gentleman who ought to know what he is talking about. 'If this drudgery is not eliminated in the next five years the players will step aside . . . the game will be stopped from the inside and not from the outside if these conditions remain.'

This remark is as significant as if a private in the German army had snubbed Field Marshal von Hindenburg during the war. There is a thought in it for the football coaches of the nation. Will they take it to heart? Not likely. 'Play hard' is their god. Obviously it must be, for the competitive spirit is the thing which brings victory, and victory in sport is the token of success in the United States. Said the *Baltimore Sun*, speaking editorially last year of the Notre Dame football eleven: 'The names of its backs are known everywhere; its scores are as familiar (and more) than stock quotations; and the anecdotes about its coach multiply as once they did around the life and deeds of soldiers and pioneers and explorers. It is readily understandable. *There is success, and success we are bound to admire.*' The italics are not those of the *Baltimore Sun*.

Of course. Victory! There you have success in the United States — produced by the competitive spirit, by the 'play hard' idea translated into action upon the gridiron. But observe that it is this same competitive spirit which has made the tremendous mental as well as physical strain of all modern athletics, such sports as intercollegiate football, Davis Cup tennis, international golf championships, and the like. These contests are not amusing for the participants; they are not fun; they are work — work of the most nerve-racking nature, made so by the competitive spirit.

The keynote to competition is concentration. One does n't need to be a golf champion or an All-American end to appreciate this. All of us, from the veriest dub to the captain of the Notre Dame eleven, are perfectly aware of it. And concentration necessarily excludes everything else, pushes everything into second place in our minds; good sportsmanship, good fun, enjoyment, all this disappears as we are seized and gripped by the competitive spirit.

'Competitive experience,' says Mr. Gene Tunney, 'teaches the victor to be modest and the loser to be generous.' Rubbish! It does nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it is competitive experience and the competitive spirit which bring forth clashes in international sport such as the recent Gar Wood episode at Detroit. Dismayed, in tears that his shabby trick was broadcast to the world and that he was so universally condemned, Mr. Wood cried: 'I am a sportsman!' This is true. I for one believe him implicitly. When a man does a thing of this kind he does it not because he is dishonest but because he wants excessively to win. Only under the stress of playing hard, only when the will for victory, the competitive spirit, urges him on, would he do the sort of trick that he would never consider in a normal moment.

I remember once in an important Davis Cup match how a really great competitive player, a gentleman and a sportsman who was blessed — cursed, if you like — with the competitive spirit to an intense degree, found himself in danger of losing a critical contest to a younger and better adversary on the next afternoon. Secretly he arranged for the court on which the match was to be played to be deluged for two hours that evening, two hours early the next morning, and an hour just before the two men were to appear. At his request also the balls were put in a refrigerator overnight. All this done to slow down the play and give the man an opportunity to win — which he took, successfully.

Competitive experience teaches modesty and generosity? Yes, certainly; exactly as war teaches chivalry, thoughtfulness, and kindliness. Indeed, as most sport is conducted at present, it is often little better than a minor-league war.

IV

'The game that is n't worth winning is n't worth playing,' said a leading collegiate athletic authority recently in a speech. This is a happy instance of the muddled thinking which we often accept without asking that impertinent question: Why? The insertion of the word 'game' in that sentence makes it a contradiction in terms. A game is a game, nothing more; it carries with it — or should carry with it — no more obligation for victory than an aviator has to risk his life when he rises into the air. The mere fact that many of us resent the attitude of a player who refuses to push himself to the physical limit in order to win a game, that we are upset when someone with balance treats sport as sport, simply shows how far most of us have been lost in the clutches of the competitive spirit and how little real cerebration we have done regarding the true purposes of athletics.

But the sporting cliché is ever with us. It started a century ago when the Duke of Wellington, quite forgetting that a Frenchman named Napoleon staged a useful imitation of an army with men who had never known the benefit of cricket and rugger, remarked that Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. Whenever you hear ponderous statements about the moral values of football, when someone descants upon self-control and chivalry through sport, when you hear it said that sport is useful for the building of character — laugh. When someone suggests that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and that therefore we should always play our best and try as hard as we can to win, ask that perplexing question: Why? Why indeed? It is not, never was, and never will be the purpose of athletics to teach the moral values of

life. That is the task of religion — even in a pagan country such as the United States.

As a nation we could well afford to forget all the parrot cries about the character-building qualities of sport and learn to play — to enjoy ourselves in games in the open air without any thought of winning, as if winning were merely a side issue and not the be-all and end-all of sport which it is to-day. 'The curse of intercollegiate athletics,' said Professor Theodore Linn of the University of Chicago, 'is the will to win.' And the head of a great Eastern preparatory school, writing to me, recently remarked: 'The boys come down from their preparatory schools with a good deal of chivalry in them, and are prepared to respond to appeals of fair play and for putting college games on the highest plane. In too many instances they are met by hardened veterans who tell them to cut out their Sunday School ideas and to get hold of the fact that "We Want to Win."'

Intercollegiate athletics and international sport, with the huge superstructures they have built up and the vast sums of money they involve, can never be freed from the intense desire for victory. Even the able men who often direct them are lost in the tremendous clamor for a winning eleven or a victorious crew that arises on all sides after a continuous series of defeats. Possibly victory has its place in the scheme of such things, perhaps it really is important for a college or a nation to be victorious, and perhaps victory has some mystical value that many of us cannot perceive. But when four men go out for a morning of exercise early in the fall with the sunshine brilliant and the leaves aglow, surely then victory holds or should hold no place in the day. In our individual games and sports we can ask ourselves whether the competitive spirit is quite as valuable as we have been led to believe; whether there is any vital reason to carry into our athletics that mental drive which spurs us on in business and life; whether we should n't get infinitely more recreation and possibly also even more ultimate satisfaction from the game if for once we did n't attempt to break ninety or to beat the pair across the net, but just enjoyed the open air, the sunshine, the freedom from telephones, visitors, insurance salesmen, and the other things that constitute our everyday life — if for once in a while we hit the ball with never a thought of the final result.

A wise and penetrating Englishman once made some true remarks about the relationship between sport and life. His name was W. H. Hudson, and he said: 'I also asked if the old squire had ever tried to establish or suggested to them any kind of reunions to take place from time to time, or any entertainment or festival to get them to come pleasantly together, making a brightness in their lives — something which would not be football or cricket, nor any form of sport for a few of the men, all others being mere lookers-on and the women and children left out altogether; something which would be for and include everybody, from the oldest gray laborer no longer able to work to the toddling little ones, something of their own invention, peculiar to Norton, which would be their pride, and make their village dearer to them? And the answer was still no, and no, and no.'

V

Naturally the competitive spirit is responsible for the growth and development of the nation; this it was which sent men across an ocean to a wilderness inhabited by savages, enabled them to fight and seize part of the coast line

for their own, and later sent their children exploring eagerly inland and their grandchildren farther inland until finally the continent had been crossed and conquered. All this was done thanks to the competitive spirit; the bold pioneers with the will to win left Europe, the timid ones stayed there, so that to-day we in this country have the competitive spirit in our blood — it is part of our subconscious selves.

Now the descendants of those adventurers use the competitive spirit in other ways; we are a nation to-day of record breakers. The best golf and tennis champions, the best runners and jumpers, the best football teams and crews, are ours, produced by the competitive spirit. In every walk of life one sees the effects of the competitive spirit; thus we can boast of the most brainless movie stars, the sturdiest flagpole sitters and marathon dancers, the tallest buildings, the longest bridges, the biggest oranges, the hugest deficits, the greatest municipal scandals, the worst crooks in the universe. Yes, even Mr. Al Capone is nothing more than a living tribute to the competitive spirit in the United States to-day.

Get away from the competitive spirit in this country you cannot. It is to be seen and its effects to be observed on every hand. To-day it has made us a nation of super-salesmen. Can this be one reason why we are so cordially disliked everywhere abroad? Possibly; at any rate it is amusing to observe the effects of the competitive spirit in American business. True that competition is the life of trade, quite true that without competition we should never have reached the unheard-of degree of prosperity which the nation now enjoys. But let us be specific, or rather let me be specific, and see how it works out in a particular instance.

A steamship company running a line to Bermuda and the West Indies suffers a falling off in profits. Its boats are half full. Officials go to a nation-wide corporation that sells electric refrigerators and ask an embarrassing question of the general sales manager: 'What are YOU doing to stimulate sales?' The poor man, who is behind on his yearly quota, looks out the window and does not reply. Instantly a deal is made. For a cheap rate the steamship company sells the sales manager fifty round-trip tickets to Bermuda. The latter at once starts a drive. The salesmen in the fifty districts where the corporation sells refrigerators all over the country are to have a contest, and the man in each district who sells the most units in one month is to have two weeks in Bermuda free, all expenses paid by the company.

Three days later the local salesman appears at my door, and, getting inside because of my weak nature, delivers his speech about the merits of the XYZ Refrigerator. Incidentally he carelessly lets drop the fact that if he sells four more units he will have two weeks in Bermuda at the expense of his company. I do not want an electric refrigerator, I do not care whether he ever goes to Bermuda or a place even warmer; I explain that I am trying to write an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* and will he please go away. He sits still and continues talking about safety points, food containers, winter refrigeration, and the multi-temperature features of the XYZ machine — none of which I can understand in the least. Finally, in desperation, I sign the papers. Another triumph for the competitive spirit.

Ten minutes afterward a second salesman comes to the door to inform me that he represents a new gas refrigerator. I explain, not without pleasure, that he is ten minutes too late. Very good, he says, unfolding

some literature; he would like to interest me in a new oil burner which can — but I interrupt. I was interested (somewhat against my will) in an oil burner last winter. Has he, I ask, a secondhand tire to fit a 1928 Ford? Such is the nature of the genus salesman, and such is the competitive spirit, that my feeble attempt at irony goes unheeded and in his eye can be seen a reflective look as he endeavors to think quickly where he can get hold of a secondhand Ford tire and consummate that sale!

Ah yes, you will say, but this sort of thing is necessary. Without the competitive spirit, business would die, the race would disintegrate. No danger, because as a people we shall never lack the competitive spirit. It is part of our make-up, it is in the air we breathe from earliest childhood; temperamentally we are a competitive nation. Rather are we likely to suffer from an excess of the competitive spirit. Look around and you will notice that we are a country of men old and worn at forty, gray-haired, tired, exhausted, when we should be at our physical and mental best. Abroad there are fewer champions and record breakers, but there men work, enjoy life, and play until they are fifty, sixty, seventy; abroad they take things more casually, the competitive spirit in life and sport is not forever urging them on and on and on until they are burned out. Here we have been brought up in the 'play hard' idea, and as a consequence the land is filled with business men who work hard at their business and in their games, who take life terrifically hard and play in the same manner. Unfortunately they do not know anything else and most of them are too old to learn.

If keenness in business is what these men desire, they are defeating their own ends by carrying into athletics the same nervous-energy-consuming mental attitude that they use in their daily occupations. If they regarded games as a chance to renew themselves physically, they would not only extract real enjoyment from them, they would receive as well the natural and normal benefits of sport they now fail to obtain. Instead of burning up capital, they would be storing it up, were athletics considered as recreation. If games were treated as games and nothing more, they would be a means of restoring depleted brain cells instead of further depleting them. Old lost values would be recaptured.

The word 'sport,' as you know, comes from the word 'disport,' which in turn derives from the Old French word *desporter*, to carry away, or, originally, to carry away from work. 'Sport' — to carry away from work. Let's try it sometime.

IN THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I

THE barn was fearfully and wonderfully made; for, with scant knowledge of carpentry, I had built it myself. And when a pair of barn swallows came that first May after its completion, they soon discovered its advantages over ordinary barns; not only did they find many an unexpected shoulder on which they could safely place a nest, but random braces and superfluous crossties enough to make a barn swallow's paradise.

How pleased I was that May morning when this pair of swallows came bustling in to inspect my handiwork, and pronounced it good by promptly starting a nest on a certain coign of vantage that I had forgotten to knock away from the peak of two rafters. Plenty to do is the true basis of all domestic felicity, human or otherwise, and the bubbling joy that possessed that feathered couple as they built their new home with no spying neighbors to gossip about their occasional demonstrations of affection was a daily *Te Deum.*

The mud necessary for the nest the birds obtained from a puddle in front of the 'oat sprouter,' a device for germinating grain for poultry feed. I am not sure, but as I watched them I got the impression that Mrs. Swallow (I came to know her by a broken tail feather) made more trips to the puddle than her spouse.

The mud shell finished, the pair proceeded to line it as swallow's nest surely never was lined before; for all about the buildings the ground was strewn with feathers of white Leghorn hens, and with these they filled the nest to overflowing, first one and then another slipping inside and gently working its breast round and round, until the mud foundation was quite hidden under a thick fringe of down.

II

One morning as I stood under the nest, the brown-speckled halves of a tiny eggshell gyrated down before me, and soon the waiting stillness that had reigned for days in the barn loft gave place to joyous twitterings and the beat of eager wings bearing insects for the five gaping mouths that rose Jack-in-the-box-like from the edge of the nest whenever a parent appeared. For days the two birds skimmed over the surrounding country with a thoroughness that must have made serious inroads into the winged insect life of the neighborhood. With the first flush of dawn, the bird not covering the young left its perch (always near the nest) and soared high into the upper atmosphere, to which insects evidently were attracted by light from the not yet risen sun. As the light increased, it hunted nearer and nearer the ground, until by sunup it was skimming over the tops of the trees. At sundown the

procedure was reversed, the bird rising higher and higher as the sun subsided below the horizon, sometimes returning to the barn barely in time to find its way to the nest through the thickening dusk.

As soon as the young were sufficiently feathered to need no protection during the day, both parents entered upon the strenuous and ever-growing business of feeding them. Occasionally I took refuge in the barn from a shower; but never, I soon discovered, did the swallows. Rain or shine, an insect was dropped with machine-like regularity into a gaping red gullet, the feeding progressing, as nearly as I could determine, from the right to the left of the nest with thorough impartiality. Occasionally, though, the second bird from the left, a husky youngster whose mouth was a little larger and whose head rose a little higher than the others, received an extra titbit.

The motion of the birds through the rain was fascinating to watch. They did not proceed as usual, with the rolling curves swift as sword thrusts which every bird lover associates with their flight, but zigzagged with a rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow, or tilted the body on edge until the wings were perpendicular to the earth. On one occasion when the raindrops were scattered and unusually large, the attempt of a bird to slip through between them as it left the shelter of the barn was unmistakable.

The first load of hay brought along with it trouble for the swallows. It was stowed directly under the nest, and the bustling and confusion kept the parent birds darting in and out in alarm for the safety of their brood. As load after load was brought in and the mow rose higher, all entrances to the loft were gradually closed except the narrow passage through which the hay was being forked. For a time the two birds flew back and forth the length of the loft in great distress, twittering continuously in a sharp, high key painful to the ears, and occasionally clinging to the roof with their rapier-like tails outspread, eyeing my every movement (I was working on the mow) with almost human suspicion.

At length the young ones, missing the continuous supply of insects that dropped into their mouths like manna from heaven, began to clamor and stretch their necks over the side of the nest. As in most domestic crises, it was mother who solved the problem. In sheer desperation, she of the broken tail feather darted down the narrow passage up which the hay was being shoved by the man on the load, and in a short time returned to her hungry brood with a fly. When she again departed her mate followed, and soon the pair were passing in and out without fear, sometimes ascending the passage along with a forkful of hay.

As the haymow rose higher I saw the birds from above as they came and went. It was a novel and unforgettable experience — such, possibly, as an aviator has when he looks down for the first time on a spot of earth he has viewed all his life from the ground. They would hover with outstretched wings just below my eyes, and the exquisite beauty of outline and color revealed to me was one of those experiences which we put on the credit side of life and draw upon for spiritual sustenance when it becomes hard to justify the ways of God to man.

III

Day after day the five mouths grew larger and the five bodies projected farther over the rim of the nest, until the home was so overcrowded that pushing and quarreling began. For some days the parents endured the

bickering, fetching in insects with ever-increasing frequency. Then began a series of happenings in the swallow family that were to me the most remarkable of anything I have ever witnessed in the feathered world.

The middle of one forenoon the mother arrived with a long-legged and wriggling orange-colored fly. At her approach, there was the usual 'rough-house,' the expectant craning of necks; but the parent, instead of depositing the fly in one of the cavernous mouths, suddenly banked her wings and held it within an inch of the big fellow second from the left. As he reached for it she retreated, and he shrank back into the nest in evident alarm. But hunger made him bold, and on the second attempt to get it, when she had prudently shut off his view of the emptiness below with her body, he leaned too far out for the tempting morsel and toppled over the side. He dropped like a stone until he was within a few feet of the now greatly shrunken mow, when he spread his wings and flew drunkenly up to a board projecting from a rafter. Here he readjusted his wings with numerous little hitches, looked about in a dazed way, and then settled down with an air of 'See what I did!' comical to behold. By noon, after much tempting with orange-colored flies, the mother bird had her five young sitting side by side on the board. Here she fed them again as usual, although they jostled each other shamelessly whenever a fly was brought.

Some days passed, but the youngsters never left their perch, although there was a deal of wing testing, accomplished by thrusting their wings jerkily high over their backs. Then one morning I heard a humming that brought me into the barn with a rush. The unusual sound, I soon discovered, came from the mother's wings. She would fly to the end of the barn loft, and then swoop down upon her brood in a truly alarming fashion, as if she fully intended to knock them off their perch. But at the last split second she would shoot upward, barely missing their cowering little bodies. The sharp banking of her wings at this juncture produced the unusual sound. Then Father Swallow joined in the strange performance, and between the two of them they kept the young birds in a state of perpetual panic.

The attacks, I noticed, always came a little to the left of the five, edging them nearer and nearer to the end of the board. Then the two bore down together with a vicious snapping of bills and a hissing sound very different from the usual pleasant twitter. This time the entire brood sidled over so far that the big fellow on the end was forced off the perch into space, soon to be followed by the others as the assaults, now directed anywhere along the line, increased in frequency and fury. The five young ones circled tipsily about the loft for a little, and then were skillfully shepherded by the parents into the open air.

Soon the seven of them were wheeling over the barn, the old ones catching flies, the youngsters imitating them with headlong and uncertain rushes. At the end of ten minutes or so they all returned to the top of the barn, sitting in a decorous row along the ridge. Here the young ones had their first sun bath, luxuriously stretching a wing or extending a tiny foot as the parents set them an example.

IV

From day to day the flights of the swallow family grew longer, although the young birds, occasionally unaccompanied by their parents, always returned to the roof of the barn to rest. Then one morning I found the seven of

them down in the straw-littered yard in front of the barn. The mother walked leisurely up to a straw, took it daintily in her mouth, and, flying a few feet into the air, dropped it. The bright-eyed youngsters followed her every movement with a slow turning of the head, and when she had repeated the performance several times one of them tried to imitate her. He had raised a straw as high as the top of the fence, when it slipped from his bill; but the watchful mother darted toward it, and, seizing it before it reached the ground, carried it some ten feet into the air before, with a slight turn of the head, she let it fall. As it circled downward another youngster caught it, and soon the whole family was taking part in the merry game.

But the youngsters at length grew tired of playing with straws, and there was only one response to a spirited maternal example. One of the brood that had been most enthusiastic a little while before picked up a bright yellow wheat straw, but, instead of rising into the air with it, turned his head listlessly and deposited it on his shimmering steel-blue back. Then the mother showed real tact and resourcefulness. With a rolling motion delightful to look upon, she approached a downy feather from the breast of a white Leghorn hen, picked it up with a grace that made the beholder catch his breath, and, rising as high as the eaves of the barn, dropped it. The young birds followed each motion with bright, unwinking eyes, until one of them darted after the feather, which was now oscillating slowly downward, and bore it triumphantly aloft. With a jaunty air he dropped it as the parent had done, and soon a game of 'Feather, feather, who's got the feather?' was in full swing. Clearly the youngsters were having their first lesson in the art of gathering material for nest building.

V

Now comes the part of this narrative that I hesitate to set down. Of the facts there is not the slightest doubt. My interpretation of them may be in error, but I do not think so. When the youngsters tired of playing with feathers as they had tired of playing with straws, the two old birds flew up to the fence, and, sitting close beside each other, went through all the endearing motions preliminary to mating, the young ones looking gravely on. Again and again the parents flew to the ground and back to the fence, each time repeating their demonstrations of affection. Then two young birds flew up beside them and proceeded to go through the same demonstrations. After a little a second couple joined them, and there sat three pairs of loving swallows in a row. The odd one, the smallest of the brood, flew up also, but sat soberly by itself — a spinster, perhaps, not from choice but from necessity.

Two pertinent questions arise here. Was this permanent mating, or just a lesson in courtship? Only banding and the fortunate return of the young to the nesting place of the parents could determine this.

Also, was the odd bird a mere chance happening, — the result of superfluous energy on the part of the parents, — or was it a provision for the average mortality that attends the raising of a brood of swallows, leaving two couples after death had taken its usual toll? Many other birds lay an even number of eggs. Are their chances of survival greater than those of barn swallows, thus relieving nature of this safeguard against extinction?

If this were permanent mating, the sex of the young would have to be predetermined. In the case of hens, I know from long experience that a

hatch of a thousand chicks will always give very close to five hundred of each sex — clearly an argument in favor of the assumption that the young swallows were permanently mated.

On the other hand, if this were not permanent mating, the odd bird might find a partner in another brood similar-circumstanced, thus providing against too close inbreeding. But where, and under what circumstances, would there be an opportunity for this selection? While massed on the roof of barns, or perched by thousands on telegraph wires, I have never seen the slightest indication of pairing off. Do the birds find an opportunity for selecting a mate during their winter sojourn in the South? Or is my conjecture that the mating I saw on the fence that morning was permanent the answer to the question?

In a few days swallows gathered in such numbers that, when they settled down to rest, the roof of the barn was dark with them. Then they departed for the many telegraph wires that follow the trunk railways in the adjacent Puyallup Valley. For a few days the barn was silent. Then one morning while I was milking I heard a familiar twittering in the loft, and, going round, found the two old swallows busy relining their nest. Clearly they had renewed their youth, gone off on a honeymoon, and were now ready to start a second family. At the end of a week I put up a ladder and counted the eggs. There were three — not five, as marked the result of the first honeymoon. Ah, Father Time!

I was passing the barn one morning a few days later, when five swallows darted into the loft, and with a joyous swoop made for the old familiar nest. But at its edge they paused, abruptly banking their wings. For they were met by a perfect fury of a mother, who sprang from the nest and drove them out of the barn.

She had brought them up in the way they should go, — line upon line, precept upon precept, so to speak, — and after that thorough preparation for the fight of life they must shift for themselves.

SPRING MORNING

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

THE persistent shaking of his shoulder defeated him. He opened an eye and peered. There was a glimmer of gray daylight.

'Nearly five o'clock, sir. Early patrol, sir.'

He cursed. The man let go his shoulder and stealthily retired.

He put his feet out and sat on the edge of the canvas bed, holding his head. He felt extremely low. He gazed bleakly at the calendar from home, hanging on the wall. April 1917 . . .

For a few hours the previous night he had obtained a little relaxation, but it had taken a lot of liquor. He was toughened to it. His head was clear, but his mouth was indescribable.

He felt the damp cold. He pulled on clothes over his pyjamas; he hunted for things and made some noise. There was a stir in the beds occupied by the other two Flight Commanders, and a muffled protest was heard. He was too bitter to reply. He finished off with a long woolen muffler wrapped round and round his body, pulled on his heavy leather flying coat, and strapped it tightly. He stalked down the bare wooden stairs of the little château and walked up to the airdrome.

The morning air was cold on his forehead. It pulled him together. The familiar habit of responsibility braced him; by the time he reached the canvas hangars he felt and looked sourly competent. Six machines were drawn up in a military line. The six propellers were turning over slowly. The mechanics and riggers had been up half an hour earlier, and the big engines had been started ten minutes before. The arrangements all went like clockwork — on the ground.

He looked up into the gray. The men had consolations; while he was climbing up into the cold sky they would be getting their breakfast. At this hour there was not even a cup of coffee for the pilots, and he fumed at the injustice of it. There was never any coffee before eight o'clock. He had protested, they had all protested. There was still no coffee.

The pilots were in their cockpits or standing by their engines. He paused behind each machine and listened. The wicked-looking little gray and brown pursuit airplanes quivered slightly with the vibration. When he came to the third machine his indignation about the coffee increased. Number Three was the new man's. He had gone to bed pretty early. Probably he had n't slept too well, for this was his first show. The Commander listened to the engine with particular care and eyed the pilot narrowly. He was a good-looking kid.

'You stick to the formation like glue.'

'Yes, sir!'

The greatest risk of losing the boy was during the first few shows. The Commander was going to keep a close eye on him and so was everyone else; he did n't have to tell them. He nodded and went on. The boy looked pleased that his machine had passed inspection. The Commander had gone over it with a fine-tooth comb the previous evening, but the boy did n't know that.

Each machine had a different number and some individual mascot put on by its pilot for luck. For example, the right interplane strut of Number Four was wrapped around with a fragment of a pair of ladies' corsets. . . .

The Flight Sergeant saluted and reported that all was well, while the Commander insinuated himself into his little cockpit. He buckled the broad belt and opened the engine up. As he did so he pulled the control stick back against his stomach to hold the tail down.

He looked at his wrist watch — five minutes yet. He watched the various dials. He settled his flying cap and mask comfortably on his head and saw that the goggles were clear and clean. He gave the engine full throttle. The roar drowned out the world. The airplane trembled and thrummed; the wheels pressed against the wooden chocks. He got full r.p.m.; he held it there for a minute and turned the throttle back. He looked down the line. One by one they throttled back and waited for him. He looked at his watch again.

II

Time! He raised his hand above his head. One by one they all did the same as a signal that they were ready. He waved. The mechanic pulled away the chocks in front of the wheels. He taxied out into the clear, turned, opened up. A short rush and he was climbing steeply. He turned on the climb until he was headed east.

Around three thousand feet the light grayed as he passed through the clouds. Then he saw a great sea of ragged cloud tops and streamers, all motionless. It was about ten miles to the Lines.

He throttled back to let the others catch up and get into formation. Slowly they closed in and formed into their allotted positions behind him. They passed seven thousand feet. He intended to cross the Lines at about twelve thousand.

Now the cold began to get him. He had n't much to think about and sat glumly in his seat. The sun was still low on the eastern horizon. To the south and below him he saw a large congregation of airplanes wheeling in a great circle, a bombing raid getting into formation over the rendezvous, while the escorting pursuit squadrons took up their places above. Ahead he saw an occasional speckle of tiny black puff balls — the anti-aircraft batteries were awake on the other side of the Lines. He felt the cold most in his arms between the elbow and shoulder, but was chilled all over.

Ten thousand; he looked back. His men were close behind him in V formation. There was no suggestion of any motion except in the shimmering circles of the propellers. Sometimes the machines altered height a little in respect to one another, slowly, as though they were being pulled up and down on invisible strings. There was no sensation of speed, but the air-speed indicator read one hundred and ten. He glanced over the side and picked up landmarks through the haze and broken clouds. He tightened up and looked at his oil pressure, r.p.m., gas pressure, height; they were about twelve thousand. He leveled off.

In the spade grip on top of the control stick was a little push lever, and a flexible cable ran from it toward the nose. It was the gun control. On either side of the top of the fuselage was a machine gun pointing ahead through the propeller. The propeller caused pulsations in the neat hydraulic arrangement which interrupted the firing of each gun as the propeller blade passed the muzzle. The streams of bullets converged a short distance in front. Aim was by aiming the whole airplane, and the back of every bullet was hollowed out and filled with intensely inflammable substance.

As he approached the Lines he tested the guns. His gloved thumb rested against the gun button; he pressed. There was a stutter from each gun and he felt the vibration of the recoils. He only fired a short burst. A chorus of sizzling *tap-tap-taps* came to his ears as the rest of them tested their guns.

This was the signal for the formation to close up; from now on they might have to go into action at any time. His two wing men crept in closer until the tips of their wings were only a few feet from his tail surfaces. They were a trifle above him. A little higher yet came the next two, their planes nearly touching the wing men's tails. The second in command brought up the rear. The new kid's machine was the rear one on the right and he noted that his second in command was keeping close behind the boy. No one was going to be able to dive unexpectedly on the rear of the formation while his second in command was there. Except for the new man, whom he had to teach, they all knew their jobs. Now it was up to him.

III

They crossed the Lines. He was keenly on the lookout — north, south, east, west; down, up, and especially toward the sun, for he could not see far in that direction. He began to be very busy. It was up to him not to miss anything. On this hazy morning he might sweep the sky carefully through his goggles and see nothing; less than a minute later several formations might be in sight. Coming head-on with aggregate speed of four miles a minute might bring them into combat in a few seconds, and from bitter experience he knew that it would be death for about half his formation if he let them in for a surprise attack. Unceasingly, with a mechanical system, he quartered the air with his eyes — to the left, above, below, and ahead; then a little left rudder so as to open up the blind area ahead of the engine cowling, and below, above, and ahead again, shading the sun with a gauntlet for long moments while he gave this direction particular scrutiny. Then a long curve half right, through which they all followed him as closely as ever. He searched the air behind them. Directly he had finished one such cycle, he began another, after a glance at his instrument board and one at the ground. He sat in his seat, cold and bad-tempered, but alert.

The air directly in front of them filled with black shell bursts; they heard the venomous crackling of exploding shells, curiously muffled through the roar of their engines. They dashed through the dark smoke. The Flight Commander felt a sense of relief. The first burst from a battery was the most dangerous. Now he was warned that the guns were ranging on the formation, and could dodge. He started to count. At the height at which the planes were flying it took about ten seconds for the shells to reach them, after the guns had been aimed and fired. Immediately after the first burst the enemy would fire again, into the path

ahead and with a correction of the first error. When he had counted up to eight he swung the formation suddenly to the right. Two seconds later there was a cloud of shell bursts where the formation would have been had he not turned. He counted again. He banked his machine slightly, without any rudder, and sideslipped while still pointing on his new course. The others followed instantly. He lost height through the sideslip; this would be difficult to detect from the ground.

The next burst was above them and to the left. From the number of shells he knew that several batteries at different points were firing, triangulating one another's aim. This time he kept straight on, but throttled down. It was a lightning game of chess, striving to anticipate the other's move. He was betting on their expecting him to turn, so he did n't.

'. . . Seven — eight — nine —'

Right and left of the formation the air burst into familiar black smoke. The enemy had aimed for a turn.

He had them beaten — so far. He opened up full throttle and started to count again. He kept straight ahead, climbing hard. He glanced around for the first time and saw with satisfaction that the whole formation was close together. The next salvo from the batteries was below and far behind. So much for *that!* More salvos. He kept up the counting and dodging, but in the crowded action of a patrol flight the situation had definitely moved over into second place in his mind. He was moving on to the next incident. Left, right, behind, he resumed his search even more carefully. His sense of having everything under control had been momentarily disturbed by the anti-aircraft business. Within a minute everything was calm again. The formation swept eastward over the enemy territory.

IV

He reached in his pocket and fumbled for a bar of chocolate. His fingers were clumsy. He peeled off the silver paper without looking, his eyes searching the thin air. He munched the nuts in the chocolate, wondering how the new man had been affected by his first fire.

'Lucky for him it was n't worse . . . long way to fall . . . in flames, maybe. . . . Bet he was scared. . . . Oh, well, who would n't be?'

Suddenly he stiffened. He craned his masked head forward. A little gathering of midges had appeared, ahead and to the left. *Attack!*

One hand jerked the throttle wide open. The other pulled the control stick. He began to climb, with a slight turn toward the sun. He glanced hurriedly over his shoulder and noted that the rear machines had fallen behind a little; they had been caught by surprise. As he climbed, the Commander rocked his machine from side to side, a signal to his formation that he was preparing to attack. Less than five seconds had passed since the enemy was sighted; the first manœuvre of the action was under way.

His brain was working with incredible intensity. He prayed that they had not been seen. The two formations had been flying almost parallel courses in opposite directions. He was turning slightly away from them. Two necessities were clear — to gain height on the enemy and to get between them and the sun. Height, even a hundred feet, meant everything. Whoever was lower must perforce be on the defensive. Whoever got started first — two seconds, even one — seized the advantage.

They were getting closer. Now he knew that they had sighted him, for their leader's nose went up for height.

'*Too late! Too late!*' He yelled in exultation. He had them.

V

He was several hundred feet higher than they and he was definitely up sun. They could not outclimb his formation. They could not get around him. Vigilance was rewarded. He turned rapidly toward the enemy, then on to a course parallel to theirs. He could afford to take his time. Unless their leader were insane, they would not attempt to dive away. In this swift work in the sky the one thing that for single-seaters was utterly, irretrievably fatal was to turn tail and let pursuers empty their machine guns into the planes' defenseless backs.

They were close now. Against his advantage of height and sun, the enemy formation numbered nine. They were flying in a tight V formation, as careful as his own. He throttled back a trifle to let his rear men close up. He was utterly cold. He felt neither anger nor excitement; his mind was racing at the greatest intensity of purpose. He was too old a hand to rush in recklessly. He was out for every advantage that experience had taught him.

He looked around again and momentarily he felt a glow of pride. His two wing men were almost touching him, their wing tips close to his tail. Behind them were the next two — just as close, in their turn. He noted the new boy's machine; his second in command was fifty feet higher, at the rear.

He snapped his head back to look at the enemy again. They had not changed position. He held on for a few more seconds. He could see the enemy leader looking up at him, watching every move. He throttled down a little, falling back toward the enemy's rear, and made a quick turn toward them. The shadow from his formation flicked across the others.

Now!

He rocked his wings once and threw the stick forward. Engine wide open, he dived, one hand on the throttle, the other grasping the control stick firmly, with his thumb against the gun button. The air screamed through the wires. Every nerve in his body was focused on the leader's machine on to which he was diving. It increased in size at an enormous rate. Suddenly it leaped up in a swift climbing turn to let him by and then dive on to his tail. He turned wide, then pulled the stick back, still following. The seat drove up against him, his shoulders hunched under the terrific strain. No pretty flying here — just pull and kick where she had to go, at full throttle. No time, even, to pray that everything would hold. No possible scrap of time to think of such a thing.

The enemy was still in front, rushing round in a vertical turn, trying desperately to shake him off. Several times his sights came full on, but he did not fire — he was concentrated on flying.

They turned, both of them, and whirled like madmen. By some strange clairvoyance he sensed the enemy's next move the instant it was conceived. Suddenly the quarry's nose flashed up, up past the vertical — Immelmann turn, keeping on until he was upside down, then rolling over sideways, ready to dive back and become the attacker.

The Commander foresaw the manœuvre, an old one, and hurtled around in a vertical climbing turn. Halfway, he realized that he was a fraction slow. They came level again. The enemy had opened out the gap, but he failed to seize the advantage and delayed his next turn a second. The Commander had a fierce prevision of victory.

The two machines flashed about with increasing violence, but he was drawing closer all the time. His guns never spoke, and he could see from the other's manœuvres how dismaying

was this silent, relentless pursuit. He crouched in his tiny cockpit, oblivious of everything in the world except a savage intention to kill, utterly brutal, utterly ruthless, his whole being turned into a remorseless machine intent on destruction. Not to wound, not to disable, only to kill — *to kill*, to see the enemy go down in flames. He had schooled himself to repress excitement; his mind was clear and hard and calculating. The nervous tension, drawn tight until it twanged and screamed, made him pant for breath. . . . The price of survival.

The enemy stood up one wing tip and maintained the tightest possible turn. He followed. The terrific force made the wings shudder. It seemed that everything must fly to pieces, but still they both kept their throttles wide open. This was the crisis. The enemy pilot, momentarily indecisive, swung level again. The Commander cut across the invisible circle, and moved his stick central a fraction of a second later than the other.

It was over. For an instant of time he was behind the other, so close behind that it looked as though his propeller must actually cut the rudder to shreds; his gun muzzles seemed to be resting on the other pilot's shoulder blades.

Finish!

With grim satisfaction he pressed the gun control. There was a loud stutter from the guns. The tracer bullets, hollowed out and charged with fire, made a twin path of flame into the head and shoulders of the enemy pilot, through his body into the gas tanks. The helmeted head dropped forward . . . the airplane dived. The pilot fell on to the stick . . . a sheet of red and white flame gushed out. The wreck whistled down its long journey, a thing of streaming fire and roasting flesh.

The Commander watched it without compassion. Everything human had gone from him. An incident had moved into the past — making way. It was less than thirty seconds from the time he had first rocked his wings.

VI

He pulled up in a great climbing turn. They were all off to one side of him, swirling — a dog fight. He was just in time to see one of his own machines diving furiously at one of the enemy. It got out of control — dashed into an enemy airplane beneath. The two struck with tremendous force, the more sickening because the roar of his engine rendered the crash inaudible. A terrible puppet show. The two airplanes flew to pieces. One of the wrecks burst into flames. The heavy engines plunged. A number of wings fluttered and twisted down slowly like tissue paper. He saw the body of his own pilot thrown out by the first impact, fall away, legs grotesquely apart, arms clutching empty air. It dwindled, became a speck, struggling in the last few seconds of life — disappeared.

He hurled into the fight. The air was filled with the flame streams of thousands of tracer bullets, the roar of many engines, in the whirlpool of fighting. Ahead, machine after machine tore into sight. In a fraction of time he noted markings: circles, he swung away; crosses, his thumb rammed home on the gun control. He could not stick to anyone; it would be fatal in this dog fight. One of the enemy would be on his tail.

Black crosses flicked into view just overhead. He pulled back sharply. The underside of the machine was in front of his guns. No time for careful aim. The guns stuttered. The enemy swung away, tried to dive. As he watched, Number Four rushed in and delivered a short burst at point-blank

range. The enemy dived past the vertical, both wings snapped off.

Back again; keep going — *keep going!* Short bursts whenever the enemy could be fired on; lightning decisions between friend and foe; a series of miraculous escapes from collision as the pursuit planes milled about; wrenching, kicking the controls, slamming the fast airplane from one crazy position into another, heedless of whether it held. Time and again the wires ceased vibrating, stiffened, strained to snapping point.

He caught sight of a fight going on away from the main mêlée — two of the enemy and one of his men. Simultaneously he saw a number. The new kid's! Instinctively he had known it must be; the others were too experienced to get isolated. Cursing at the top of his voice, he kicked around toward the impending disaster. Only a few seconds to reach them, but it might be too late. The boy had no chance. Veterans were attacking him. Desperate, he started to dive, two streams of bullets tearing through his wings. The Commander saw it coming and shouted: 'Don't! *Don't dive!*'

The words were devoured by the hungry roar of four big engines. The upper pursuer dived a little, the lower one eased back. Twin streams of tracer smashed together into an easy target. The boy flung up his arms, writhed in agony amid the hoses of flame. Down went the machine, turning over and over, spinning and diving, to a deep grave in the earth two miles below.

The Commander went berserk, insane with rage. His self-control, which was part of his job, shivered into splinters. He could no longer restrain himself. He no longer wanted to. He had been too long on the Front — too long. There came a snapping point. He dashed after the victors like a mad dog; they were below him now. They had followed the boy's machine down a bit.

He jammed his throttle hard against the end of the quadrant and bore forward on the control stick. The engine note rose to a shrill moan, the flying wires reached a horrid scream. He aimed his machine at the lower adversary. The enemy — deputy leader, by the streamers tied to his struts — saw him coming. He pulled back. The Commander held on, dead to any danger of collision, striving with every nerve in his body to come to close quarters where he could not miss. His antagonist was no tyro like the boy he had just shot down. He manœuvred brilliantly. But it was of no avail against the man who trumped every trick, pitiless, avenging. The risks, the painfully learned rules of the game, went for nothing.

The second enemy rushed up behind him and opened fire. For a few seconds the bullet stream tore fabric off the centre section of the wings. The aim closed in. The Commander's left arm was jerked forward as if by a hammer. Brown leather flicked off his sleeve. Then the firing ceased. He paid no attention, but continued his mad-dog pursuit. They dashed through what was left of the mêlée, missing collisions by a miracle.

It could n't last. There was a little smoke ahead, then a little more, then a blast of white flame. He continued to fire into the blazing mass, following it down, half-crazed because he could do no more. Then he pulled out. He looked up for the machine which had been firing at him. It was not there — there was only his second in command, circling some five hundred feet above him. He realized that his pursuer had been shot down; he knew then why the firing behind him had ceased. He looked below, but he could see nothing of the falling plane.

VII

He climbed back to rejoin what was left of his formation. The fight was apparently over. He saw four enemy machines diving away to the east. For a while two of his own pursued; then they realized the hopelessness of it and returned. The four of them were together again. Instantly they formed behind him, one on each wing tip, the second in command at the open end of the V, and slightly above.

He circled for a few minutes. Only four of the enemy could be seen, retreating. He assumed that five must have been shot down; then he counted. He had got their leader; the second had been smashed in collision; the third downed by Number Four; the fourth and fifth had just been finished. His own losses he knew only too well. Number Five was missing — that had been the collision. And the new kid's.

He turned west. Five for two, but he felt no exultation. Number Five had been on the Front as long as any and they'd miss him. And the new kid, — tough, that, — a bare twenty-four hours on the Front, finished in his first flight over the Lines. Nineteen — hell, what of it? He was only twenty-two himself.

Anger had gone. He only felt unspeakably weary. He could see nothing but the great brown and green plain spread below, hazy in the early sun. The Lines were far ahead — the formation was still a dozen miles deep in enemy territory. He was flying at about nine thousand. He started to climb, as a matter of precaution. He wanted to be in a position to give battle or to avoid it, according to the odds. They gained twelve thousand and he flattened out. They had an hour's gas left — plenty of margin to get back to base. He kept up his methodical watch, but it was an effort. He had made hundreds of patrols, but he could not remember having felt so exhausted.

'One of these days,' he muttered, 'I'll be a bit too slow. And then —'

His vision was blotted out by a flash . . . the deafening crump of high explosive partially stunned him . . . shell fragments drove through the wings. He was thrown over on one side. Dazed but conscious, he heard the engine note mount past anything he had ever known. Its vibration was shaking the machine to pieces. He fumbled for the switch and turned off the ignition. The vibration decreased, but the airplane was diving. He could not see clearly. But he pulled the stick gently into a central position and pushed the rudder straight.

His vision cleared. He was in a steep dive. He eased back. The whole machine was shuddering. The propeller had been blown off; the engine vibration had shaken all the instruments out of the board, and they were hanging from it in a mess. The compass was kicking about between his feet. The wings were torn in a dozen places and the rear flying wires on the right wing had been cut. The ends were streaming out behind. The left wing had an ominous flutter; he surmised that one of the spars was fractured. Whichever way he looked, the airplane was a wreck. Yet it still glided along under control. Instinctively he waited for the wings to go — for the end to come. His head was still muzzy. He knew what had happened — the first salvo from the batteries had exploded right under him. But by a miracle he was still alive. He took heart and looked about for the formation. He discovered it, a few hundred feet above him. He could see that the machines had not been badly hit, for their propellers were turning. They began to glide down. . . .

Cautiously he tried the lateral con-

trols. They answered, sluggishly. He knew that the elevators were all right, otherwise he could not have pulled out of the dive. The same went for the rudder.

He went on gliding, a flapping wreck, but still alive. If only she held together, there was still hope. As the effect of the explosion wore off, he began to figure. He was at about eleven thousand feet. There had been a very slight easterly breeze when they had taken off; the Lines were eleven or twelve miles away. His gliding angle was about one in six. It looked as though he could glide the twelve miles, unless something interfered. The anti-aircraft batteries were still shooting at the planes, but fortunately making very bad practice. He knew that there would be several more batteries to cross, but, occupied as he was in wondering whether the wreck would hold together, their menace did not bother him.

He glided straight on, keeping the machine at its best angle, as slowly as it would go without stalling or pancaking. His formation kept close behind, except his second in command, who came down anxiously alongside. The Commander gestured at the broken flying wires. The second in command resumed his station. They grouped themselves protectively around him. They were not going to let him be attacked.

He watched the altimeter readings, and checked the distance as he passed over the little villages and towns. He was going well. There was some hot fire from anti-aircraft guns, but the gliding angle puzzled the enemy. The bursts were constantly too high. At five thousand he pulled his Very pistol out of its pocket, examined the color of the cartridge, and considered the situation once again. No point in the whole formation gliding down to the ground, coming in for machine-gun and rifle fire.

He raised his hand and fired the pistol. The colored light flared in the sky. It was the signal for his second in command to take over and lead the formation home. He could trust his second to keep over him at a safe height until he was down, without unnecessarily risking lives. There was nothing more that they could do for him. The second in command gunned his engine, drew ahead. The others followed. He waved at the Commander, circled back, drew ahead again, without losing height.

VIII

Three thousand. The ground looked painfully close. Everything was very quiet, except for the soughing of the wind past wings and wires. He heard scattered machine-gun fire from the ground. The Lines were in full view ahead. He looked straight down the fuselage at them, past the engine. . . . Going to be pretty close. For a moment he considered making a landing in enemy territory.

'Hell, *no!*'

Two thousand . . . the enemy's first support and communication trenches now . . . several batteries under camouflage. . . . Fifteen hundred . . . more machine-gun fire. . . . One thousand . . .

The fire from below became intense. He could hear it distinctly. His brain told him that there was little chance of his being hit, but he tried to crowd still more of himself into the metal bucket seat beneath him. Unpleasant to be shot at from below at close range.

Neck or nothing! He was over No Man's Land . . . trenches . . . he had a swift impression of figures waving from them. He concentrated on the ground where he must crash . . . wire, lots of wire. . . .

'Damn the wire! Oh, to hell with all this wire!'

He must crash close to a trench so that they could get him in before the enemy started shelling the wreck.

Now he flattened out, stalling down. He felt the machine sink under him. Ahead, he saw one of the few reasonable patches of ground. Now they were about to hit. He pulled the stick back hard. The nose came up sluggishly. The machine pancaked into the mud with a crash.

Everything was mixed in the shock. Then he realized that his legs were not broken. He undid the safety belt and wriggled out sideways into the mud. It was painful to struggle. He ached everywhere, but he stumbled a few yards to the communication trench. He tumbled into it. He leaned against the wall of the trench and looked up. His formation was flying low, a few hundred feet and to the west. From one of the machines a hand waved. The soft spring breeze brought him the stench of rotting bodies. . . .

Wearily, the Commander waved back.

A RESURRECTION-DAY DINNER PARTY

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

(*Emerson once suggested that a dinner party on Resurrection Day would be interesting if it included as guests Pericles, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Bacon, Franklin, Montaigne, Columbus, and Bronson Alcott. No doubt he would have wished to be present himself, so we have given him a seat.*)

PERICLES. It is perhaps just as well that the Greek way of living passed away when it did. In older times it no doubt had a certain beauty, but in my day it required an effort to be a Greek.

SHAKESPEARE. You should have seen, my lord, what it meant in my time to be an Englishman.

BACON. I understand not why you say that, sir, unless you are merely indulging your habit of pessimism, common to disillusioned persons of a romantic disposition. I never found it difficult to be an Englishman.

(*The others lift their glasses and sing: 'He remains an Englishmun-n-n!' All, that is, except Alcott, whose glass contains only water, and Emerson, who raises his glass smilingly but sings not.*)

RABELAIS. What is this? A wine-glass with water in it and on Resurrection Day! Pardon, my tall and serious friend, but in what country did your mother give you birth?

ALCOTT. I was an American, sir, from Massachusetts.

RABELAIS. *Messe a choux sept?* A dish, indeed!

MONTAIGNE. Massachusetts was the place — a village, I believe, Monsieur Rabelais — where your writings were

seized and impounded as obscene and subversive of public morals.

FRANKLIN. Massachusetts was not a village, but a province. That was its defect. I myself was born in Boston, its capital, but I left it at an early age.

RABELAIS. And were you pursued?

FRANKLIN. Not then.

PERICLES. I have heard of Boston and was flattered when I was told that my name was not unknown there.

EMERSON. In my time your name was often indeed on the lips of young men there. They believed they could establish in Boston a civilization entirely Greek in its attitude.

PERICLES. And what is its attitude now?

EMERSON. Purely Irish-American, I am told.

RABELAIS. Come, let us fill the glasses again. This talk of water and suppression chills the corridors of my soul. Come, lean Yankee, fear not to stain thy starchy shirt front with a few drops of good wine.

ALCOTT. Thanks, good sir, but I am content with clear water.

MONTAIGNE. But wine, sir, is a vegetable extract, and not an animal one, to which I understand you are opposed.

ALCOTT. It raises the purely animal spirits, however, and ministers only to the baser appetites. Man is spirit and has his home in the absolute. He has no need for material stimulants.

RABELAIS. Here methinks I see the spore of that darkened spirit that hath manifested itself in the teetotal prohibition of wines in thy malefic country, am I not right?

EMERSON. The prohibition of wines in our country was a natural consequence of the cult of the State. Governments are created to prevent things being done; so they eventually turn upon their creators and begin to invade their lives. The tendency will become worse before it becomes better.

SHAKESPEARE. There we have it, my good masters. New World, forsooth! Your New World is no more than the old with a younger visage on 't, as on feast days an ancient witch might hope to hide her cunning and malignant eyes beneath a mask of pink and smiling beauty. Who would court fever, prison chains, and even death itself to uncover other worlds if they but repeat and stablish familiar woes?

COLUMBUS. You need not look at me, sir. Long before my death I knew that my voyages had merely opened virgin areas for prejudice and rapacity to exploit.

RABELAIS. You called him Hamlet, Messire Shakespeare, but his proper name was Columbus. Sensitive lads like you two should have locked yourselves up in a monastery or have been oftener drunken.

EMERSON. I cannot share the pessimism of my friends Shakespeare and Columbus. Life will endure a lot of ruining. Though it be destroyed in one spot, in another it puts out new and stronger shoots.

MONTAIGNE. And I cannot altogether share the optimism of my friend Emerson. Life is a task that has been imposed upon us for some not to be comprehended reason. But it becomes endurable and at moments even pleasurable when one thing is done and one day is lived at a time.

PERICLES. But why compare human life to a task or burden? Why not as aptly to a tree or river? Trees and rivers do not groan about existence or wonder about the purpose of life.

BACON. We see how everything becomes a question of words. Reality disappears. Before we argue, let us define our terms.

RABELAIS. But then there would be no argument, hence no conversation,

hence no life. So I say, on the contrary, let us avoid defining terms. Let everything be words.

SHAKESPEARE. Prythee, what is there besides? What has heaven, full of sleeping or guzzling Joves, chose to fit out puny man with, except words? Would know what is this awesome Reality with which dusty philosophers beguile us? A word!

RABELAIS. Let us have more words, then. More words and better. Let us do less and talk more.

FRANKLIN. There is a platform on which a great party could be founded. As I look back on my former existence, it seems to me that my happiest hours were spent in talking.

(*Rabelais begins to sing, 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' in which all try to join, including Emerson and Alcott, although they do not know the words.*)

MONTAIGNE. That is all very well for an inhabitant of cities. Franklins can always find genial company. But what is your country man to do? He cannot talk to the hills, and so, even when he encounters good company, he cannot use it, having lost the habit of offering conversation.

SHAKESPEARE. I lay it down, none the less, that your peasant knows not genuine solitude. The sun, the clouds, the clods, space itself, all speak to him familiarly. It is in the peopled cities that a man is marooned in a solitude like the Dead Sea for heaviness.

BACON. If there were not cities there would be no inquiry, hence no knowledge. Country soil is only good for corn and superstition.

PERICLES. So it was in Greece. We drew our wise men, orators, artists, and poets from the multitudes that teemed in the streets. From the country came nothing but hay and soldiers.

MONTAIGNE. You forget. From the country came the most important things of all — grain for bread, grapes for wine, wool for cloaks. Where would your urban sage or poet be, did not the peasant toil daily to feed him?

COLUMBUS. This be the question: Is there any place on earth where man is happy and his mind at ease?

SHAKESPEARE. Man, target of supernal besoms, is a spider running around a cooking pot. Every spot where he would rest he finds as hot as the others he has deserted.

COLUMBUS. I would say, hotter than.

BACON. Is it the business of a man to be contented, like a pig which lies down with a bellyful of grain? No, a man's business is to work, to observe, to discover the reason for things.

RABELAIS. Pigs, those are beings I have often regarded with admiration, saying to them tenderly, *Mes frères.*

ALCOTT. There is no doubt of the selfishness which resides in the individual pursuit of what is called happiness. To believe that, having accumulated riches, one can be happy, while others are in misery or want, that is illusion.

COLUMBUS. Granting, then, there is no happiness, is there on earth such a thing even as reasonable contentment?

FRANKLIN. For periods, yes.

COLUMBUS. And your recipe?

FRANKLIN. To work at occupations which one enjoys and which are for the common weal, and afterwards to play; to be alone, and afterwards to join crowds; to have the company of men, and then that of women; to be hungry, and then to eat and drink; to deal with things, and then to think upon abstractions.

EMERSON. A good statement of the principle of alternation, which I myself used to favor.

MONTAIGNE. One thing should be added — to have health like a Miuran bull.

SHAKESPEARE. And one more — to be young.

COLUMBUS. To be young is not to be contented. On the contrary.

ALCOTT. Is it possible that during large portions of your life, Señor, — excuse me: Signor it is, I believe, — you were unhappy?

COLUMBUS. I knew not whether I was unhappy, so long as I was occupied.

FRANKLIN. My restless countrymen used to say, 'Let us be up and doing.'

COLUMBUS. That was always in my thought. To be idle used to devour my soul.

MONTAIGNE. Idleness has slain its thousands, but the itch to be doing things has brought men into a pox of troubles.

RABELAIS. There is the truth with a barrel hoop around it. I noticed that I came to no harm as long as I carefully considered each situation as it arose and then did nothing.

PERICLES. In Athens we used to argue as to whether a man was great by virtue of what he did or what he was.

BACON. Did a man ever become great by going off into a corner and abiding alone like a cabbage?

EMERSON. The great teachers all grew like vegetables, until they were ready to bloom and come to fruit.

ALCOTT. Indeed, there is something repellent about a solitary and exclusive concern with one's own welfare, as if no other thing were important. Hermits are the prey of morbidity.

MONTAIGNE. It is to be remarked that the memory of the great is treasured not so much either for what they were or for what they did as for what they said. Their deeds are often forgotten and their characters no longer matter, but their utterances are treasured as if they were of gold.

EMERSON. A good aphorism will outlive the highest pyramid.

FRANKLIN. I noticed that fact when I was a very young man. Whilst others were collecting pounds and shillings, I collected aphorisms.

SHAKESPEARE. In my own youth I loved them as timid maids love the gnawing of a mouse in the night. Aphorisms and canny saws are clogs with leaden soles which the old delight to give the young for shoes.

MONTAIGNE. How ironical it is that your writings should have given birth to more aphorisms than the most ancient sage's!

SHAKESPEARE. Proof the more that wisdom is scarcer than feathers on a hippopotamus.

RABELAIS. It pleases me to see that all of you are coming round to my view, that nothing matters except words. Archimedes, who was one of my Lord Bacon's stub-fingered scientists, was esteemed to be clever because he once said that with a lever he could move the world. Why, give me the right words and I will turn it over like an empty hogshead. Yea, send it tumbling down the very Stairs of Time.

PERICLES. I am curious to know what, subsequent to my period of life, men deemed really important. What, in recent ages, have they struggled most for?

SHAKESPEARE. Power.

COLUMBUS. Gold.

BACON. Security.

MONTAIGNE. Leisure.

EMERSON. Peace.

RABELAIS. Food.

PERICLES. And do men no longer crave glory?

FRANKLIN. Yes, but I understand that in recent times it has assumed the

form of a continuous desire for publicity.

PERICLES. And to think how we Athenians used to believe in progress! It is true that in my own public career I used to make some compromises, but I believed that in a thousand years men would live grandly.

MONTAIGNE. Progress is a movement like a shuttle's. If it goes forward, it also goes backward a corresponding degree.

SHAKESPEARE. Some have remarked that the backward movement goes further.

COLUMBUS. It is the more murderous, of a surety.

BACON. Progress used to be conceived of as proceeding linearly from one point to another. It is possible that the movement is circular, returning, after making its curve, to its original starting point.

FRANKLIN. Suppose we consider the movement as spiral. That at least would permit an upward ascent, however small.

EMERSON. But is not that concept purely spatial? We should do better to consider the movement in terms of geologic time, and be thankful for small meliorations.

RABELAIS. These various movements, careering about like driven planets, make a common man dizzy. Regard the breast of this fowl. For me that is the only world that exists. Consider this glass of lucent wine. For me that is the universe.

(*Page enters, calling, 'Mr. Pericles! Mr. Pericles!'*)

PERICLES. That is my name. What is it you wish, my son?

PAGE. You're wanted on the telephone, sir.

(*All look at each other in bewilderment.*)

PERICLES. What does that mean?

FRANKLIN. I would not venture to say for certain, but I could guess it means that our dream is over and that the great hook of life is reaching for us again.

RABELAIS (*as Pericles, mystified, throws a corner of his robe over his shoulder and follows boy out*). Life! Mother of Pity! Are we never to have done with it? Can it be that even death avails naught against it? Is a man safe not even in Hell?

(*He pours himself a tremendous bumper of wine as his neighbors glance uneasily out of the door by which Pericles departed, as men do when they know that a party is over.*)

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN PEKING

BY IDA PRUITT

I

It was New Year's Eve — the eve of the real New Year's Day, as the Chinese in their hearts all know. The government may send out proclamations ordering the year for political reasons to begin on January the first, the mayor may decorate the streets on that day, forbid all shops to open for a week or two weeks, and command the fairs and theatres to flourish; but the people bide their time and celebrate the day when they know, as their forefathers always have known, that the New Year begins.

On the eve of January the first, the main streets were hung with red lanterns. They swung lonely in the wind which blew down the frozen streets. They were ignored, and the streets were empty. They were incongruous messengers of joy decking the remnants of the tired old year.

A few shops put a few stalls in the fairgrounds, enough to keep the officials from their bank accounts. The actors' association put on a benefit play for the famine sufferers. But all knew that all were waiting — waiting for the real beginning of the New Year, for the time when from far off in the skies and from deep in the ground would come the messages of the beginning of another year. And when the earth should spontaneously throw off her winter garment of dust and dead plants and ice, so spontaneously would the people don their new clothes, and wish each other a 'Happy New Year — New Joy.'

And now in February the shops have for days been doing a thriving trade. The bazaars have blazed with toys and bright-colored cloths. The markets have been loaded with fresh-killed meat — great pink and white half-porkers, which, in the arms of shop assistants, have traveled through the streets in rickshaws, or, piled one on top of another, have been trundled in push-carts to the meat counters. From the railings hang chickens and ducks by the hundred, and game — wild ducks and wild geese, bustards, and hares. On the tables are baskets of shrimps and prawns, and mussels and snails that still crawl sluggishly. Great tubs of water contain big fish and little fish, smooth fish and barbed fish, swimming in their cramped quarters, and eels slithering. The stands are piled high with vegetables and fruit, freshly scrubbed and arranged in patterns. They draw the eye with their green and magenta, orange and red. Spinach, cabbage, bamboo shoots, oranges, apples, pears, and persimmons.

The sidewalk peddlers have doubled in number. The streets are lined with pushcarts selling multicolored toys, selling round red lanterns and fish-shaped lanterns of red and green and yellow, selling pyramids of white balls of brittle malt candy with which the speech of the kitchen god is sweetened

when he goes to make his yearly report to the Heavenly Emperor, and which the people all delight to eat.

II

We were invited to 'cross the year' with some old Chinese friends. We were to dine with them, watch the worship of the ancestors, the worship of Heaven and Earth, and welcome the New Year.

We started out at about six in the evening, for dinner was to be early and the distance was long, from the far east of the Tatar city to the far west of the Chinese city. From the quiet side street where we lived we soon came to the street of small stores where the small householder shops. It is bordered on either side by food shops, some displaying the Mohammedan crescent, others a portion of pig, by grain shops with their bins open to the street, medicine shops with their rows of blue and white jars, some fabulously old, coffin shops with the huge gold-lacquered drums piled to the ceiling, restaurants where coolies make merry with a few coppers, and tea houses where they listen to the ballads of the singsong girl or the stories of the professional entertainer.

It is also the main street connecting numberless small residence streets, and on New Year's Eve it was full of jostling people carrying home the last-minute purchases before the shops should quite close and the feasting begin; and of others doggedly trying, at this time of the annual settlement of financial affairs dictated by a custom older than memory, to collect as much as possible of the outstanding debts; and of others out to pay last old-year calls on near relatives before the doors of their homes were closed; and of others wandering just to see each other wander. They all carried red lanterns, and the red lanterns moving as the people moved formed a pattern of red light which stretched down the street as far as we could see. Each red light as it moved and bobbed was saying, 'There are warmth and plenty just around the corner of the year.'

Out of the shifting scenes individual pictures detached themselves. A child walked solemnly, grave with the dignity of his great trust. He was carrying the red lantern, while his father walked patiently and understandingly behind. Farther down the street three urchins stood in a triangle, their red lanterns meeting in a pool of light. Their three faces were bowed over this pool. Surely their discussion could not be of any trivial matter. Two diminutive knights-errant, each with his lantern carried lance-like in front of him, marched with purpose down the middle of the street. An eager lad, the leash let loose at last, stepped from his front gateway and looked east and looked west. His gaze asked plainly, 'In which direction does adventure lie?' His red lantern lighted his tense face.

Children, children everywhere, carrying red lanterns. It is the children's night, the night to which they have been looking forward for months and days. It is the night when they are the equal of grown-ups, when they do not go to bed, when, dressed in their best, they join in all the family ceremonies, or at least until their eyes can hold open no longer. And this night is the children's great night because it is the family's great night. No harsh words must be spoken and no one must be crossed, for fear of spoiling his luck for the year. It is the one night on which the whole family must sit and eat together around one table. Behind these high walls and the closed gates the families are feasting — feasting on the much or the little that their destiny provides. Feasting, worshiping their

ancestors and worshiping Heaven, courteously bidding the old year farewell and welcoming the new.

Firecrackers boom and bang all over the city. In a near-by court there is a machine-gun rattle as a long string of crackers is set off. There is the dull thud of a giant cracker, muffled by distance, compound walls, and the heavy air of the springlike night. The noise is continuous. It has been going on for many nights, and we know from experience that it will go on for many more. It is a bombardment of joy.

But there is another sound which weaves in and under and through the cannonading. If one listens carefully enough he can hear this sound like an insistent theme carried by ambitious piccolos. It is the sound of the housewives chopping, chopping, all over the city. They are chopping the mincemeat for the New Year's dumplings; they are chopping the vegetables for the fragrant mixtures. After midnight no knife can be used, for the luck of the coming year must not be cut. And this chopping in the dark hours symbolizes to many a man and woman all that is most dear in the home. They speak of it in the hushed voice used for sacred things. And when this sound is mentioned there can be seen, in the face of a weathered man, the small lad tense in the New Year atmosphere, as, lifted out of himself, he watches the elders busying themselves in those half-forgotten yearly ceremonies — hanging the ancestral portraits, preparing the offerings, donning their best clothes. And always the mother is chopping, chopping the food that shall last them many days.

To the exile who has been in foreign lands, there is no thrill like the thrill with which he hears again for the first time the roar of the city, that volume of human sound which swells up at dusk and beats like the surf of a distant sea. And if he hears it first at the New Year, enriched by this piccolo chopping, he knows that he is home again, and at the best of all times. It is the time of new clothes and new food, of making and receiving calls. It is the time when trained bears and monkeys perform in open squares, and minstrels dressed in gay masquerade stroll the streets. It is the time to put aside all care, to feel all joy. It is the time of endless talk.

III

But all is not equally well behind each wall. In one house we pass, the three daughters on the right and the son on the left are kneeling in white and sackcloth by the high-trestled coffin of their mother. By day they kneel, and by night they sleep on the ground of the court, which has been turned into a shrine. The walls of the high mat temple reflect the light of the candles constantly burning at either end of the coffin. They are watching and guarding their mother for the seven days until the funeral. The family had done their utmost to carry the sick woman 'over the year.' They had spent vast sums for ginseng, on which they had fed the semiconscious patient. But they had been unable to avert the bad luck of her passing a few days before the New Year.

Day before yesterday was the third day after the death — the day on which friends should come to show their sympathy and escort the family on the pilgrimage of the Receiving Third. But it was the New Year season, and only very good friends cared enough for them to encounter sorrow in these days. Therefore the procession, which, from the social standing of the family, should have been long, was, because of the season, very short — the procession of black-robed, red-draped monks walking two and two, of friends carrying

bundles of burning incense, of the four hooded mourners leaning on the arms of friends, and of servants carrying lanterns. The rear was brought up by the great paper-money tower that will, when burned, supply the woman who has passed on with the necessary cash for her residence in the next world; by the paper cart which, translated by fire, her son will ask her to mount for her journeyings; and by the servants of clay and paper who will wait on her in this her new life.

We did not follow the procession to the square where the burning would take place, where, kneeling, the son would pour wine on to the ground and, as the flames licked up the offerings of house and cart and servants, invite his mother's spirit to mount the chariot he had provided. But as we passed the house we thought of the family kneeling in sorrow while the rest of the world rejoiced, kneeling by the coffin of their mother in the court turned into a shrine.

We had now reached the streets of the well-to-do, and wondered what was happening behind the high walls. These streets were deserted. Here was no need to scurry about collecting or paying last-minute debts. Here the children played with the lanterns in their own courts, and here the mothers did not chop; the servants had long since finished and were also holidaying. Amid the booming of the firecrackers we whirled on to the home of our Chinese friends whom I had known for fifteen years — friends in whose births and deaths I had had a share, and now in whose family worship I was to take part.

The head of the family is a picturesque old man who under the Manchu dynasty was a high official. He owed his rapid rise to the fact that, as a fledgling magistrate, he had been in charge of the district of Huai Lai at the time of the Boxer trouble, and had had the great good fortune of being the first one able to offer a set table and official clothes and a sedan chair to the Empress Dowager after her flight from Peking and the avenging allies. Now he has retired and lives, patriarchal, among his wives and his children, his sons and their wives and their children.

Through the now practically deserted streets we trundled to our host's gate. We entered, and the door was barred behind us. After nightfall only the family and their guests are allowed to enter.

IV

It is a typical Chinese upper-middle-class home. We went through court after court, and were ushered into the old man's room on the left of the common room of the main building. I was all eyes, for the common room — the centre of the family life — was as I had never seen it before. I had, however, to curb my curiosity and pay my respects to the old gentleman, who had been ill and was still resting in bed. Had he not been ill, he would have met us in the guest court, a courtesy performed by his sons and his wives.

I sat on the edge of the old man's bed and talked with him about New Years of the past, and about his third wife who had been my friend, and whose children swarmed around us, and who was of all his wives the one he loved the best. Her portrait was hanging with the other ancestors on the wall of the common room, for she had died many years ago. Her sister, his fourth wife, and the concubine bustled in and out supervising preparations, or perched on the bed or a chair for a chat.

Times were not what they had been, costumes were not what they once were. 'Look at this blue silk coat and short black jacket that I am putting on — the costume of the Republic. Compare it with the blue embroidered robe I

wore under the Manchu dynasty, and then compare that with the sweeping red robes of the Ming dynasty, with the wide sleeves and crossed neck line, in the pictures of my ancestor hanging in the next room. With each change of dynasty the clothes become less interesting.' And he told his concubine to show me the buttons he had worn on his official hats, the buttons of the different ranks he had held under the Manchu dynasty.

The servants announced the New Year's dinner, the one meal of the year when there must be a round table, when the family must sit in an unbroken circle and eat all at one time. The table was laid in the common room in front of the ancestors. We, as the guests, took the place of honor immediately opposite the door and under the ancestors who hung on the wall, and the grown daughter sat next to me. It is a local Peking custom that grown unmarried daughters take precedence of all other members of the family. Then came the old man, with his wife to the left and the concubine in the lower place on his right. On our right was the eldest son, and by him his wife; then the next son and his wife, until the table tailed off into the children of school age, two boys and two girls, the youngest of whom sat next to the concubine. Thus the circle was complete. The granddaughter, too young to sit at table, hovered in the background in her amah's arms.

We ate and we drank well. Dishes from Ssu-chuan, the old man's home, dishes from Kiangsu, the home of his wives, dishes from Peking, where they all now lived, we ate. We had the sticky New Year cake, the *nien kao*, whose name, by a play on words, wished us a 'High New Year.' We had dates to bring sweetness to the coming year. We had curds to bring prosperity — again a play on words, symbolizing a round year of happiness. After dinner we returned to the other room and played games, and the family came and went till we suddenly realized that all were in their ceremonial robes. The time for the annual ancestor worship had come.

V

While the old gentleman finished his toilet, I stepped into the common room. The common room is the centre of the home — the centre room of the main house, which always faces south. This house is always a little larger than the other houses and its roof is higher than any other. As usual, this main house was divided into three rooms. To the left of the common room was the old gentleman's room, where we had been sitting, to the right his wife's. The concubine had quarters in a room on the side of the court.

This common room where we had feasted and were now to worship had been turned into a shrine. The dining table and all signs of our meal had been taken away. The offerings had been brought in. I looked in detail at what I had but glimpsed before. On the wall in the centre, immediately opposite the door, was hung a long scroll crowded with men and women in Manchu costumes at the bottom and Ming costumes at the top — a procession of ancestors. All but one man, as the wife proudly pointed out, were in official robes. 'And he was a very successful merchant, a wealthy man,' said she. To show how authentic was this galaxy of ancestors, she pointed to a man who was blind in one eye and had been so painted. To the left of this were hung pictures of the old gentleman's grandfather and grandmother, and to the right his father and mother.

On the side walls were hung the pictures of his three wives who had died. The first of them, the daughter of a

great statesman, was the pride of the family, mentioned on all occasions of face. The third, my friend, centred in herself the love of the family, and especially that of the old man. Her memory still brings pain to his eyes, and compared to her his other wives are mere homely friends. For her sake he does not drink the *blandy chu* of which he had been very, very fond, and which she ceaselessly begged him to leave alone. For her sake he eats no meat, and has built a small Buddhist temple near his library where he burns incense twice a day and writes out endless Buddhist sutras. The second wife, the forgotten one, the one of whom none speak, she too was hanging on the wall and worshiped.

A long narrow table stretched across the end of the room; on it were the tablets of the ancestors to three generations. These tablets were flanked and surrounded by piled-up offerings of cakes and wine and fruit. In front of the long table was a square one on which were more offerings and incense pots. Both tables were hung with red embroidered silk, and the chairs were covered with it. In front of the tables was spread a small red rug, and behind that a larger rug of ordinary buff.

We stood in the doorway watching, and as I watched I realized that we were in a temple. Just when the common room became a temple, or how the change came about, I did not know. I knew only that the room which was the common room, which had been the feasting room for a happy New Year family, was now a shrine, a temple. Pictures had been hung, tablets and offerings arranged on the tables, red hangings draped. But the change was deeper than that. It was as though these people whose descendants had gathered to do them homage, whose presence had been invoked, had come, and these their descendants knew it. The family stood in calm dignity, respectful and aware in the presence of their ancestors who, living on the other side, had come to visit them.

VI

The old gentleman was not well, therefore the two elder sons became the officiating priests for the evening. One at each end of the long table, they held up to the ancestors the bowls of rice and the bowls of wine handed to them by the menservants. Thirteen times they were given bowls of rice and thirteen times they were given bowls of wine, for there were thirteen generations of ancestors to be worshiped. Thirteen times they held the bowls above their heads and placed them on the long table, where thirteen pairs of chopsticks were lying. With dignity they stood, with grace they raised their arms and lowered them. The incense was lighted and held aloft and placed in the burners. Helped by his sons, the old man now stood in front of the red rug facing the shrine. Silently the four sons ranged themselves behind him in the order of their birth. Then, as the wheat bends before a wind, so they sank to the ground as their father sank, and rose up as he rose, and sank and rose in the three-and-nine kowtow ceremony. I felt my throat tighten. Surely we were in the presence of unseen beings.

More incense, and the wife knelt on the red carpet with the two daughters-in-law behind her. Then the concubine, and with her the four young daughters. Then last of all the little granddaughter, who had to be held on the mat by her mother; her little head, twisted around to see the queer beings in the doorway, was pressed three times to the mat by her mother's hand. The menservants and the maidservants, in a circle, bowed to the dead and to the

living. The children gathered and knelt to their father, his wife, and his concubine. Then these two, one on his left and one on his right, knelt to the old man. Graciously he bent over them and said, 'Get up, my dears, you need not bow to me.'

These were the first words spoken. It was over. With reverence and with dignity, space and time had been annihilated. There was no barrier between the dead and the living, between the seen and the unseen. Great thoughts had come and dwelt among us. The house of the soul had been cleansed, and reverence had lodged with us for a time.

It was not a worship of gods. It was not propitiation of powerful beings, supplication for unfulfilled desires, nor yet the awe given to supernatural majesty. It was the veneration given to members of the family who had been graciously invited to attend the annual reunion, and who as graciously accepted. It was the same veneration that is given to elder members of the family by the younger, but in a more marked degree, for these members of the family are older still, and have been away for a time — and now live elsewhere. It is an ancient rite practised in Chinese homes without reference to creed or religion. It is as logically inevitable to the Chinese as the efforts toward Heaven were to the Victorians.

At midnight an altar would be placed in the court and the god of the hearth welcomed back to watch over the family another year. They begged me to stay to see this ceremony also. But my thoughts had soared and I felt I could not face the hours of desultory conversation, nor yet of games and the participation in the firing of crackers. We left them to their night-long vigil and bowled home through the empty streets, silent now but for the impersonal boom and crack of the fireworks.

BREAD LINE

WHAT's the meaning of this queue,
Tailing down the avenue,
Full of eyes that will not meet
The other eyes that throng the street, —
The questing eyes, the curious eyes,
Scornful, popping with surprise
To see a living line of men
As long as round the block, and then
As long again? The statisticians
Estimate that these conditions
Have not reached their apogee.
All lines end eventually;
Except of course in theory.
This one has an end somewhere.
End in what? — Pause, there.
What's the meaning in these faces
Modern industry displaces,
Emptying the factory
To set the men so tidily
Along the pavement in a row?
Now and then they take a slow
Shuffling step, straight ahead,
As if a dead march said:
'Beware! I'm not dead.'
Now and then an unaverted
Eye bespells the disconcerted
Passer-by; a profile now
And then will lift a beaten brow, —
Waiting what? — The Comforter?
The Pentecostal Visitor?
If by fasting visions come,
Why not to a hungry bum?
Idle, shamed, and underfed,

Waiting for his dole of bread,
What if he should find his head
A candle of the Holy Ghost?
A dim and starveling spark, at most,
But yet a spark? It needs but one.
A spark can creep, a spark can run;
Suddenly a spark can wink
And send us down destruction's brink.
It needs but one to make a star,
Or light a Russian samovar.
One to start a funeral pyre,
One to cleanse a world by fire.
What if our bread line should be
The long slow-match of destiny?
What if even now the Holy
Ghost should be advancing slowly
Down the line, a kindling flame,
Kissing foreheads bowed with shame?
Creep, my ember! Blaze, my brand!
The end of all things is at hand.
Idlers in the market place,
Make an end to your disgrace!
Here's a fair day's work for you, —
To build a world all over new.
What if our slow-match have caught
Fire from a burning thought?
What if we should be destroyed
By our patient unemployed?
Some of us with much to lose
By conflagration will refuse
To hallow arson in the name
Of Pentecost. We'd rather blame
The Devil, who can always find
For idle hand or empty mind
Work to do at Devil's hire.
The Devil loves to play with fire.
We'd rather blame him, — ah, but this
May be just our prejudice.

FLORENCE CONVERSE

TOOLS OF THOUGHT

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

We who use the English language do not speak with words alone. We say, for instance, 'James hit John'; but what a different situation may be depicted by merely transposing the terms! Hidden between the words are principles and meanings entirely outside the dictionary.

This modern speech of ours works according to mechanical principles. In a machine the cogs and cams and levers must be set together in a certain order. If they are not assembled according to the well-drawn design, the apparatus will produce a different set of motions or will entirely fail to operate. It is the same with an English sentence. The words depend for their meaning upon the order in which they occur. There is a set plan by which the nouns and verbs and adjectives fall in and mesh together in order to produce a train of thought. Reverse the order of a simple sentence — subject, predicate, and object — and you at once reverse the meaning. Take out a word and put it somewhere else and the sentence says a different thing. If any term is operating at the wrong point, the sentence will tell an untruth or wholly depart from sense. It might be called the *place* system of expression, because the meaning depends upon how the words are arranged with regard to one another.

In the building of machinery, the machine design is a thing in itself and is antecedent to the assembling of the parts. This, too, is the way of our modern English. For our use in writing or speaking there are certain standard designs for sentences and parts of sentences. A statement is built according to a blank form or a mould of meaning. Different effects and wholly opposite results may be had by a rearrangement of the same working parts. If you wish to be understood you must select the standard form that fits your purpose and then let each word fall into its proper compartment.

When we study Latin we are amazed and puzzled by the elaborate system of word endings. We try to understand what they are for; we ask ourselves whether there was ever any practical common sense in such a complicate invention. But it is a difficulty that works both ways. An antique Roman, taking up our way of speech without being familiar with the meanings that dwell in our word sequences, would be just as puzzled. And no dictionary, with its definitions of mere words, would ever help him out of his difficulty.

Such a language befits a machine age and a machine universe. English is a language that goes directly at its work — subject, predicate, and object. If a man has anything to say, it will say it. And since it is a machine language it will not allow you to play with words.

As a means of human intercourse, such a method might seem hopelessly mechanistic — unsympathetic and un-

pliable. In principle and spirit it would appear to be far removed from the light play of fancy and the finer adumbrations of the soul. But this is a view that will bear second thought. Wherever we look in this universe we see mechanisms doing their work. Whether we search the remotest reaches of space or train the mind's eye upon the appalling perspectives of the infinitely little, we still find the motions of machinery. The spiritual has got to find expression in terms of the material life. Poetry must stand with one foot on the things that are. English will, after all, say as well as any other language that something does something; and that is all that we have to say anyway.

Knowledge is nourished by comparisons. Even a little Latin and less Greek may be a worth-while possession if it draws our attention to the fact that ours is not the only way of speech.

Let us, with a little Latin on the one hand and a little English on the other, put the two tongues to a simple test. Take an English sentence out of the newspaper and break it up into its elements by writing each word on a separate square piece of cardboard. Then mix the words thoroughly. Put them in a bag and shake them up; when they have been shaken give the bag a toss and throw the disorganized sentence materials about on the floor.

Even though the statement has been of the simplest kind, such as 'James hit John,' there is no science of words by which the sentence could be reconstructed and the true facts obtained. It would be evident that somebody had been hit, but there is no rule of English by which a detective could ever find out which was the hitter and which the hittee.

In the Latin this is all quite different. Even a street urchin of the classic days would have been able to tell from the widely scattered words which of the two men swung out with his fist and which one received the blow. A word ending would serve as a label to designate the one who acted, and a different word ending would show that the other was acted upon. The position of the words on the floor would make no difference in the reading.

If the sentence were a little more complicated, — as, for instance, 'The lame man hit the tall boy,' — there would be still more confusion among the English terms once they were thrown out of their machine-like order. By no linguistic science under the sun would it be possible to determine which of the two was tall and which one was a cripple. But a Roman would here have no difficulty. A glance at the scattered parts of speech would at once inform him of the whole state of affairs. One adjective would have an ending to show that it belonged to the subject of the sentence and the other would have a different ending to make it appertain to the object. In the patois of the grammarians, the adjectives would 'agree' with the nouns. Latin is an inflected language, having word endings by which the words make cross references to one another, while English operates upon the principle of contact between the parts.

This, then, is the whole case regarding English as a tool of thought. The mechanism must not be tampered with. The words need to stand in a row and find a meaning in their ways of contact. An English sentence is something more than the sum of its words. Throw the parts into a pile and the sense disappears because the machine has been wrecked. The words are still there, but the language is gone. The tools remain, but the knowledge that they held together has escaped.

This brings to an end the more or less learned explanation with which this article has had to begin. I intended

to tell about a little adventure of my youth which might be no less instructive than amusing; and I had no more than started when it became evident that I should positively have to say something about the nature of our so-called English grammar. Now that this point has been covered I can proceed with my story without having to stop later and try to hold my reader with one hand while I drag in a treatise on language with the other.

II

When I was a young man of twenty I spent many of my evenings sitting in a hall bedroom — a highly moral way of life that was wholly due to a shortage of money. As most of us know, there is a kind of money that is for paying purposes only; you receive it as pay and you give it out as pay, but you never have any to spend or to save. My money was of that kind; it was money of low degree, without real purchasing power.

As this was in electric-lighted Chicago, one of the first of our night-blooming cities, a live young man would have been quite justified in going out and trying to establish a line of credit for himself along the gayer and more theatrical thoroughfares; but it is a thing that cannot be done. Cities after dark are not run on credit. Whatever credit facilities they may have in daytime, they start in at sundown to demand tickets — and what is a ticket but money that has been parted with beforehand? In such a state of affairs there is little that the young man living in a hall bedroom may do. Nothing, in fact, except to take a turn around his chair and then sit down by his own bedside again.

The only feminine touch in my existence consisted of a clean towel, carefully folded and pressed each day, and laid across the top of the wash pitcher by a sad and impecunious widow. I seldom met her, and when I did she had little to say to me. She was so upright that she was speechless. I came and went at stated hours; and as the long evening wore on I would get less and less sleepy every minute. I could see right through those solid walls and follow the crowds to the very theatre door; but there imagination would have to stop. What was beyond became vague and indefinite, as if imagination could not really go into details without a ticket.

Night life in a hall bedroom is not very exciting. It is no place for a young man who is neither sick nor ailing, nor even tired. Heaven did not make him to be immured in a cubicle and to eke out his days as a prisoner of poverty.

I do not know how it may be with others, but with me something always has to be done. Under the circumstances it occurred to me that I was nearing my twenty-first birthday and had never learned to smoke. This mistake I soon corrected by means of a bag of fine-cut and an inexpensive pipe. And then, instead of merging my personality with the wooden furniture and becoming a mere inmate of a bedroom, I sat down and fell a-thinking. I wrapped myself round in smoke and watched the fragrant emanations float off and come to rest in peaceful, level layers between floor and ceiling; and the more I smoked and looked into the true nature of things, the more I saw that a bedroom could lend itself to deep and philosophic study.

Naturally I fell to thinking about the nature of language. The art of speech was a subject that had always interested me. It seemed to have at bottom some great and simple truths. No grammar that I had looked into ever seemed to arrive at any of them. And now, as a bear will suck his paw in win-

ter for lack of any better sustenance, I kept gazing at the newspaper in abstract speculation upon the nature of language and the mystery of its workings.

Suddenly, as though I had broken down a partition wall in the black mines of knowledge and let in a flood of light, I saw that the English language was founded on the *place* system. And with this new insight — which I shall never forget because it was my first real step in self-education — I got the idea of making a language machine. This would consist of a large supply of words written on square pieces of cardboard and thrown together in a box face down. When a word was drawn forth at random, certain marks on the edges would call for whatever part of speech went with it, according to the laws of English; this word would call for another, and so on until a statement of considerable length had been built up. The edges of the cards, right and left, had to be provided with marks or notches which would fit together by a sort of Yale-lock system and thus bring the hidden parts of speech into their logical and grammatical combinations.

This would seem to be a very complicate undertaking; but it proved to be quite simple. The main statement of a proposition consists of a noun, a verb, and a noun — which is to say, subject, predicate, and object or complement. The only two limbs of a sentence are the adjective phrase or clause and the adverbial, and these are brought to pass by means of prepositions, relative pronouns, relative adverbs, and conjunctions. A preposition calls for a noun after it, while a relative pronoun is just the opposite, calling for a noun before it and a verb to follow. Thus symmetrically does the machine work. Now if we remember that the adjective phrase always comes immediately after the noun to which it belongs, while an adjective comes normally before the noun, and that nothing can ever come between the noun and either of these modifiers, we have the whole scheme complete. As everything has its set place, this leaves the adverb and the adverbial phrase or clause free to come in at any point at all — which they do in actual use.

It was, as I have said, all very simple; and I marked each part of speech accordingly on the right and left edges of the card. Thus any word that I drew out of the reservoir would automatically gather about it, by grammatical accretion, all the words of a complete and grammatical statement. I would only need to turn the complete statement face upward to find what the machine had to say.

III

In actual practice, the thing worked to perfection. It would always say something; and, while I might not always agree with its opinions, there was at least an idea to engage my thought and attention. I especially enjoyed the building up of complex sentences with their novel and astonishing conclusions; in order to do this I would simply slip a conjunction between two complete statements. Upon turning over the row of words I would find the machine saying, quite soberly, 'The deep horse sank upward.' And upon turning over the conjunction and its appended statement I would find the seemingly logical conclusion, 'although my girl drank nails.' Without batting an eye it would tell me about a square hat, a tall worm, or a flat cloud; and if this was not enough it would willingly go into further details.

At times it would surprise me by speaking plain sense; and then, instead of relapsing into the merely impossible, it would turn out a very good piece of Shakespeare. Who that has any appre-

hension at all has not been stopped in his tracks by some such remark as that in *Lear:* 'Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.' What imagination has not been pushed to illicit lengths by some such fancy as that in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* 'Tedious and brief! That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.' Any normal person must see at once that this snow, in order to fulfill the specifications, would have to be black as well as hot — and that is quite an undertaking for any respectable mind, if you ask my opinion. And when Shakespeare entirely lets go any hold upon Main Street realities and turns his mind loose, we find him speaking cheerfully of 'Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus'; and he will let the clown remark to Sir Andrew, 'Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.' If anyone can figure out the logical sequence in this set of events he will be doing quite well.

In like reaches of intellect my machine would make wood to melt, the sky to flow, and the ocean to split and crack, all in the most assured and casual way. I could quote a great deal more of both Shakespeare and it if I did not think the matter would sound light-minded and trivial; and if anyone doubts what I have said, it merely shows that he has not made a complete study of Shakespearean nonsense.

I remember that my machine once said to me, with almost a scintilla of sense, 'The narrow preacher ate large books, but a blue lath was broken.' Another time it turned its mind to some thoughts about a short, sad orator, and when I turned it all over and observed the adverbial phrase I found he was the man who 'pushed much rain under the face.'

All this, of course, was a considerable relief to a young man who was sitting in a so-called furnished room and hoping for something to happen. All I had to do was to link the tools of thought together according to the marks on the back, and immediately something would turn up.

Even when the vein of thought turned out to be neither good nor bad there was another element of charm in it. Darwin had a feeling for it when he exclaimed, toward the close of *The Descent of Man,* 'Language — that wonderful engine which affixes signs to all sorts of objects and qualities, and excites trains of thought which would never arise from the mere impression of the senses, or, if they did arise, could not be followed out.' Darwin, bringing this in to mark the arrival of the psychozoic era, the highest peak of evolution, speaks of language as 'half art and half instinct'; and he not only thinks that it evolved, but says that it was itself an instrument that reacted on the brain and became in turn a cause of mental development. To my mind, language seems undoubtedly to be a product of evolution in the sense that it has all the symmetry and coherence of a well-designed animal, with a complete set of limbs and necessary organs all attached to a backbone or main line of thought. It is like an animal, too, in having vestigial parts — useless relics of a grammar that is past. As human beings have muscles that once wiggled the ears, and the python and the whale have little bones left over from the day when they went on legs, so English has not quite shed the complicate grammar that it had when it was Anglo-Saxon, and, like Greek and Latin, worked by means of a set of inflections. The subjunctive mood is little more than the vermiform appendage of English speech. The preface to Webster assures us that it is slowly passing out — a thing we should expect, according to Darwin's theory. Hence it may be allowable for

any man to decide for himself whether he is going to study what little the grammarians know about grammar, or simply wait for evolution to do its work.

In inventing the language machine, I had in view, of course, a structure of iron and steel which would automatically grind out sentences after the manner of the Mergenthaler typesetting machine. This would be entirely feasible by using the very same Mergenthaler principle of marks and notches on the edges of pieces of sheet brass. Such a piece of brass, representing a part of speech and traveling along a slot, would attract to itself an aggregation of other parts of speech all properly arranged. It would thus turn out complete statements without copy, instead of mere words built up of type. These statements, coming out of the reservoir of everyday words with a due allowance of highbrow terms, would make it possible to produce complete books, especially of the more literary kind, without the use of an author. Of course its basic ideas, coming out of the regular run-of-the-mine words, would sometimes be commonplace and sometimes too original; but by the use of literary breaker boys the material could be gone over and some of the harder sayings thrown back into the machine. Such a machine could turn out volumes according to the symbolist school, or new-thought treatises, or even the more advanced variety of free verse, and it would fit itself at once to any new school of writing that would be cropping up and demanding genius for its production.

In writing, as well as in painting, it is the creator's own self, his unrestricted personality, that he ought to keep in mind, and not the picture or the subject that is being handled. All that is secondary. And right here is the strong point of my machine. It was daring, original, caring not a fig for the conventions or what some people call sense. It had personality and was always expressing it.

I even went so far as to think of an auxiliary machine which would invent original words — terms constructed according to the laws of euphony out of the usual twenty-six letters. This I did not think out to the end, though there would no doubt be use for it. Such a machine would be very useful in inventing new names for girls, a line of work that puts a constant strain upon the American intellect.

I do not know how far this thing might have gone had there not come a change, a mutation, in my way of life. I had come to Chicago, at the age of twenty, to perfect myself in the art of the free-line wood engraver, a calling in which a man would spend a laborious day in making a mere half-thimbleful of Turkish boxwood shavings. That was plenty to turn out in a day; a fine workman would be able to get along on much less. Before the profession pays, a young fellow must learn to run his furrows with infallible skill, and take each little chip and shaving from exactly the right place. It is almost a breath-taking accuracy that is required, and until the young fellow has achieved something like perfection his work is not going to be worth much. I had been slowly and steadily evolving into a wood engraver when one day the proprietor informed me that he had decided to raise my wages. And when he did so I moved.

My employer had contracted to turn out a harness catalogue, which I was to engrave entire — and this just at the time when I was becoming somewhat of a free-line picture engraver and able to do things in the manner of Closson or of Cole.

Alas, where is wood engraving now? And where, for that matter, is there such a thing as a harness?

THE BIOGRAPHER AND HIS VICTIMS

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

My title may not seem inappropriate if we remember that the subject of any biography, except, perhaps, those written for campaign or advertising purposes, is helpless — as helpless as a criminal being led to his execution, and even more so, for a condemned murderer, though his fate is unavoidable, can at least kick and shout, while most heroes of biographies are already dead. The Great Lexicographer had been lying inanimate in Westminster Abbey for over six years before Boswell's immortal work appeared. He could not protest when Boswell revealed his absurd mannerisms and pictured him as abstractedly withdrawing a slipper from a young lady's foot. For once Dr. Johnson was silent. If the dead could rise, I suspect that the Sesquipedalian Pachyderm would have burst his cerements in 1791 and stalked forth to haunt and blast the Scotch attorney. But Boswell was safe — safe until, after his own demise, a new group of biographers pounced upon him as their victim, portrayed him as an egotistic and amorous 'boozer,' and exposed his indiscretions to a smiling posterity.

Some farsighted persons, like Benjamin Franklin and George Frisbie Hoar, not to mention Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Coolidge, have attempted to forestall attack by preparing their recollections, or confessions; but even this precaution has not insured them against the future. Even after a statesman, with a disarming candor, has revealed all the blunders which he wishes the world to know, some literary scavenger is likely to prowl through those papers in the attic and expose the one shameless indiscretion which the hero was most anxious to hide. Says one of Oscar Wilde's inveterate 'wise-crackers,' 'Every great man nowadays has his disciples, and it is always Judas who writes the biography.' This is particularly true of the twentieth century, during which the good old Latin maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has been relegated to the rubbish pile of outworn phrases. 'We are overrun,' continues Wilde's Gilbert, 'by a set of people who, when poet or painter passes away, arrive at the house along with an undertaker, and forget that their one duty is to behave as mutes.'

The advent of the professional 'debunker' has considerably changed the fashion in biography and, by popularizing it, has enormously increased its sales. It is astounding that, in an era when Maurois and Ludwig receive almost as much in royalty checks as Mr. Fletcher or Mr. Oppenheim, no one has opened a School of Biography, like the excellent institutions of Mr. Gallishaw and Dr. Esenwein, which have emitted such an army of short-story writers. More money can usually be made by telling others how to do a thing than by doing it one's self. Bond

salesmen seldom get rich by investing in the securities which they so warmly recommend; and I have never heard of a croupier's finding diversion during his vacation by trying his luck at roulette. But perhaps there are two major difficulties: biography may be so simple that anybody can practise it, even without instruction; or it may be so exacting that nobody can teach it. I suspect that it is both. It is easy to do it badly, as scores of amateurs are demonstrating every year; and it is correspondingly hard to do it well, as the paucity of really first-class biographies indicates. Under the circumstances only a supremely audacious man would undertake to prescribe how biography should be written, and even he would be rushing in where more than one angel has feared to tread.

II

The preliminary question, 'Is biography really a fine art?' must be answered in the affirmative. It does not, of course, require the originality, the creative power, and the inspiration — to employ a much-abused word — which distinguish the lyric poet, the composer of a symphony, or the painter of a landscape. The biographer rides on shanks' mare rather than on Pegasus. Neither James Boswell nor Emil Ludwig will be placed by the side of Keats, of Beethoven, or of Corot. There is no biographer in our American Hall of Fame. But biography does, when properly carried on, demand certain qualities which belong, in a less or greater degree, to all the arts — the wise selection of material, its arrangement in accordance with the principles of proportion and climax, and its vivid and attractive presentation. Nor can the biographer function without imagination. It is his business to become acquainted with his hero and the influences which formed his consciousness; to study his physical and mental peculiarities, his habits, his secret dreams and ambitions; to penetrate as far as possible into the recesses of his soul. To accomplish this successfully, the biographer needs discernment and sympathy, but he needs even more the gift to put himself in the place of the man about whom he is writing.

These basic attributes will always be essential to any good biographer. They belonged to Plutarch and Izaak Walton just as much as they do to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. But the technique and aim of biography have in some respects changed very rapidly in the last thirty years. Biography used to be concerned very largely with a man's public and official acts, when he was, so to speak, decorated and on exhibition. Then someone rediscovered the disconcerting truth that the ordinary man — and the extraordinary one as well — is, in one respect at least, like an iceberg. Only about one fifth of him is actually visible. The remainder is concealed beneath the surface. So, with modern psychology to aid them, biographers have been trying to find out what flesh and clothes really cover. They are interested still in the Webster of the Seventh of March Speech; but they are fully as much concerned with what happened when the show was over and the orator, tired after the ordeal, took off his blue coat with the brass buttons, untied his thick, heavily starched stock, and settled down in his carpet slippers with his glass of whiskey toddy by his side. Complexes and inhibitions and frustrations have assumed a new significance. The quest of abnormality has been overdone, but in the process George Washington, John Marshall, and Abraham Lincoln are beginning to emerge as genuine human beings, instead of mythical demigods.

George Washington is a typical illus-

tration of this humanization. During his lifetime, he was the centre of bitter controversy. He was denounced scathingly as a President who wanted a crown, as a 'snob,' a 'dictator,' and a 'traitor.' To Knox and Hamilton he seemed very real. Yet after his death, when he was consecrated as the 'Father of His Country,' his personality was almost deified. A series of conventional biographies evolved the stately and desiccated figure of tradition, beautifully perpetuated in Greenough's statue of him in a Roman toga — a statue which was said to have maintained the 'dignity of history,' but which is somewhat unlike George Washington, the Virginia planter.

Like most American children in the 1890's, I was brought up on the cherry-tree episode, and I can distinctly recall being shocked by reading in Henry Cabot Lodge's delightful *Early Memories* an anecdote told to him by William Wetmore Story of a gloomy evening after the Battle of the Brandywine when the American Commander in Chief called a council of his officers. In the midst of the discussion, Washington directed one of his staff to cross the river and examine the location of the British forces. Hours passed, while they waited for the important report. Finally the aide stumbled into the tent and, in faltering tones, confessed that the storm had prevented his reaching the opposite shore. Glaring ferociously at him for a moment, Washington seized the heavy leaden inkstand on his desk and hurled it at his subordinate's head, exclaiming, 'God damn your soul to Hell, be off with you and send me a man!' The tale does not make it clear whether or not Washington missed his aim. But there is something Homeric, berserker, about the episode, revealing the tremendous passions veiled by his customary self-control. Nothing, however, in the imposing biographies of Sparks and Marshall and Washington Irving and Everett indicates that the Commander in Chief was capable of such an outburst.

III

It is natural for anyone planning to perpetrate a biography to face the problem, 'What should I wish posterity to say about *me?*' If Mr. Bradford were, in some whimsical mood, to turn his analytic gaze in my direction, what should I like him to notice: that golden Phi Beta Kappa key or that unpaid laundry bill; that ten-dollar check sent to an indigent cousin or that towel pilfered from the Pullman Company; that unprinted ode to spring or that kick furtively bestowed upon a stray cat? Ought not the biographer to obey the Golden Rule? Is not his responsibility grave, dealing, as he does, with another's reputation, free from the danger of a possible libel suit? Was not Iago right?

> Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
> 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.

But it is precisely these trivialities and peccadillos which, according to modern theories, we should know if we are to reproduce the whole man. The eager credulity with which William Lloyd Garrison swallowed every newly advertised patent nostrum throws light on his mental and moral characteristics. There is much significance in President Roosevelt's remark to Owen Wister, when, after the latter had been questioning him about immortality, 'T. R.' replied sententiously, 'One world at a time.' Dr. Johnson's casual observation that 'a second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience' is a

sufficient comment on his marital felicity. Benvenuto Cellini in his memoirs tells a succession of prodigious 'whoppers,' interspersed, however, with so much gossipy detail that we close the book feeling acquainted with the author; Mr. Coolidge, in his autobiography, deals entirely with the truth, but in such generalities that we are given no clue to the mystery of his personality.

Mr. Franklin MacVeagh related recently a story of William Jennings Bryan, who, at a Fourth of July dinner in London, after speaking with witty extemporization for five minutes, pulled out of his pocket a typewritten manuscript, and, to the disgust of his audience, read a solemn paper on European problems. The guests, expecting entertainment, soon grew resentful. The speech was obviously a failure. Afterward, Mr. MacVeagh saw the 'Commoner' all by himself in the hotel corridor, looking vainly for his hat and overcoat. As the two met, Mr. Bryan said plaintively, 'Mrs. Bryan told me I ought not to do that.' The anecdote is slight enough; yet the picture of the great orator, neglected and disconsolate, is unforgettable.

IV

What is legitimate material for the biographer? There are, of course, the printed documents, the speeches included in the *Congressional Record*, the published essays or poems, and often the imposing edition of 'collected works.' In these are the hero's writings as he desired to have them, preserved, corrected, and polished for all time. Here is the man in full dress, hair neatly trimmed, shoes shined, and cravat adjusted. Lincoln is entitled to be judged as a statesman by his debates with Douglas, his Inaugural Addresses, his messages and proclamations. These are his official utterances, as much his as *Hamlet* is Shakespeare's or the 'David' Michelangelo's. Contemporary newspapers, also, are of the highest importance, as showing the immediate popular reaction to significant occurrences. No one can deal fairly with any phase of United States history during the period between Grant and Roosevelt without consulting *Harper's Weekly* and the *Nation*.

Then there are the letters, many of them conventional, others expressing informal opinions representing a transitory caprice. Are we entitled to judge a man by a hastily scribbled note, mailed without any idea that it would be preserved? Perhaps not! And yet it is in these intimate communications that a man is most likely to disclose his true self. The letters of Carl Schurz to his wife during the heat of the Lincoln campaign of 1860 show an orator strong in his own conceit. 'I have had a succession of triumphs,' he writes, 'and my exertions have been almost superhuman. . . . All my meetings are crowded, and I drive everything before me.' This reveals a Carl Schurz quite different from the modest reformer of the 1880's.

Next come those impetuous acts performed without deliberation, frequently under the stress of jealousy or irritation, but only too often recorded inexorably by some unnoticed chronicler. It would be a boon to biographers if each hero's wife kept a secret journal, to be deposited in the government archives and published a century after his death. We might then know by 1952 how Webster behaved when the breakfast coffee was brought in cold or what he muttered as he glanced through the monthly bills. Perhaps the reticence of wives on these unromantic topics is the surest demonstration of connubial loyalty. As it is, we have a

sufficient store of gossip, of scandalous anecdotes which have traveled in whispers from lip to lip until the original tale has been distorted beyond recognition. Every student of our history becomes familiar with books like Ben: Perley Poore's *Reminiscences*, full of fascinating stories but generally untrustworthy. Even the memories of the closest relatives and friends cannot be relied on, but must be ruthlessly checked on dates and details. The experienced biographer soon learns the necessity of authenticating every 'fact' which reaches him by word of mouth. From a crowd of witnesses, one contradicting another, he must extract the essential truth, that which testifies to what the man himself was like.

The extant material regarding Henry Cabot Lodge, who was in the public eye for nearly half a century, is enormous in bulk and amazing in variety. Here is folder after folder of letters, many of them in indecipherable longhand, any one of which may hold some memorable phrase or important opinion. Here are huge scrapbooks of clippings from newspapers, each relating to Lodge's career. Here are invitations and magazine articles and photographs and telegrams and badges, as well as packages of receipted bills. One portfolio contains over a thousand telegrams of congratulation sent to him following a fisticuff encounter with a pacifist in the lobby of the Capitol. One great box holds nothing but correspondence between Lodge and Henry White; another, the long series of letters between Lodge and Roosevelt. All this must be sorted out, read, and, if necessary, copied. There is far more material on Senator Lodge than there is about Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, and Queen Elizabeth put together.

Do we need it all? Obviously not. In it is much useless stuff, which will eventually be discarded. But Lodge's biographer cannot ignore even the smallest scrap of paper. Somewhere in a bundle of unprepossessing documents may repose a page which will change permanently the accepted version of an important event. I once found, tucked away in a pile of worthless circulars, a list of Daniel Webster's debts in his own handwriting, showing the extent of his obligation to the Bank of the United States. The conscientious biographer must survey all the material, for any acceptable biography must be founded securely on facts.

The building of a book like Beveridge's *Lincoln* or Professor Nevins's *Henry White* involves long hours of sheer drudgery, occasionally relieved by a thrill at a notable find. Mr. George F. Milton, in preparing his forthcoming life of Stephen A. Douglas, is plodding through thousands of letters which nobody but their recipients has ever read. Before what we call an 'interpretative' account of Lincoln, like that by Carl Schurz or Lord Charnwood, could be written, Nicolay and Hay and others had to assemble and evaluate the evidence. Maurois's diverting *Disraeli* could not have been done if the preliminary research had not been carried through by Monypenny and Buckle.

As an illustration of the wrong method, I should like to cite Theodore Roosevelt's life of Thomas H. Benton, included in the American Statesmen Series. On February 7, 1886, Roosevelt, then in New York City, wrote to Lodge, 'I feel a little appalled over the Benton. I have not the least idea whether I shall make a flat failure of it or not. However, I will do my best and trust to luck for the result.' On March 27, at his Elkhorn Ranch in Dakota, far from libraries or files of newspapers, he reported, 'I have written the first

chapter of the Benton.' On May 20, he boasted, 'I have got the Benton half through.' Finally, on June 7, he wrote, 'I have pretty nearly finished Benton, mainly evolving him from my inner consciousness; but when he leaves the Senate in 1850 I have nothing to go by.'

He then appealed to Lodge to hire someone to look up Benton's career in his declining days. Here are some of the questions: 'He was elected to Congress; who beat him when he ran the second time? What was the issue? Who beat him, and why, when he ran for Governor of Missouri? And the date of his death? . . . As soon as I can get these dates I can send Morse the manuscript.' Lodge, himself a laborious and scrupulous scholar, cautioned his friend not to be too hasty, but the latter mailed his copy to the general editor, John T. Morse, Jr., on August 9. Roosevelt had written the *Benton* in rather less than six months, without, apparently, looking up any of the sources. It would be a rash biographer indeed who would dare to adopt a similar procedure in these days when so many Doctors of Philosophy are ready to pounce upon a slip in date or name.

V

All this leads up to a pertinent query — what do we really want to hear about other men and women? We want to know, obviously, what they did, what contribution they made to culture and civilization, what achievements of theirs will be remembered. It is important to the world that Tennyson wrote 'Ulysses,' that Grant fought the battle of Shiloh, that Whistler painted the Old Battersea Bridge, that Wagner composed *Lohengrin*, and that Roosevelt 'took' the Panama Canal. All these are matters of record. It is relatively easy for the biographer to portray the artist, the musician, the statesman, in the light of his actual production. Granite and canvas, melody and printed page, do for a time endure, and may be consulted and criticized. To measure Stevenson or Hardy it is essential, first of all, to acquire their novels and study them. Here is what these authors deliberately left behind them as their own.

Leslie Stephen has declared that 'no person deserves a biography unless he be, in the literal sense, distinguished.' Personally, however, I am inclined to agree with Carlyle, who, in his *Life of John Sterling*, said, 'I have remarked that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man.' Some of the most entertaining biographies of recent years have been written about such quaint sensationalists as Phineas T. Barnum, John L. Sullivan, Anthony Comstock, and Lydia Pinkham — names which are not likely to shine in any galaxy of immortals. The new *Dictionary of American Biography* includes not only Anson, the professional baseball player, but also Jesse James, the notorious outlaw. An attractive sinner is better material for biography than a dull saint. But the life of even the most obscure and insignificant wastrel may be made to seem significant by a biographer who understands the convulsive drama of the human soul.

In its higher manifestations, biography is indubitably the revelation of a personality, the effort to do for somebody else what Pepys and Rousseau did unblushingly for themselves. Entrusted with this responsibility, the biographer is no longer a drudge, but a psychoanalyst, a diagnostician, a seer, and a judge. After all, we are made of star dust and grimy earth soil in varying proportions. We can rarely our-

selves explain the wild desires, the illogical ambitions, the impossible day-dreams and low perversities which sometimes torment us. How, then, could it ever be possible for anyone else to put into words what we really are? For this part of his duty, the biographer must have sensitiveness and discernment and discrimination, the shrewdness to disentangle what a man says from what he thinks, the ability to pierce beneath the protective crust of pride and reserve.

Philip Guedalla has said, 'The essential thing in biography is to tell the whole truth about your man. That is your only job.' But again we must ask, with Pilate, 'What is truth?' What if a specified act be susceptible of two different interpretations, depending on whether you view the perpetrator as a selfish cynic or as a guileless altruist? Often a man's motives are not clear, even to himself. It is a delicate matter to weigh the good and evil in the career of Charles James Fox or Lord Byron, to say nothing of certain more notorious figures, such as Aaron Burr or 'Ben' Butler, who, though far from immaculate to their contemporaries, seem to have had no disturbing sense of sin.

Richard Croker, better known as 'Boss' Croker, was generally regarded as a not too scrupulous politician who was for years the evil genius of New York City. But when his widow was in the witness box in Dublin, Ireland, after his death, she took oath as follows: 'In addition to all the beautiful things that have been testified to about my husband by the previous witness, I have to add this, that my husband was a saint.'

This possibly prejudiced estimate is not that which history will perpetuate; yet it is unquestionably part of the truth, and cannot be altogether ignored.

VI

Perhaps the most contemptible of biographers is he who, from a sense of family pride or an unwillingness to be too severe on his victim, withholds some of the facts. An incident in W. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence* satirizes this vice. Charles Strickland, the hero — or villain — of that striking novel, abruptly deserted his wife and, fleeing to Paris, became there the painter that he had always longed to be. Later his son William, writing the artist's biography, said, 'My father really loved my mother. He once called her an excellent woman.' Not long after, a pertinacious 'debunker' of the German pedant type wrote a thesis on Charles Strickland and caustically reprinted in facsimile the passage from which William Strickland had quoted. Read in its entirety, the paragraph was as follows: 'God damn my wife. She is an excellent woman. I wish she were in Hell.'

We are harassed, on the other hand, by small-minded purveyors of backstairs gossip, who win a temporary place in the limelight by exposing the foibles and irregularities of the great and the near-great. The muckraker and the 'debunker' have both gone to extremes in the twentieth century. Too much attention focused on Webster's convivial habits leaves one blind to the Reply to Hayne. The story should be told with some sense of proportion. No harm can come, however, from the knowledge that the usually staid Benjamin Franklin did not always obey the aphorisms of Poor Richard, that Abraham Lincoln had his domestic disharmonies, and that Woodrow Wilson's physical ailments had their effect on American history. Often a trivial anecdote or a casual phrase in a conversation will offer us a glimpse of the real man.

Probably the longest biography of any American is Edward L. Pierce's life of Charles Sumner, in four huge volumes — an important work, packed with information. It tells us much about the abolitionist statesman. But a great deal also may be deduced from Sumner's confession that he never assumed in his own library a posture which he would not have taken in the Senate of the United States. General Grant was ordinarily a reticent, uncommunicative person. But one evening, during his quarrel with Sumner over Santo Domingo, he strolled with George F. Hoar past Sumner's house in Lafayette Square, in Washington, and, looking up at the library windows, clenched his fist and burst out, 'The man who lives up there has abused me in a way which I have never suffered from any man living.' Much light is thrown on the character of Blaine by the story of how, in 1876, when he wanted the Republican nomination for President, he once exercised his seductive arts on Carl Schurz and, at the close of an evening walk with him, threw his arm around Schurz's neck, looked him appealingly in the face, and said, 'Carl, you won't *oppose* me, will you?' Senator Lodge's dislike of England and the English, imprinted on his mind in his impressionable early years, undoubtedly had a determining effect upon his political policies. Details of this kind are easily stored in the memory, like Matthew Arnold's characterization of Thomas Gray in the sentence, 'He never spoke out,' or his description of Shelley as a 'beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.'

The biographer is often tempted, in an endeavor to make his hero a completely consistent character, to pervert or disguise the truth. The writer of prose fiction can, of course, achieve this through his unifying imagination. Dickens's Mr. Micawber, Hardy's Bathsheba Everdene, Mrs. Wharton's Ethan Frome, and Mr. Lewis's Babbitt are perfectly rounded conceptions, at the mercy of their creator, who can mould them to his will, transporting them here and there to elucidate or amplify his preconceived theory of their personalities. Real life, however, is less simple. The biographer cannot, if he has a conscience, start with any fixed conception of what his victim is like. If he does form such an hypothesis, the hero, through some waywardness, is sure sooner or later to knock it into a cocked hat. Then comes the test as to whether the biographer is sincerely trying to present a true picture, or whether he is attempting to invade the province of fiction.

Few manifestations of the so-called 'modern spirit' are more obnoxious than the 'fictionized biographies' with which the book market has recently been inundated. The historical novel at its best, as in *Henry Esmond* or *The Refugees*, has entirely justified itself. But the fictionized biography is neither soup nor roast nor pudding, neither fiction nor biography. Except in rare and special instances, like Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror*, it fails to produce a fair impression of its subject. The author is trying to paint a literary portrait in accordance with his own theories — nicely balanced, smoothly consistent, and entirely harmonious. He insists on pushing his hero along a logical path from the cradle to the grave, without halts or divagations. Life is not like that. The influence of prose fiction on biography has been good in so far as it has taught biographers how to mass material effectively, how to secure dramatic effect, and how to arrange details in accordance with the laws of evolution and climax. But it has done harm by encouraging sensationalism and by fos-

tering the idea that consistency of character must be established where it does not exist.

VII

Biography, then, is an interpretative, selective, and analytic, not a creative art. The biographer's business is to tell the truth as he sees it, regardless of its implications. It is a mistake for him to interpose his own personality. It may be, as someone has intimated, that every biography of importance is one half at least made up of the biographer, but he must always subordinate himself. His job is done when he has accumulated and assimilated the available facts, arranged them so that they will have coherence, proportion, and symmetry, and allowed the victim to be his own revelator.

Part of a biographer's equipment is a wise tolerance and impartiality, together with a genuine, although not necessarily a blind, sympathy with his victim. If Woodrow Wilson had written an interpretation of Henry Cabot Lodge, it would probably have had its faults. Although the result might have been entertaining, it is probably just as well that John Tyler did not leave a character sketch of Henry Clay. The ideal biographer should doubtless maintain an attitude of judicial aloofness. But the best biographies, as a matter of fact, have been produced by authors who have been rather enthusiastic about their heroes — books like Boswell's *Johnson*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Paine's *Mark Twain*, and Amy Lowell's *Keats*. Masters's *Lincoln*, so provocative to sane historians, is an example of how poor a book can be written by an able but wildly prejudiced poet in a field other than his own.

The biographer, no matter how hopeful, will seldom win a unanimity of approval. There are always two points of view, if not more. The Calvin Coolidge of Gamaliel Bradford is plainly not that of Bruce Barton. The picture of Colonel Roosevelt in his *Autobiography* is quite different from that in Millis's ironic study of the Spanish War, called *The Martial Spirit;* indeed the two are almost as far apart as Saint Paul and Mephistopheles. Or consider the attitudes of various schools of political thought toward Thomas Jefferson, whom Roosevelt thought to be a feeble and futile politician.

The weaknesses of contemporary biography are apparent to anyone who does much reading. The recent 'bull market' in biographical literature resulted in a natural operation of the economic law of supply and demand, and many books were prepared rapidly for the satisfaction of a greedy public. A score of enterprising journalists with a certain facility in absorbing information and skimming the surface of history were — and are — ready to dash off in a few weeks lives of Horace Greeley or John Randolph or Aaron Burr. Such impatient work is bound to be spotted with errors. Senator Beveridge spent years of research on his monumental *Abraham Lincoln*, one of the classics of American biography; Emil Ludwig, after a few weeks of travel in the United States, produced a volume under the same title. The difference between the two is not unapparent to those who know anything about the subject.

The influence of such brilliant writers as Lytton Strachey and Philip Guedalla, not to mention André Maurois and E. Barrington, has led their imitators to seek for themes which will grip the attention of the public. The impulse to produce a startling book is not, however, in itself a sufficient motive for competing with Mr. Strachey in a field where he is likely to remain supreme. A law-abiding career like that of the late President Eliot of

Harvard does, of course, seem a trifle lukewarm after one has spent a few hours in hot water with Jesse James or Old King Brady. No doubt, too, a generation jaded by the 'movies' is not to be lured by the outward tameness of the American Statesmen Series and must be stimulated by gorgeous green or yellow bindings, by extravagant 'blurbs,' and by the promise of a series of amorous misadventures now revealed for the first time in our annals. Approximately every month the 'greatest biography of the century' is launched, only to sink into oblivion before the season closes. Time has its revenge on this ephemeral literature. After all, it was Henry James's *Eliot* which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in biography for 1931. Cheap biography is like cheap poetry or cheap furniture — it is soon worn-out and consigned to the ash barrel.

It was inevitable that books prepared so hurriedly should be careless and slipshod in their writing. In their defense, it is maintained that their style is breezy and informal. But biography, more than most forms of literature, should be equipped for permanency. If it is not true, it should never be printed; and if it is true, it should be expressed in a style which will endure. Lockhart's *Scott*, Morley's *Voltaire*, and Professor Palmer's *Alice Freeman Palmer* owe their success to the painstaking care which their authors used. How many 'masterpieces' of our prolific contemporary biographers will be in circulation twenty years from now? Hastily composed, hastily set up in type, hastily bound, and hastily dumped into the bookstores, they must be sold in a few weeks if they are to be sold at all. The fact that only a few of them have indexes shows that they are intended to be merely the pastime of an idle hour.

VIII

So much for one phase of the picture. On the other hand, modern biography is not without its triumphs. Competent biographers were probably never more numerous than they are in 1931; and they have often in a quiet way rehabilitated personages who, in their own time, were much misunderstood. Take, for illustration, the case of Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor as President of the United States. For nearly fifty years he was depicted by prejudiced Northern historians as a drunkard and a vulgarian, an obstructionist and a traitor. And then, within a very brief period, at least five books on Johnson were published, each one prompted by sympathy and a sincere desire to show what the 'Tailor President' was really like. As a result of this extensive research by Judge Winston, Claude G. Bowers, George F. Milton, and others, we now conceive of 'Andy' Johnson as a rugged, industrious, well-intentioned statesman, crude in his manners, perhaps, but trying earnestly to ascertain and do the right thing, and undertaking, in defiance of a bold and unscrupulous Congressional clique, to carry out Lincoln's policies on Reconstruction. Once thought to be the villain of the post-war era, he now emerges as the hero, encompassed by the sinister forms of Thaddeus Stevens, 'Ben' Butler, and 'Ben' Wade. Because of this new and correct interpretation, history has had to be rewritten.

In another respect also strides have been made. The old authorized or subsidized biography, frequently entitled 'The Life and Times of George F. Blank,' is now looked upon with distrust. We all know what it was like. Usually written by a relative, it adhered to the spirit of a sentence in a recent book, reading as follows: 'The

writer of this memorial has not thought it necessary to call attention to defects in the character she has sought to portray.' A conspicuous example is Hallam Tennyson's life of his father, in which the Victorian Bard stands out like his own King Arthur — flawless and uninteresting. After reading it, I turned with delight to the remark of the iconoclastic Swinburne: 'Mr. Tennyson, we understand, of course, that Queen Victoria is Guinevere and that the Prince Consort is King Arthur; but would you mind telling me who is Lancelot?' In the field of American political biography, there are many such undiluted eulogies, and they are all untrustworthy.

The best of the modern biographies are less solemn, less rhetorical, less packed with platitudes and didacticism, than similar books would have been half a century ago. The work of Mr. Lytton Strachey struck a new note in biographical literature. Fortunately for his method, earlier scholars had smoothed his way by gathering facts regarding certain picturesque and rather vulnerable people. With this material before him, he applied to it an appreciation of the significance of details and an instinct for dramatic values, tinting it always with the hues of a consummate irony — an irony sometimes too vividly colored, but more often so subtly employed that it escapes dull eyes. The gift of irony is, of course, a constant temptation to its possessor to wander from the truth in the quest of some miracle of wit. For my part, however, I would far rather have Strachey's caustic sketch of Thomas Arnold than Stanley's reverential two-volume panegyric of the Headmaster of Rugby — and Strachey is probably nearer the truth.

The same intellectual distinction attaches to Philip Guedalla, although one occasionally wearies of his ostentatiously brilliant phrasing in which a *mot juste*, like 'vague,' is repeated too often. His manner, the glitter of which may be tinsel as well as gold, is admirably fitted in his book, *The Second Empire*, to a subject like Napoleon III, but is less successful with Lord Palmerston, a more substantial and less scintillating figure. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is another of the modernists who worship at the shrine of Cleverness. These three men have transformed biography by making it less cumbersome, less dully formidable, and thus emphasizing its possibilities for entertainment as well as instruction.

IX

Our own period has been notably rich in biography and autobiography. The pedagogically-minded still hark back to the classics — to Plutarch and Boswell and Lockhart. It is still difficult to surpass such 'purple patches' as Boswell's introduction to the Great Lexicographer in the shop of the bookseller, Davies, or the description of the meeting at dinner of Johnson, the Tory, and John Wilkes, the Radical. But there are books in our day which are not sufficiently praised. Among the autobiographies, Gosse's *Father and Son* and Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* must be placed with the masterpieces of the past. As for biographies, such works as Croly's *Hanna*, — an amazingly fair estimate of a Conservative by a Liberal, — Beer's *Stephen Crane*, Paine's *Mark Twain*, Beveridge's *Lincoln*, and Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, are, if we can forget their suspicious recentness, far better than, let us say, Southey's *Nelson*.

We have a group of authors in the United States to-day, including M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Allan Nevins, Gamaliel Bradford, Albert Bigelow Paine, George F. Milton, Claude G. Bowers, Samuel E. Morison, Ray Stannard

Baker, and several others, any one of whom can be counted upon to produce a distinguished biography. James Ford Rhodes was in no sense a romantic personage, but a sedentary historian, who spent most of his waking hours among his books. Yet Mr. Howe has skillfully made him the protagonist of a not unexciting drama. Mr. Nevins's *Henry White* moves along so gracefully that we forget how difficult to write such easy reading is. Mr. Bowers, by his extensive use of newspaper files, has shown their high value as source material. All these men have breadth of knowledge, devotion to research, fair-mindedness, and a passion for truth. Their literary and historical consciences have not atrophied.

The question is often asked by youngsters, 'Where can I find a subject for biography? All the claims seem to be staked out.' The answer is that there is always room for a new good book. Although there are long lives of John C. Calhoun and Ulysses S. Grant, no one has yet said the final word on these men. Nobody has yet explained how a person so unmagnetic as Benjamin Harrison could be elected President of the United States. The raw stuff of biography is all around us. Think of the opportunity for a Strachey-like treatment of the pompous Roscoe Conkling; or for an account of Theodore Roosevelt in the manner of Philip Guedalla!

There is no danger that biography will become unfashionable. So long as humanity is dominated by forcefulness or led by charm, so long as Mussolinis and Lenins fascinate us by their personalities, so long will there be a demand for the stories of their lives. Biography, furthermore, will continue to be one of the leisurely arts, requiring investigation, meditation, and revision. In prose fiction, enthusiasm and intensity may conceal many crudities, but biography cannot be scribbled off in a few hours, like an account of a professional hockey match. Finally, it is well to remember that there will always be charlatans and sensationalists in every branch of literature. When we are troubled by them, as we occasionally must be, — especially if we have to review their books, — it is consoling to know that we still have honest craftsmen, who uphold their ideals and are not likely to abandon them.

A LETTER TO MY FATHER

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

DEAR FATHER: —

I am not sure whether or not you ever read Kipling's *Jungle Book*. If you did so it must have been long ago, when the *Jungle Book* was first published and was read aloud to me as a very small boy, a little at a time, just before we were called to supper on winter evenings. In that case I think you will remember how Tabaqui, the jackal, came, for no good purpose, to the cave of Father and Mother Wolf and, having made a meal on some bones which they had thrown aside, embarrassed them by telling them how beautiful their children were. As Kipling points out, they were quite properly embarrassed, because there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces.

Perhaps it is also unlucky to compliment the old to their faces, but if there is such a precept I do not think that it applies to the dead. I may, therefore, write words now, without embarrassment to either of us, which I never spoke, and indeed would not have wished to speak, in times past. If it seems strange to you that in the course of what follows I refer to you chiefly in the past tense, you must set it down to the literary affectation by which we are accustomed to speak and write of the dead in that way.

By a necessity even more compelling, — a necessity which, in the very nature of the case, enters into every human relationship, — I can think of you only in the form in which I knew you. You were over forty years of age when you were married, and though you lived to see me grow from childhood to be as old as you were on your wedding day, I saw you — at first through the mistaken eyes of childhood, but at last in very truth — always as an old man. So it comes about that in the picture of you that I like best only your eyes are young. You wear a sedate overcoat, hanging loosely from a buttoned top button, and a sedate felt hat. Your beard is not the full and splendid one which you first grew in the year of the Centennial, — when, having cut yourself in shaving, you came to the quiet resolution that it would be a long time before you shaved again, — but is close-clipped and gray. You stand so straight as to seem to lean backward a little, but your step has lost the spring which made you delight, in your youth, in hunting and in fishing for trout, and with which, in the days of my own boyhood, you set the pace of our Sunday walks together.

'Where shall we walk to-day?' I would say on each succeeding Sunday, being, like Cæsar's Gauls, desirous of new things. 'Do you see that barn out there?' you would invariably reply, and we would make the accustomed circuit that took us by the barn, talking on many subjects, but chiefly of the ancient history which I was studying at school and of that other history you had seen with your eyes in the making.

It would be easy to enumerate here the great events to which you were a witness — how, like Grandmother Brown, you saw three of the five great wars in which our country has been engaged, the first telegraph, the first telephone, the first (and perhaps almost the last) trolley car, the first aeroplane, the first radio, the discovery of the North and South Poles, and a thousand other events of like moment and significance. But the truth is that you were, in general, very little influenced by objective events. Indeed, apart from purely personal happenings I can think of only two occurrences in the course of your whole life by which you were greatly affected — the Civil War, and the publication of the works of Emerson.

The Civil War irrevocably fixed your politics. You were born and brought up along the Susquehanna River in the exciting days of the underground railroad. You have told me how a boyhood playmate of yours was charged on a certain day to stay away from the haymow. Boylike, he went there at the first opportunity, and on poking about at random with a fork was startled by a cry of terror from a 'black man' — the phrase which you always used — who was hidden under the hay. Doubtless little boys were impressed by such experiences and came to more or less unconscious conclusions about them. You have told me, too, that your father was a Whig who could not quite bring himself to vote for Frémont, and that, four years later, after watching a torchlight parade of some followers of Douglas, you burst into the room where he was sitting, demanding passionately, 'Who are we for?' 'We are for Lincoln,' your father answered slowly, and you went away satisfied. Two years later you read about the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, and made a boy's model of the *Monitor* which stands beside me as I write. Later still you watched Lee's cavalry riding down the west bank of the river before the battle opened at Gettysburg, while the smoke from the burning bridge at Columbia darkened the sky.

From such experiences as these came your whole-hearted devotion and loyalty to the Republican Party, which are somehow summed up for me as from a bygone age in the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and which, though a Republican, I do not share, and a sort of mystical faith in political equality — 'the right,' as you used to say, 'of bad or ignorant men to express their badness or ignorance at the polls' — which I also do not share, but which was doubtless the best element in what seems to me to have been the generally bad business of reconstruction. Perhaps I fail to do full justice to this latter feeling, and if so the reason is that I never fully understood it. You were sometimes inclined to leave gaps in your expression of abstract ideas.

There was nothing abstract about your love of Emerson. You planned in your youth to go on a walking trip to Concord in order to see him, but for some reason which I do not know the plan came to nothing, and as a result you never saw him in the flesh. But you read and pondered every word of his prose and verse, and you reread the essays every year of your life with what seemed a growing sense of their majesty and power. A month or two before you died you asked me to have rebound the two volumes that you cherished most (Emerson's *Prose Works*, James R. Osgood and Company, Boston, 1876), saying that you wanted me to have them as my inheritance from you. They stand on my bookshelves now. I do not count them the richest part of my inheritance, but I want you to know that I do not undervalue them.

I shall never forget a night, ten or a dozen years ago, when Professor Bliss Perry, speaking under the auspices of the chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at the college in the city in which we lived, chose Emerson as the subject of his address. The speaker told of Emerson's early life and mentioned the death of his first wife and the accidental burning of the house in which he and his wife had lived. 'But,' said Professor Perry, speaking, after a little pause, with a sort of ringing suavity of utterance, 'he came of the old unbeatable Puritan stock — and within a year he had married another wife and built another house at Concord.' I remember nothing else about that address, except that the speaker succeeded in expressing a part of your own love and admiration for your hero. When it was over, your face was quite pink and radiant behind your beard, and your rather small brown eyes were sparkling and dancing like stars. I asked you whether you wanted to join those of the audience who were going forward to shake hands with Professor Perry, but you shook your head. You were never a ready speaker and you knew that it would have been useless to try to put into words the delight which the evening had given you. If Professor Perry ever sees these words, he will know that for at least one auditor he made a perfect speech that night.

My own feeling about Emerson has always been exactly that expressed by Mr. James Truslow Adams[1] — that there was in him a sort of superficial optimism which arose from ignoring or denying some of the obvious facts of life. Then I think about you — how you lived and how you died — and I am not so sure.

But all that I have written is beside the point of what I really meant to tell you. You are going to be remembered here on earth for a very much longer time than you would have thought possible, if, indeed, you had thought about that subject at all. I shall tell you why. There is a feeling abroad about you which has been growing in the months which have passed since your death. I have seen it in the face of Herman, the gravedigger, — who, in the intervals between the demands made upon him, was accustomed to help you in the garden and in making your grape wine, — and in the faces of neighbors and tradespeople who knew and spoke with you during your later years. I have heard of it from the lips of the men who worked for you in the prime of your life on the Elizabeth Farms where I was born. I have heard of it, too, from the lips of those men's sons, who never knew you and who will perhaps speak of it to their sons in after days. This feeling is that you were a very wise man. I think it is true. I write deliberately — I think you were the wisest man I ever knew.

There are many kinds of wisdom. There is the broken but triumphant wisdom of the twice-born, about which you knew nothing whatever. There is the sudden and bewitched wisdom of insight, which belongs to poets and Celts and about which you — who, to use Professor Santayana's wistful phrase, were 'almost a poet' — knew something. But there is another sort of wisdom, which was the greater part of yours, founded on patience and simplicity and on watching

> the certain things,
> Swine, and slow moons like silver rings,
> And the ripening of the plums.

It was an unconscious wisdom on your part. I remember asking you once — half shyly, because I was almost sure in advance what your answer would be — whether you thought you had learned anything in the course of your

[1] In the *Atlantic* for October 1930. — EDITOR

lifetime about the mystery of life. You answered, as I had expected, that you had learned nothing at all. And yet, though you were unaware of the fact itself, it is easy enough to set down some of the sources of your wisdom and some of the things in which it consisted.

I have said that it was founded on simplicity and on the things of earth. You were brought up as a nurseryman, and you spent the happiest years of your life as the manager of more than a thousand acres of farm land. Though you came afterward to live in the city, the house which you chose on King Street[2] was at the city's very edge. You lived there for a generation without taking more than a casual interest in civic affairs and without playing any active part in them. You were somewhat skeptical about what most Americans regard as progress. You were never a leader. Confident and successful men respected you, and went their ways. I am not sure you were sorry to see them go. You were not readily impressed by the reputation of success.

At heart you were always a farmer. I do not remember having ever heard you use the word 'nature,' and it may well be that you would have sympathized with Meredith's caustic reference to 'birds and beasts and herbs which ninnies call nature in books.' But your interest in individual birds and beasts and herbs was unfailing. I do not think that you could have brought yourself to live anywhere without a garden in which to renew your youth by budding and grafting trees, to grow, among other vegetables, the tomatoes of which you were so proud, and to set up some of the red and green wren houses which you made not only for yourself but for half the children of the neighborhood. To the end of your life you found comfort in sitting alone for long hours out of doors. Balzac has called attention somewhere to the characteristic simplicity of old soldiers and old priests. The comment is acutely made, but it seems to me that he should have added old farmers to his enumeration. The reason for all these simplicities is the same — lifelong adherence to a code, which, whatever theories may be, actually works in practice. We are all withdrawals from the earth, and in the end she never disappoints us.

No one knew you well who had not heard you speak at one time or another of your way of life on the Elizabeth Farms — of your mare, Nellie, on whose back you rode over the red fields and along the little streams that flow between the hills, and of how, pausing sometimes in the hush of early spring, great thoughts would come to you which you could never quite put into words; of Peter and Annie, the middle-aged couple who kept house for you; of the annual adventures of sowing and reaping; and of the sick animals to whom, for want of a veterinary, you ministered at need. Your successes in this latter connection seemed to give you greater pleasure than any others which came to you. You would tell, in a vein of ingenuous boasting which was otherwise quite foreign to you, how you studied the few medical works which were available in order to interpret the symptoms from which a given patient was suffering, and how, after due deliberation, you decided to prescribe such and such a medication. Then would come a narration of how the medicine was administered, and finally a celebration of the results accomplished. 'Jolly!' you would say proudly. 'When I went to the stable in the morning anyone could see that that mule was going to get well.'

Less often you spoke of the people of that entire countryside — descendants, most of them, of Hessian prisoners of

[2] See the *Atlantic* for June 1929. — EDITOR

the Revolutionary War — who came to consult you in all the vicissitudes of their lives. I do not say that it is so, but if you were inclined to overestimate your skill and address with animals, you greatly underestimated your influence on the men and women who, in a not very different fashion, were committed to your care. It so happens that I have met few of those people face to face. One of them, who was a child when she knew you, said recently to someone, who repeated the saying to me, that when she felt like punishing her children she always stopped and asked herself what you would think about it. Another of them, who is now an old man, came to see me a month or two ago, bringing with him a letter which you had written him when you were over eighty years of age. He had seen you only once or twice in more than forty years. He thought that I should like to see what you had written and perhaps should like to copy it. The letter itself he would not let me keep. He said he wanted to give it to his son.

The last time you visited Elizabeth in the flesh was even later than the date on which that letter was written. There was to be a reunion of some of the old residents of the neighborhood, and you had been asked to make a little speech. We arrived early at the church in which the ceremonies were to be held, and you and I walked alone as far as the bridge over the stream that flows midway between the church and the mansion house. You stood on the bridge, very frail and gray, but erect and unbroken, thinking perhaps on that June afternoon, as Malory thought on a day in May so many years ago, of 'old kindnesses that were forgotten by negligence,' and of such other matters to which, it may be conjectured, the thoughts of the very old turn. You called my attention to a fence along one of the fields, which needed to be repaired. 'If I were manager of these farms now,' you said, 'I would say to Peter and John, "Drop what you are doing for a little while, and let us fix that piece of fence down by the bridge."' Then you were silent for a long time, evaluating the greater paradox and the less. At last you smiled and said, speaking slowly as your wont was, 'In order to do that, all I should have to do would be to get Peter and John out of their graves, and if I were young again I think I could do that.'

Though you lacked both the means and the inclination to travel, had never made the four hours' journey by rail which would have taken you to New York, and, indeed, had been only once or twice outside the limits of your own state, you were, without exception, the least parochially-minded man I have ever known, and the one least influenced by classifications and catchwords. You instinctively disbelieved in the existence of

> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

If, by some miracle of time and space, you had been set down in the court of the Great Khan, you would not have entertained for a moment that deep-seated human delusion of which even the gifted Greeks were not wholly free, that those who speak an unknown tongue are necessarily barbarians. You would not have reminded yourself that you were a Nordic and that the Khan was of a different race. Setting aside the matter of your personal shyness, of which you had not a little, you would have had no sense of essential superiority or inferiority. You would have met the Khan with perfect simplicity and dignity, and because he was a man you would have known the nature of his hopes and fears and the subjects of his deepest interests.

You used on occasions a ceremonious and stately sort of courtesy which would doubtless have pleased the Khan as much as it sometimes pleased others. A friend of mine has told me of having had a conversation with you on the street, at the conclusion of which he asked you to come to see him and his wife. You answered, 'I am an old man, and I go out very seldom in the evening, but when I sit at home I think of many delightful things.' 'Exactly,' as my friend said to me, 'as if your father sat at home in the evening thinking how delightful it would be to call on Carol and me.'

You once sought — I suspect somewhat whimsically — to justify your slowness of speech by saying that you tried never to advance an argument without restating to yourself the truth which you meant to express, as it might be restated from the point of view of your adversary. The whimsicality lay in the fact, which you knew very well, that your slowness of speech was not confined to argumentative matters; but the rule which you laid down is, for all that, the rule of a true liberal. You were a liberal in everything — in your predispositions toward social and economic questions; in your religious views, which, apart from the doctrine of nonresistance in which you did not believe, were strongly similar to those held by the Quakers; in your attitude toward science and scientific research. I remember the interest and delight which you took in the implications of the new physics, and the comment which you made on a book which contained an explanation of the Einstein theory. You read the book twice, and when you had finished it for the second time you said to me, 'I did not understand all of this book, but I did understand some of it. I have known all my life that there is only one thing in the world, and the scientists, working in their own way, are on the track of finding it out.' The idea which you expressed is of course as old as Democritus and some of those other Greek philosophers who were half poets, instead of being half scientists, as are the philosophers of to-day; but I agree with you that in scientific matters the signs of the times are good. If the scientists can keep their verities within five thousand years of the guesses of the poets, they have every reason to be proud.

I have written this much, and yet I have not written what wisdom is, or what a man must do or refrain from doing in order to become wise. No man, it seems, may transmit to his son the wisdom that is his. The secret of its attainment is hidden even from himself, and is not to be purchased with money or expected as the certain reward of age and experience or won by taking anxious thought. If it were otherwise, we should all come at last to the full stature of wisdom, and, having done so, we should put away those foolish things whereby we are troubled and made afraid.

'Raphael paints wisdom,' said your master Emerson, 'Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it. . . .' You, who painted no pictures and carved no statues, whose songs were without notes and whose poems were without words, who built houses only for birds, and who never sailed adventuring on any of the Seven Seas, came also to wisdom by a road of your own finding. It was not the road of the gifted and the great of this world. I am mindful, nevertheless, of the saying of the apostle that the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

Perhaps a knowledge of this truth is the greatest of all the blessings which have come to me as

YOUR SON

THE PASSING OF TANAPU

BY MICHAEL TAAFFE

I

PIENAAR strode along the narrow track, joyously bellowing an obscene ditty in his native *Afrikaans*. The trail led downhill to a cool and shady valley, where he proposed to make camp under the fig tree beside the stream. The orange rays of the evening sun glorified the scrub-clothed hillside and glinted on the polished cooking pots carried by one of the line of porters behind him. Far away, the first hyena uttered its melancholy evening signal.

'*Upesi! Upesi!*' shouted Pienaar, halting and looking behind. A quiver ran through the burdened line as it passed him. One by one, each man stepped off the path and made a little detour round the spot where Pienaar's huge bulk towered menacing, crowned by a battered felt hat pulled low down over his shaggy brows. No native would have contested the right of way with Pienaar, *Sapuk*, the Massive One.

Therefore, as they passed him, each man looked resolutely ahead and balanced his load carefully, but the sixth sense present in most Africans made him quiveringly alert to danger and ready to spring aside from the blow, should it come.

They had nothing to fear, had they known it, for Pienaar the terrible, the killer of wild beasts, was in a jovial mood. Two elephants, each with tusks above the average and each dropped in its tracks, were responsible for his good humor. Further, the news of elephants in the bamboos on Ol-Pul mountain was excellent. Pienaar, his cunning brain stimulated by success, had been hugging himself, mentally, all day. Had he not, in addition to good luck and bright prospects, at last succeeded in persuading old Koinek to send his daughter to Pienaar's camp, back on the Luka River? 'Jerusalem!' mused Pienaar, as he walked ponderously into camp. 'How the *bint* fought! You never can tell with these *verdammt* Masai — but even prettier than I thought.' He chuckled reminiscently.

Later, clothes loosened, he sat in the worn deck chair which creaked beneath his weight. Pleasantly replete after a rough meal of reedbuck meat and boiled potatoes, he puffed acrid clouds of Cape tobacco from a curved pipe. A bottle of German lager was at his elbow. Dreamily he surveyed the preparations of his men for the night.

The fire in the little clearing glowed. The tiny, clear stream splashed gently on its way, its fleeting presence scarcely audible. A falling log cast a shower of sparks which rose and were lost in the velvety blackness beneath the fig tree. Gradually the amiable bickering of the porters gave place to silence — the silence of the African bush, filled with myriad acute sounds. Bats swept

overhead, ghostlike, twittering, uncannily swift. The world waited, breathless, for the coming of the moon.

Pienaar mused on, before the open flies of his little tent, his great body at ease, the firelight winking on the carved gold ring on his little finger.

Death struck him thus. It flickered out of the bush ten yards away from the tree, bedded itself in his mighty, half-naked chest, and stood there, trembling. A curious, sweet taste invaded the back of his throat; his mouth and nostrils were filled with something warm and salt. He coughed once, a strangled sound; reached for the handle of the sword his filming eyes could see beneath them, standing out from the curve of his ribs; and, in reaching, slid down into hot blackness and — sleep.

II

The news reached the little bush station, one hundred and fifty miles away, on the fourth day. Wright, propped up in bed, every bone aching with the aftermath of fever, listened to the story of Pienaar's tracker.

'So!' he said, sharply, when the stocky, wizened little Nubian had finished. 'When you returned on the evening of the day after Sapuk was killed, you say that all traces were lost, for the ground was covered with the spoor of animals?'

'Lord, I said so.'

'There was no body?'

'Lord, pieces there were only, for hyenas had come during the night. I found the head and an arm and other things. The hand lacked a finger — the finger on which my master wore the ring of gold. It was for that I returned, since I could not prevail on those low-born porters to stay in that place. When the sword struck and my master cried out, those sons of jackals fled. I pursued them and did not return until the next evening. I returned alone.' He made a pretense of spitting.

'Have you brought the sword?'

'When I came back to the camp, there was no sword, master; only the head and one arm and other things. The head I have brought.' He stooped and began to fumble at the neck of a sack which lay on the floor beside him.

'Enough!' said Wright, hastily. 'The tracks you saw — of what animals were they?'

The little man rose slowly. He hesitated and shifted his feet. At length, 'Lord,' he murmured, 'I am a stranger in this country and its ways are strange to me. I am not certain, for —'

Wright cut him short.

'Do not play with me, Juma,' he said. 'It is not wise. What are those scars on your forearms? I too have hunted elephants. How many elephants are counted by those scars on your arms?'

The Nubian was silent.

'How many?' repeated Wright, softly.

'Three times ten and three, lord.'

'A killer of three times ten and three elephants cannot tell me what were the tracks he saw? Or perhaps the scars lie and you are as those who live in the towns, talking much and bellying while yet young?'

'Lord, the scars tell truth.'

'Of what kind, then, was the spoor you saw, or shall I tell you?'

'The White Men know everything, lord.'

'They were the tracks of no bush animal, Juma. They were the tracks of cattle. Is it not so?'

The dull, half-closed eyes flickered up and met Wright's for a second. 'It

is so, lord,' said Juma. 'The Masai had been there at dawn and had driven their cattle over the spot until no sign remained.'

'Fool,' growled Wright, 'go and rest. I shall come when I have gained strength, you following. Give what you carry to Lupenda and tell him to lock it in the store.'

The Nubian turned deferentially and left the hut, bearing his grisly burden.

Wright reached under the tucked-in mosquito net and arranged the bedside lamp so that all the light must fall on any who entered, leaving the bed in shadow.

'O Tanapu!' he called.

'*Oiel* I come!' answered a deep voice, and into the lamplight stepped, without noise, an arresting figure. A blanket, worn toga-fashion and knotted on his right shoulder, left half his chest bare and fell to just above his bony knees. A rawhide belt, stained a bright red, girdled the blanket at his waist and supported a flat, crimson sheath from which protruded the handle of a yard-long sword. His hair was parted laterally and fell in four braids — one down his back almost to the waist, a shorter one over each ear, and one on his forehead. A thin, heart-shaped metal disk depended from either pierced ear lobe. From head to toes his skin was painted with a mixture of red ochre and mutton fat, except for a circular space on each cheek bone which was painted white. His physique was magnificent and he had the slightly convex shin bones of the bush dweller. A pair of small, keen eyes, fringed with upcurled eyelashes, peered from his daubed and ghastly countenance.

'What is the news of the sickness?' he asked, politely, advancing to the bedside and doubling his six-foot length into an easy squat.

'It is well,' said Wright. 'When did you return?'

'A little time ago, master.'

'Have you heard that Sapuk has been killed?'

'I was outside while the Mohammedan spoke.'

'What do you think?'

'Only a Masai would have thrown a sword, and I think that the little man spoke truth. As for the cattle . . .' He paused.

'Well?'

'Will not a brother protect his brother, master?'

'Are not the Masai kin to others who are not Masai?' Wright answered question with question, watching keenly as he spoke.

Tanapu's face was expressionless. He said, slowly, 'I, and others like me, are as one with the Masai, but a Dorobo would have used an arrow, master.'

Both men were silent for a little.

'There are two big bulls at the Sevenik water,' said Tanapu, speaking in the same level tone. 'One, I think, is the Ghost, for he is watchful and fierce beyond ordinary elephants. I did not see him, though I tried. When the master's sickness has gone, perhaps we shall go? They will not leave the place while there is still water in the pond, for no one hunts there. They drink every second night.' He waited.

'Where have you come from to-day?' asked Wright.

'I left Sevenik when it was still moonlight.'

Wright ruminated. Sevenik rain pond was fifty miles away, over rough bush tracks, but he knew Tanapu's power of covering ground and did not question his statement.

'It is well,' he said. 'When strength has returned to me, we shall go, for I must see the place where Sapuk died.

If, as we pass Sevenik, luck is ours, we shall kill the Ghost. Now, enough. I wish to eat and then sleep, that my strength may return.'

Tanapu rose. He fumbled in his blanket and produced a small pebble, veined like marble and smooth as polished vulcanite. The metallic streaks in it glittered in the rays of the lamp. He examined it for a moment, his love of bright things manifest in every gesture. Then he placed it on the little table beside the bed. 'It is beautiful. It is your present,' he said, gravely, and went silently to the door.

There he was met by a Swahili body servant, bearing a loaded tray. With exaggerated caution, each drew aside to let the other pass, so as to avoid all possibility of contact.

Wright lay in bed while his food cooled beside him. Ceaselessly he turned the pebble in his fingers as he thought. His thoughts were not pleasant.

Ten years in close contact with natives had left him with few illusions regarding the temperament of the African. In common with many wiser men, he held no 'views.' He hoped for the best, worked as hard as he was able, and was not surprised when the worst occurred. He was never dogmatic about the unreliability of the native. Had you asked him, he would not have told you that the African can never be trusted, but he might have suggested, in that quiet voice which was one of his attractions, that different countries beget different standards, and that the African, whether Nilotic in origin or born in Zanzibar, had little to thank the white man for, when you came to consider it.

This Pienaar business was profoundly worrying. Since the opening of the station, three years ago, there had been no case of murder in the Reserve. He had begun to think that the last few months before his leave was due were to be free from anxiety. Pienaar had been a swine in many ways, but the murder of a white man was sure to provoke a storm from Headquarters.

'Damn!' he muttered, and stretched wearily. 'First a dose of fever and now this! Troubles never come singly!'

The circumcision festival was not due for another year, and this murder did n't look like the usual spear-blooding business, somehow. There was something more sinister about it, although it was difficult to say why. Curious, how the fear of the Masai persisted in alien tribes! The little Nubian had been scared stiff. Tanapu, too, had spoken with an implied reverence.

Well, he would have to go, and in his present state the journey would be the reverse of pleasant. Still, he might get that bull at Sevenik, on the way. If it turned out to be the Ghost, what extraordinary luck! How malignant fate was, to allow Pienaar to be killed now, right at the end of an exacting and successful tour!

His food untouched, he put out the lamp and settled down to sleep. The quinine roared in his ears, making thought disjointed and fragmentary. A monstrous elephant, Pienaar, the Nubian, and vignettes of his last leave in England chased each other through his weary, drowsy brain. He was awakened from an uneasy doze by a snatch of whining, falsetto song from the darkness outside. Monotonous and unaccented, with a curious, broken rhythm, it rose above the subdued bursts of laughter and the guttural talk of the Masai retainers in the little hut close by. Wright recognized the voice. It was Tanapu.

'Extraordinary blighter . . . fifty miles . . .' he thought affectionately, and slept.

III

Three days later, Wright's caravan was on the move. To Sevenik was, normally, two days' march for a fit man and good porters. In his still weak condition, Wright calculated on taking four easy days to the rain pond, going by a slightly longer route on which water could be obtained at frequent intervals. He reckoned that by the time Sevenik was reached his physical condition would be so much improved that he would be able to cover the remaining hundred miles to the scene of the murder at the rate of twenty-five miles a day.

Twenty porters, a dozen pack donkeys loaded with rations and water drums, — you cannot take liberties with certain areas of the Masai country, — a cook, a personal servant, and the tracker Juma made up the *safari*. Tanapu stalked in front, carrying an immense bow. A leather quiver was slung over one shoulder and on the other he balanced a .275 Rigby magazine rifle — a weapon particularly favored by Wright. The flat sword in its sheath at his right hip moved to his easy, supple stride. Two Masai *Muran*, armed with seven-foot spears, clubs of hard wood, and the inevitable swords, followed behind the donkeys to assist in replacing sliding pack saddles and rounding up stragglers. In the event of an arrest, these Masai were to act as escort. Each man carried handcuffs.

One journey on foot through the African bush is very much like another, when the novelty has worn off. Wright's existence for the past three years had been made up of such journeys, varied by short spells in the station and brief visits to Provincial Headquarters, three hundred miles to the south. He was a good walker. He had to be, in a country where the distance between water holes, often as much as sixty miles, determines the duration of each day's march. It is seldom possible to carry more than a very limited amount of water on pack donkeys, and the donkeys themselves must drink often or they speedily lose condition.

Evening of the first day found him a very tired man, although they had not covered more than ten miles, for malaria is tenacious and loosens its grim clutch reluctantly. Also, there had been the inevitable delays, due to badly adjusted loads, loitering porters, and the skittish behavior of the donkeys, which had not been out for nearly a month. Such minor annoyances are common on the first day's trek, before the party has found itself.

Matters improved on the second day and Wright found that walking was not such a burden to the flesh. A good night's sleep and magnificent recuperative powers were working wonders.

As they neared camp in the afternoon, he found that his pipe was beginning to taste less like an incinerator. His spirits rose.

Tanapu, who was several yards in front, halted suddenly. When Wright came up to him, he pointed a steady finger in the direction of a small herd of wildebeest on the edge of the plain which could be seen through the sparse bush in front.

'Meat!' he said, briefly, unslinging the .275.

As a shot, Wright had something of a reputation. It was his one vanity. The quivering of fever-slackened muscles, not yet properly attuned to physical exertion, made him disinclined to risk an inglorious miss. He said, carelessly, 'Why do you carry a bow, Tanapu?'

The Dorobo looked at him squarely. Then he propped the rifle carefully

against a convenient bush. 'I have leave to shoot?' he asked.

'Assuredly,' said Wright, glancing behind him. The porters were not in sight. He sat down and knocked out his pipe on his boot, observing Tanapu's preparations.

The Dorobo pulled the fat leather quiver round in front of his body, took off the cap, and selected an arrow. Carefully he stroked out its feathered end. The iron head was wrapped in a thin piece of reedbuck skin, supple as chamois leather. This he proceeded to strip off, uncovering a bright, wicked-looking barb. The arrowhead, up to the barb, was coated with a black and sticky compound which looked like gutta-percha, but which Wright knew to be ouabain, the deadliest arrow poison in East Africa.

Tanapu subjected the poison to a close scrutiny, extracted a second arrow from the quiver, replaced the cap, and restored the quiver to its position between his shoulder blades. Then he gently tested the bowstring's tautness. Apparently satisfied, he fitted the nock of the stripped arrow in place. Holding the bow close to his body, the spare arrow cradled in the palm of his right hand, he kicked off his sandals and moved forward slowly through the trees. His face was set and intent. Not a twig cracked beneath him.

Wright got to his feet, picked up the rifle, and followed slowly.

Tanapu, crouching a little, approached the edge of the plain, bearing to the right in order to keep down wind of the unsuspecting herd. Their long tails swishing unceasingly, the wildebeests moved slowly, parallel with the trees. An occasional outlying member of the herd raised his grotesque head, jaws champing rhythmically, and warily surveyed his surroundings.

Suddenly, every individual in the herd ceased feeding and looked in the same direction, a little to the left of Tanapu. Wright could see the Dorobo, bent almost double, worming his slow way to a point within bowshot. The wildebeests bunched together. Staring now directly toward Tanapu, they showed marked signs of restlessness.

'He'll have to hurry up,' thought Wright. 'They have—' There was a faint click, and the herd was away. Manes tossing, tails flying, awkward slate-gray bodies humped into a lumbering gallop, ugly heads down, they streamed across the plain.

Tanapu stood erect at the edge of the trees.

'Missed!' murmured Wright, as he straightened up and walked forward. 'No! By Jove!'

A big bull had separated from the remainder. Bucking, kicking, steering a maddened course in a wide circle, he was making for the trees where Tanapu stood. Bedded deep in his quarters an arrow was plainly visible.

Tanapu did not move as Wright came up beside him. Without turning his head, 'It is done,' he said. 'Look now, master!'

The bull wildebeest galloped straight toward them, head down. He was a hundred yards away — seventy — when his strength failed him. He veered out of the straight, lurched, recovered, crossed his forelegs and went down with a crash. He was up again at once, but his hind quarters sank beneath him. He squatted, bellowing, for a moment and then rolled over on his side. When Wright and Tanapu reached him, his eyes were already glazing. The Dorobo placed his bow on the ground and unsheathed the flat sword.

Thoughtfully, Wright walked to the spot from which the arrow had been shot. From there to the broken, trampled ground where the herd had

been feeding was seventy-five measured strides. As he finished his pacing, he turned and saw the porters emerging from the edge of the trees. Tanapu was on his knees beside the fallen wildebeest, hacking at the rump in which the arrow still quivered.

IV

Sevenik rain pond was reached on the evening of the fourth day. At Tanapu's earnest request, Wright decided to pitch camp in a little grove about eight hundred yards from the water.

'For,' said Tanapu, 'the Ghost will surely come. Are not these tracks the tracks of the night of yesterday? There are no Masai here and he has not been disturbed. Master, tell the porters to camp a little distance away and see that everyone draws what water he needs at once!'

Wright, the ultimate aim of his journey temporarily forgotten in the sense of well-being engendered by returning health, his senses stimulated by the fierce, quiet excitement of the true elephant hunter, gave the necessary orders. By sundown the donkeys had been watered and were safely inside the little thorn kraal near his tent. The subdued chatter of the porters and the Muran, clustered round their fires beneath the flat-topped acacia trees, came to him as he dined in the verandah of his tent. For the first time in many days his appetite was keen. Peacefully he lay back in his long chair after dinner, his pipe nicely alight.

To him came the Nubian Juma. He walked diffidently into the fire glow before the tent.

'A little matter only, lord,' he began.

'Tell me,' said Wright.

'If the elephant they call the Ghost should come before the dawn, may I also follow when the master follows him?'

'Why?' asked Wright, amused.

Juma hesitated.

'I am a hunter,' he said, at length. 'I should like to show the master that the scars I carry are not meaningless. Besides —' He broke off.

'Yes?' Wright encouraged him.

'It is nothing, lord, but may I follow? I can carry the little rifle.'

'Who can tell whether the elephant is here? I think he is not,' said Wright. 'But if I am wrong — yes, you may come with us in the morning if we follow him.'

When the Nubian had gone, Wright sat gazing into the fire. The thought of Pienaar, evoked by the conversation with the dead man's tracker, was powerless to depress him. For the moment he could think of nothing but the chances of bagging this really big elephant. If rumor, for once, did not lie, the Ghost's tusks must be enormous. The rifles were ready. Tanapu was sanguine. Why not?

As he knocked out his pipe, he thought: —

'Nothing ever happens when a fellow lets himself get all worked up like this. I'm an ass. I don't expect there's one chance in a hundred of any *tembo* coming to this pool again.'

In after years he often thought of that moment.

V

'Master! Master! Elephant! The Ghost has even now left the water!'

Tanapu's voice, hoarse with suppressed excitement, had no sooner penetrated Wright's consciousness than he was out of bed and struggling into his khaki trousers. Three minutes later, as he gulped down a cup of scalding tea, he was issuing directions to his

boys and to the headman of the porters not to move from camp until his return.

Tanapu emerged from the tent with two rifles, and handed one, with its cartridge bag, to Juma. When Wright had assured himself that the cartridge loops on the breast of his khaki jumper were filled with the long .475 shells, he took the heavy double rifle from Tanapu's outstretched hand, broke it, peered down the bore, loaded both barrels, snapped it shut, and gave the order to march.

Swiftly the three left camp, Tanapu in the lead, his bow and a fresh, naked arrow in his left hand. Juma brought up the rear, the .275 on his shoulder. He cuddled the cartridge bag under his arm and broke into a trot every few yards in order to keep up with the pace set by the longer legs of Tanapu and Wright.

The bush gleamed with a heavy dew which fell on them in showers as they thrust their way down to the water. The surface of the pond, green and stagnant, was wreathed in mist. They hastened round its margin. At the far side, Tanapu stopped short and indicated the ground. The vast spoor of an elephant, into which moisture was still trickling, led from the edge of the bush to the water and back. They turned and followed the trail.

As the sun rose an hour later, a twig cracked. The three stood still as death in their tracks. Into the tiny clearing twenty yards in front ploughed the half-seen bulk of an elephant, the branches scraping hollowly against his gray flanks. Tanapu stooped and straightened. From his down-stretched hand fell a little shower of fine sand. Gossamer particles were wafted back, toward Wright. Such wind as there was blew from the elephant.

Tanapu moved forward, cat-like, closely followed by Wright, his heavy rifle held in readiness. The elephant turned a little toward them, presenting a broadside at about fifteen yards' range. Tanapu sank slowly to his knees.

The elephant stood motionless, his long, discolored tusks reaching to within a foot of the ground. His water-filled intestines rumbled cavernously. His great ears moved gently backward and forward.

Sighting carefully for the heart, Wright fired.

For an instant, nothing seemed to happen, and he thought, agonizedly, that he had missed. As the gray mass slewed round he fired again, broke the rifle, and two slim cartridge cases flickered past his right elbow. Two live shells, torn with steady fingers from the looped pocket at his breast, replaced them. As he started forward, snapping the rifle shut, he saw, a little to his right, Tanapu stoop, gather the empty cases, and ram them into the fold of his blanket. He was conscious of little save a rending, tearing noise and the acrid smell of cordite.

The elephant had vanished.

The trail led straight ahead into the bush. Tanapu slipped in front, though traces of the elephant's passing were plain enough for a novice to see. A mighty force had cleft the bush in twain. Mangled trees lay, oozing sap, in the direction whither the force had passed. Ragged fragments of creepers; branches torn from their parent stems and left to lie, bleeding; great scars in the ground, and a heavy, flat boulder overturned by a gigantic foot, the earth beneath it alive with bewildered insects, were signs of headlong flight.

They had gone forward for perhaps half a mile when Tanapu's pace slackened. He gently signed behind

him with a cautious, admonitory finger. On either side the leaves were covered with a mess of blood and froth, two feet above his head. He paused, moved forward again slowly, every muscle tense beneath the sheen of his brown skin.

In a moment Wright saw the elephant. Head-on, about thirty paces distant, the huge beast faced them. His great ears were spread, fanwise. All the devils of rage and hate looked out from his little red eyes. His head was up, his trunk retracted and curled into a compact mass. Two great hollows in the scrabbled ground in front of him showed that he had been down on his knees. Swiftly Wright moved to the left and forward. As the huge bulk quivered in the act of launching itself in a last, gallant, desperate attack, he fired high up into the great chest, at the juncture of neck and shoulder.

The attack wavered, collapsed. A second bullet sped for the heart as the great body sank with a thunderous rattle. The knees gave, gently. The mighty tusks struck the earth. Amid a flurry of dry branches and the tearing of undergrowth, the Ghost moaned once and was still.

Wright stepped off the wreckage of leaves and branches into the bush and was violently sick.

VI

When he returned, a little shaky, his mind filled with pleasurable anticipation regarding the tusks, Tanapu was squatting by the mountainous hind quarters, in the act of drawing his sword. His bow and the naked arrow lay on the ground beside him. Still holding the .275, Juma watched him idly.

As Tanapu leaned forward to give his right hand free play, the snuff gourd at his breast slipped out from the retaining fold of his blanket and swung free. Something else swung with it. Something, slung on a twisted sinew, which gleamed dully in the dappled sunlight. Tanapu never could resist things that shone.

There was a stifled sound from Juma.

Wright, at the elephant's head, swung round quickly, to see the Nubian staring, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets. Wright looked at Tanapu, his mind racing.

With a clear, drawing sweep of the sword, Tanapu severed the tail and stood erect. He looked straight into Wright's eyes. The thing swung from its cord on his breast.

'So!' said Wright. 'It is his ring. It is Sapuk's ring, and you . . .' His voice trailed away into a miserable silence.

The sword loosely held in his right hand, Tanapu faced him. The elephant's tail, stump down, dripped slow blood to the ground.

Tanapu spoke, slowly, as if weighing each word.

'Sapuk is dead,' he said. 'I killed him, as you know now and as the Masai knew from the beginning. I think *he* also knew.' He looked superciliously at Juma. 'Often I have thought of telling you, but I withheld, for it would not have pleased you to judge me to be hanged. I followed Sapuk the day he left Tomonta and I killed him before there was moonlight. Thus none saw, but many knew.'

'Why?' asked Wright.

'I killed him, using Masai weapons, because he took the woman you know of. I told you of her. She was my woman, the daughter of Koinek. She would have borne children. Now, I do not want her. For her I had already given two heifers.'

Thinking quickly, Wright said, 'But now what? You know that I cannot let this matter pass. You have seen other killers judged in the Government Court. You are my friend, and because of that you know that I cannot let you go, lest my justice be a mockery forever.'

'There is no settlement you can make, master?'

'None.'

Tanapu smiled, the merest flicker of emotion crossing his iron face. With the swiftness of light, he dropped tail and sword and stepped back. Snatching up the stripped arrow from the ground, he drove it into his left thigh, just below the groin. The force of the blow broke the wooden shaft, but the head quivered deep in the flesh. He sat down quietly.

Wright started forward, a wild idea of amputation in his mind. The calm immobility of Tanapu checked him. Buttocks resting lightly on the ground, knees on either side of his chin, hands lying loosely on the broken, scattered leaves before him, the Dorobo gazed steadily at the carcass of the Ghost. There was a gleam of excitement in his half-shut eyes.

'Thus it is arranged,' he said. 'No trouble. I shall not have to face you and, before others, say that I have sinned. It is well. Last night I cleaned the little rifle.' He shot a glance at Juma. 'See that *he* does likewise and often. But twenty-and-two cartridges for it remain, and these you will find in the bag of sewn pig's hide from Europe.'

Wright gazed at Tanapu dumbly. For the first time in an active life he felt utterly helpless. There was nothing to say. There would be time, after, in which to feel.

Savagely motioning to the Nubian to precede him, he turned on his heel and walked slowly away, leaving Tanapu alone with the dead elephant.

PERILS OF AMERICAN POWER

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

THE political situation and problem of America in world affairs can be put in one sentence: America is at once the most powerful and politically the most ignorant of modern nations. Both our strength and our ignorance are due to the same set of fortuitous circumstances. Our political power rests upon our wealth. Neither military prowess nor political skill was needed to gain our present position among the nations. We are living in an economic age, and our position in the modern world is secured by the billion or more dollars which we export every year. Our position is analogous to that of the village banker who holds a mortgage on every second farm in the county. The kind of skill which is responsible for the building of our national fortune is naturally of a different order than that which the exigencies of the world political situation require. Both our wealth and our political ignorance derive from the fact that we are a nation of business men and engineers.

We had a virgin continent, rich in every natural resource, to exploit, and we came into its full possession at the precise moment when railroads and telegraphs made it possible to manipulate so vast a continental empire from one political centre. Our economic life could therefore develop without the hindrance of the irrelevant customs barriers which have retarded the economic development of Europe. But these advantages alone would not explain our economic preëminence. We gave ourselves to business efficiency and technological achievement with greater abandon than any other people. There are Europeans and Asiatics who suggest that we have gained the whole world because we lost our souls. While there is an alloy of envy in the wisdom of this judgment, it is a fact that modern technology is the real creator of modern wealth and that we perfected industrial technique with more loving devotion than any other people.

Perhaps this was due to the fact, as Spengler suggests, that culture and civilization are incompatible with each other, and that the vast immigrant hordes who came to our shores dissipated their cultural inheritances to such a degree that they could give themselves to the extensive tasks of civilization with complete and fervent devotion. It may be that the modern Russians will become our chief competitors for the same reason; for there a nation has sloughed off the Greek and the European cultural forms which were never really indigenous to it, and the result is the same complete obsession with the engineering task which has characterized our life since the Civil War. The Russians, incidentally, show signs of the same political ineptness and parochialism in manipulating their budding power which we reveal in our developed strength.

II

Our business men and engineers suffer from the same kind of exaggerated self-esteem that characterizes any class or group which has come into sudden and obvious success. The successful man always assumes that success in his field gives him a warrant to speak with an air of omniscience on every human and social problem. Mr. Henry Ford is a shining example of this tendency. The automobile industry which has given him his eminence is, incidentally, the most perfect example of the social and political ignorance of the engineering mind. Nowhere is technological efficiency more highly developed and nowhere does power express itself with more ruthless disregard of the human factor than in this industry. The ordinary human rights, which the workers of Europe won after decades of travail and which are now generally conceded by the whole of European society, are still disregarded in this industry by engineers who live under the illusion that their efficiency has created some kind of magic solution for the perennial problem of the protection of the weak against the exactions of the strong.

The peculiar weakness of business men and engineers is that they tend to disregard the human factor. Engineers are under no necessity to consider it and business men have an ideal of business efficiency which reduces it to a minimum. To deal with a matter in a 'businesslike' fashion means precisely to eliminate the variable factors which the human situation always creates and to settle the question upon the basis of a general rule. Thus, for instance, Americans have prided themselves upon the businesslike settlement of the reparations problem in the Dawes and the Young plans. Their supposition was that a politics-ridden Europe was unable to find a solution for this vexing problem until unbiased American business men essayed the task. The real fact was that the Dawes and the Young plans merely hid a political reality behind a façade of business technique. The regularization of payments and the elaborate banking technique for the transfer of funds which these plans created did not change the political fact that one nation was being asked to enslave itself to the Western world for several generations, and that the only justification for this enslavement was a dogma which emerged out of the hysteria of the World War.

Meanwhile it was the obsession of Americans with business codes which prevented a real solution of the reparations problem. We insisted that debts must be paid. We even went so far as to suggest that our real interest in demanding payment of the Interallied debts was to prevent European nations from falling into slovenly business habits. We insisted that, as a matter of business, reparations and Interallied debts had nothing to do with each other, and refused to concede that as a matter of politics they were very closely related to each other. Our pat little dogma collapsed when Germany stood on the brink of disaster and it became apparent that nothing but American initiative would save her. Even now it is a question whether our belated action was not too late and whether our subsequent policies will be sufficiently generous in their divergence from previous political attitudes to give Germany the opportunity of staying within the Western community of nations rather than falling, in despair, into the arms of Russia. In this whole matter more courageous political leadership might have been of service to us and to the world, but the real difficulty lay not with our leaders but with the

rank and file of American citizens, who insisted on a simple formula for a complex situation.

Our American tariff policy is another vivid illustration of the political ineptness of the business mind. As long as we had enough wealth to finance our customers, while we insisted that they buy more from us than we were willing to buy from them, our tariff policy was measurably successful. But we did not take all the factors into consideration, particularly the psychological ones. The animus which our unmutual conduct has aroused all over the world is becoming an increasing handicap to the American exporter. There is furthermore a limit to the buying capacity of indebted nations. It may be a counsel of perfection to ask a nation to keep its privileges within bounds commensurate with those of other nations, so that excessive privileges may not destroy the spirit of brotherhood in the international community; but it is no more than an ordinary counsel of prudence to suggest that in an interrelated world a nation cannot be permanently prosperous by impoverishing the world about it. Here is a case where poor politics turns out to be also bad economics.

Yet the American business community has been so intent on higher and higher tariffs that the Democratic Party found it necessary in its last campaign solemnly to disavow its previous low-tariff policy in the hope of winning the favor of the business world. Thus we had the spectacle of a nation united on a policy which had been previously a bone of political contention, at the very moment when the world situation was less favorable to such a policy than at any time in our history. The height of our political imbecility was reached when we promised the farmer, who suffers from inability to export his surplus products, to save him by a tariff policy which would make foreign nations even less capable and less inclined to buy those products. Perhaps there was more political mendacity than imbecility in such a promise. But the fact that a portion of a population which benefits from high tariffs can persuade another part of the nation to accept such a policy against its own interests is further proof of the political ignorance of our people.

III

It would not be just to attribute our political ineptness solely to the peculiar limitations of the business mind. It is partly due to the suddenness with which we emerged on the world political scene. Our tremendous foreign investments have been accumulated within the short period of a decade and a half. While we were powerful before the World War, we have been thrown into international politics only since then; and we are bound to betray a novice's lack of skill in this new *niveau*. Furthermore, our continent is vast, and it is quite possible to live at its centre without having any clear impression of our relations with the rest of the world. There is not, as in England, a metropolitan press available for the majority of our citizens; and the local press prints practically no foreign news.

Moreover, our type of empire develops without impressing its realities upon those who are ultimately responsible for its policies. It is an economic empire, and its power spreads without the panoply which usually accompanies the display of power. A citizen of Britain is thus much more conscious of the realities of his semi-political and semi-economic empire than are Americans of the facts in our economic relations to dependent and semi-dependent peoples. The legates of our empire are not admirals or proconsuls, but bank-

ers. They avail themselves of military power whenever it is found necessary or expedient, but, except in South and Central America, the occasions have been infrequent. The obvious and immediate facts have not changed for an average American since America emerged from infancy to world dominion in the community of nations. The average citizen has a vague sense of pride in identity with a nation which seems to play so large a part in world affairs. But his knowledge of the method of its power and its effect upon other peoples is rudimentary. Yet his is the vote which holds politicians in awe and prevents them from initiating policies demanded by every consideration of international common sense. Thus the phenomenal power of the American empire is scarcely under conscious control.

It is the illusion of strong men and nations that power is the basis of security. There is some justification for the illusion, for, in so far as human society is governed by physical force, obvious strength, whether it be military or economic, may be counted upon not only to defeat the actual foe, but to reduce the potential foe to the impotence of fear. The strongest bully in a gang is rarely challenged to prove his prowess, and a nation which possesses obvious economic or military advantages may indulge in idiosyncrasies and commit errors which would prove fatal to less favored nations. With less power the traditional American attitude toward Latin America would be inconceivable. Except for our power, we should not have been tempted to take it, nor should we have been suffered to continue in it.

But the security which rests upon power is convincing only when history is judged decade by decade. If the longer view is taken, it may readily be seen that history, like nature, harbors a spirit of ironic justice which knows how to 'put down the mighty from their seats, and exalt them of low degree.' Power is dangerous both to those who wield it and to those who are affected by it. It gives those who wield it a false sense of security which absolves them of the necessity of thinking carefully upon the issues involved in their action. 'Power tends to corrupt,' Lord Acton observed, 'and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men even when they exercise influence and not authority.'

If Lord Acton's judgment seems too severe when applied to individuals, particularly to those who exercise influence rather than authority, it is not very wide of the mark when applied to nations. There are few men and fewer nations who will act with circumspection or discretion if no one is powerful enough to hold them responsible for their actions. The irresponsibility which power creates corrupts judgment and accentuates the natural tendency toward selfish conduct. Meanwhile the special privileges which the powerful always claim for themselves excite the envy, as their power prompts the fear, of those who deal with them. When envy and fear are compounded they produce hatred. If this hatred in the hearts of the weak is frustrated for a time by their impotence, it usually unites them into a confederacy of power in the end. The Russian aristocracy could offer some interesting testimony upon this point.

The difference between an inept and an astute privileged group or nation is that the former tries to save itself by increasing its power, while the latter usually yields a portion of its privileges in time to avoid disaster. The most outstanding examples of the latter type are the British aristocracy within the British nation and the British nation

within the British empire. Both the class within the nation and the nation within the empire have developed a political astuteness which has bordered at times upon moral insight (though pure moral insight is unknown in the life of economic groups and nations) and which has made possible the evolution of a democracy within the nation and a commonwealth within the empire.

IV

Just how perilous American power may become both to ourselves and to others is not yet fully apparent. Dean Donham of Harvard has recently pointed out that we might have it within our power to destroy both Germany and England as business rivals only to find ourselves impoverished in the end by our economic victory. In the case of Germany, it is quite obvious that before she would be reduced to complete impotence she would save herself by joining forces with the growing power of Russia. In the case of Russia, we have not even had the astuteness of following a consistent Machiavellian policy. A part of our business community is helping Russia to prepare herself for the gigantic struggle of the future, while the other part of the community practises chicanery and indulges the prejudices which will ensure an anti-American bias in Russia when her power is full blown.

In extenuation of our attitudes it must be admitted that we are only slightly more inept than many of the other nations. The fact is that our whole situation is merely highly typical of the whole state of Western civilization, where there are not enough social imagination and intelligence to manage the vast economic intricacies which modern civilization has created. Our political ignorance might not be noticeable at all in comparison with other nations but for the fact that we wield power so much greater than theirs. France, which is probably our severest critic in Europe to-day, exhibits a case of the pot calling the kettle black. France, like ourselves, sacrifices benefits which might accrue for centuries for advantages which count only by decades. The French situation offers an interesting refutation of our thesis that political ineptness has its roots in the limitations of the business mind; for the shortsighted French policies are due to the parochial limitations of the French peasant, still dominant in French political life.

In fairness to America it must be said that the average citizen does not entertain with particular sympathy the counsel that we must meet the growing envy, fear, and hatred of the world with increased military power. While we have constantly increased our military and naval expenditures, the average American is not particularly anxious to defy the world or to impress it with military power. We did want a navy as big as any other; but for the average citizen this was desired as a symbol rather than as a tool of our world dominion. The size of our navy has the same significance for us as a palatial residence has for the successful business man. It is especially important if the success has been recent and there is still some question whether it is generally appreciated and acknowledged. Naturally there are those among us who have more sinister motives for enlarging our military and naval establishment. But the majority of our people have a sentimental devotion to the peace ideal. They do not concern themselves with military ambitions, if for no other reason because they do not understand what animosities the thrust of American power is creating in the world.

Should they become aware of the

real perils of our power, they might conceivably be converted to the military ideal. That would be our real undoing. It is dangerous enough to wield as much power as we have with no higher degree of political intelligence. But if we do not support our economic power by extraordinary military force, the exigencies of international life will gradually dissipate our political ignorance and give us experience. We shall learn to live in a world community and make those adjustments to the desires and needs of others which are prompted by both prudence and conscience. We shall learn how to gauge the effect of our actions and the reactions to our attitudes in the life of other nations, and shall know how to set limits to our will to power in the interest of comity in the community of nations. But the more our economic power is supported by military strength, the more shall we be inclined to solve our problems by intransigence and defiance of world opinion, and the more shall we multiply animosities against us in the world community.

V

Our economic power is dangerous enough in itself, not only to others, but to us. But as long as a soldier does not stand behind the banker, the banker's imperium need not be too oppressive upon dependent peoples. They can always resist his exactions and force him to yield political reservations on his business codes. Under such circumstances he will not force his ministrations upon those who do not desire them, and his power will seem less vexatious to all who deal with him. Of course any powerful man finds it difficult to tolerate defiance of his power; and all his instincts prompt him to add power to power until defiance becomes impossible. It is this same inclination in national life which we must learn to resist if we would reduce the peril of American power to a minimum.

We cannot very well destroy the economic power of America. We would not destroy the unity of our continent, and we will not change the habits and inclinations which have contributed to our prosperity. Our security therefore lies in reducing our power to a minimum, which means that we must prevent the wedding of economic and military power. This is a difficult but not impossible achievement. When it is remembered that the advantages of empire accrue to a very limited portion of a national population, it is apparent that our real salvation lies in setting that portion of the population which does not benefit from empire against the extension of its power. Everywhere in Europe the parties which represent labor have a tendency to restrict military expenditures and to insist on mutual understanding in international relations. In America there is, unhappily, no labor movement which has the intelligence to check the imperial ambitions that develop inevitably in every strong nation.

There is perhaps no greater necessity in American political life, from the standpoint of both our foreign and our domestic problems, than the development of an intelligent labor movement. It is the historic mission of labor movements in our civilization to be especially critical of national pretensions and imperial ambitions. The middle classes either profit too much or suffer too little from the limitations of contemporary civilization to achieve that attitude of critical detachment which the whole of civilization needs and which is particularly helpful as an antidote to the pride of nations. Perhaps the political ignorance of our workingmen and the lack of any inde-

pendent political thought in the main body of the American labor movement are more responsible for the lack of inner checks upon American power than the political ineptness of our commercial and agrarian classes. Their ignorance may be no greater than that of other classes, but it is particularly regrettable in the light of their historic mission.

All modern nations, and particularly the most powerful ones, are in desperate need of a loyalty which is not too unqualified, of a patriotic devotion which preserves a critical attitude toward national pretensions and ambitions. Without this element of criticism in the life of the nation, the national pride of the man in the street is compounded with the ulterior purposes of privileged groups which gain special advantages from their nation's dominance in world affairs, and the resultant mixture is a national will to power which imperils the peace of the international community and destroys the security of the willful nation by the very actions which are meant to guarantee it.

THE BOOJUM IN EUROPE

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I

SOME dogs are christened in jest, some in earnest, and some with malice aforethought, but the Boojum was christened by inspiration. One evening, after I had contemplated her charms for some minutes, 'That dog,' I said, 'looks like a Boojum.' 'What does a Boojum look like?' asked my daughter. 'It looks,' I replied, 'like that dog.'

Long before this the Boojum had had a temporary name, but it was immediately obvious to everybody that the new name was the right one. Softened into 'Boojy,' it permeated the neighborhood in a week; and this is the more curious in that very few of those who adopted it had ever heard of the historic Boojum which was also a Snark. They simply recognized the appropriateness of the name instantly, because, as someone said, she is always 'boojing about.' To 'booje,' as I understand it, is another word of inspirational etymology, meaning 'to move suddenly, to dart and land with all four feet.'

Abstractly or even practically considered, there is no good reason for taking a dog to Europe. The fact is, however, that love of dogs appears to be neither abstract nor practical; it is poetic, or, if you please, sentimental. Abstractly there was no reason for taking any dog, and practically there were several reasons for not taking a Boojum. I must admit all this freely, for if she had been a perfectly well-behaved little dog, like some cocker spaniels I have known and an occasional poodle, — the kind that come when you say 'Come' and go when you say 'Go' and stay put when you say 'Stay put,' — while she would still have been a problem, she would not have been a

Problem. Even if she had been a loving little dog, gentle, sensitive, never so happy as when she had won your approval, and always seeking to caress or be caressed, she might have rewarded us for our trouble by showing that she appreciated it. I cannot, however, pretend that either of these descriptions applies to her. Indeed I can hardly write them without a smile.

I do not mean to do her an injustice. She obeys pretty well, if her mind is not otherwise occupied, and she is loving enough (and by 'enough' I mean as loving as I can stand, for I prefer a dog not to be too mushy) — I say, she is loving enough when the family have been absent from home for several hours. But she is much more likely to show her joy by standing on her head in a corner of the sofa and pushing violently with her hind legs than by trying to lick our chins. The truth about Boojy, I have decided after carefully studying her for five years, is that she really is fond of us, but is as a rule too busy to tell us so.

There probably never was a busier dog than she. I believe that she was born with a conviction that it was her destiny to run the universe, and that she has never discovered that running a universe is a large order for a twelve-pound dog. I cannot help admiring the optimism with which she takes up her task with each new day, never permanently discouraged, never more than momentarily even downcast. Between whiles she spends her time inventing new games to play when we have callers. For there can be no doubt that she has a good deal of what nowadays is called exhibitionism, or what was called in the old days, before modern psychology had blessed us with long words, showing-off.

Her first impulse being to let no one enter the house, she slides to the front door on the hall rug, which she rolls up against the wall, emitting ear-splitting shrieks of rage; but, the visitors once in, her second impulse is to entertain them, by bringing out her rubber dolls and balls, shaking or tossing them, assuming postures which she knows to be effective — in short, posing, in order to be admired. In a child such doings would be insupportable, but in a dog, especially a little white dog, with a tail that points straight toward the ceiling and white whiskers that surround a black button of a nose like a halo and flare off truculently, they never fail to win applause. I have tried conscientiously for five years to discipline her; I hope I shall have five more in which to try; but all the while I have a sneaking admiration for her indomitable soul. 'She's a steamy little cuss, ain't she?' said an amiable Irishman in Paris. 'It's a grand breed, only ye have to kill 'em to train 'em.' I forgot to say that the Boojum is a wire-haired fox terrier.

II

Now our friends knew all these things. They did not dislike Boojy. No one could do that. Only they maintained that with her peculiar disposition it would be a grave error to take her to Europe. They declared that she would complicate the routine of travel, complicated enough at best; she would hamper our movements; she would increase our expenses; she would cause our exclusion from hotels; she would prevent our entrance to churches, palaces, galleries. Having, moreover, often seen her flying about in the car, trying to look out of all the windows at once and roaring defiance at every living thing that dared cross the road, they felt that ten months of her on a motor tour of Europe would be, to say the least, excessive.

Everything they said sounded rea-

sonable. We had no doubt that Boojy would do all they foreboded, and perhaps some things they had not thought of. Besides, we knew quite well that no one would offer to keep her for us. We had no illusions about her. The fact was, nevertheless, that, as we told them, either she would go or we should stay at home. Then they gave us up, washed their hands of us, abandoned us to our fate.

I am afraid it is impossible to explain why anyone should stay home from Europe on account of a dog, especially a dog weighing only twelve pounds; but then — the few who understand will need no explanation and the many who do not will accept none. I shall not try to explain, but will merely state as a fact that there are silly people like that — people who feel that to make an animal love them and then to abandon it just ought n't to be done. That is the way we felt about it, and if it is sentimental, why, then we are sentimental, but unashamed.

One thing our friends did not realize about Boojy, and this is that, although she has a lion heart, she has also a pigeon liver. They did not know, as we did, that though she might roar defiance from the car, she was extremely discreet on the sidewalk or in a restaurant or a hotel. Her courage, I mean, has quite definite limits, exhibiting itself only when she knows she is entirely safe. She never roars except when she is quite sure that her enemy cannot get at her, the consequence being that she is very quiet in strange places, like a hotel room, and preserves a perfect decorum in cafés, where there is, moreover, food in the offing.

I have a theory that her heart and liver, situated, as they are, somewhere near her middle, must produce a complex; for often, when her front end is growling malevolently, her tail is wagging in propitiation. It is as if she said: 'I have a reputation to sustain of being fierce, but, as you will see if you observe my tail, I really don't mean this.' The trouble is that strangers are uncertain which end of her to believe. To understand both ends of a dog at once, it is necessary to live with her for a long time, and our friends have been spared that experience, no doubt thankfully.

Have I made clear why I am fond of Boojy? I am afraid not. Evidently ours is one of those inexplicable affections which seem to be founded on unreason. I have often told myself that I admire her daintiness, her hatred of dirt, her agility, the whole-souled unction with which she confronts life. Besides, she harbors no grudges, takes her medicine without whimpering, is brave enough when she has to be, and in her harum-scarum way is loyal to the family. All this is true. But I think that as potent as anything else is my pleasure in watching her, for she is a decidedly decorative little dog. When she lies asleep with her head on a mulberry plush cushion, — which she has been forbidden to lie on, of course, — she looks so innocent and infantile that it is impossible not to believe that she has an angelic soul; and her white side with its vivid contrast of a black shoulder and ear, against the tapestry background of the sofa, is exceedingly pleasing; but so also is the spectacle she presents when she stands firmly on her columnar front legs and hind legs thrust tensely backward, with her straight back, erect tail, and black-and-white phiz, in which two dancing brown eyes sparkle with deviltry. She may be ready at the moment to fly from profound sleep for a slide to the front door; she may be contemplating an attack with loud growls upon the cuffs of my trousers — it is all one. Whatever anger I may be harboring melts under her charms. I laugh. So

it is in human society: beauty, as the saying is, can get away with anything.

III

But I must not keep you in suspense any longer. Boojy did go to Europe with us. When we got to France, all the Gallic population who heard her name received it with *empressement*, not to say *réjouissance*. The reason was that they thought that 'Boojy' was our naïve American way of pronouncing *bougie*, and *bougie* nowadays means a 'spark plug.' How they raised their hands and eyes at that name so droll! Little girls on the street immediately went into transports. '*Bougie! Bougie!*' they cried, knelt on the sidewalk, murmuring, '*Oh, mon p'tit chou, chou, chou,*' and tried to hug her, in spite of her growls; for if there is one thing in this world that Boojy hates more than another, it is to be hugged.

I think I may say in all modesty that in France Boojy made a hit. I was never able to be sure just what it was about her that affected the French temperament so warmly. I think it was probably her whiskers. When she sat with us in a restaurant, gentlemen rose from the other side of the room and tripped across, holding a morsel of meat on their fork, to ask us politely if they might have the pleasure of offering it to her. When they returned to their table, they continued to eat with the same fork. Boojy accepted all offerings as a matter of course, preserving her native expression, which I can perhaps best describe as a combination of baby and bandit. In Italy, there can be no doubt it was her whiskers mainly that caused a sensation, for on all sides we overheard murmurs of '*O, bella barbarina!*' There was hardly a tea shop in Florence or Rome that she did not know, and when we were out for a walk she paused with decision, like a milkman's horse, and sat down solidly on a doorstep. Someone inside had formerly given her an almond-paste cake, with cluckings and cooings over her ability to walk on her hind legs.

It was of course gratifying to us all that Europe received her so cordially. We had sailed from Hoboken with qualms about her and we approached Rotterdam with positive tremors. On the voyage between, she had been by far the most popular passenger on board, and the sailors and stewards had varied the monotony of the trip by hiding behind smokestacks and coils of rope and barking at her. She never failed to respond with enthusiasm. It was comforting to find her a social success on shipboard — so far so good, we said; but as we sailed up Rotterdam River and she saw her first European cows and defied them to come on, we sighed to think how many cows there were in Holland. 'More cows than people,' an affable steward told us. And as we approached the dock we asked one another what we should do if, as our friends in America had warned us, the hotels all refused to receive her. We had visions of sleeping in our car every night for ten months. Still, I am proud to say that the idea of abandoning Boojy never entered our heads.

Our fears proved entirely groundless. We stayed at over fifty hotels in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy, and never once was the Boojum excluded from our rooms and required to sleep in a stable or under the kitchen sink. No. I am mistaken. There was one genial proprietor in Antibes who was compelled to decline our patronage because of Boojy, although, as he assured us, he was passionately devoted to dogs. His sufferings as he reached this decision were

really pathetic. He assigned as his reason the fact that he already possessed seven cats, a trained magpie, and a pet tortoise, and we agreed freely that he had reason on his side, especially since one of the cats was about to become a mother. He was a pleasant man. He almost wept to see us ride away. He gave us a sprig of mimosa, pale gold and smelling of heaven.

The other hotel keepers thought no more of taking in a little dog than of taking in a little handbag. I formed the habit of opening negotiations for rooms by saying, 'I have a little dog, about so long,' holding my hands some eighteen inches apart and assuming a placatory expression. But they only shrugged and murmured, '*N'importe*' or '*Macht nichts aus*,' and proceeded to discuss terms. I always went on to assure them, nevertheless, that it was a good little dog that did n't eat much and would cause no trouble. They shrugged again, obviously not interested. Sometimes, apparently to please me, they announced that they would charge five cents a day for her keep. One man in Paris charged twenty-five cents, and we thought him a brigand. But in general it was evident that traveling dogs were a matter of course or a necessary evil — nothing to worry about. And yet, so deeply had the dire prognostications of our friends entered our souls, we could never conquer the foreboding that, though Germany might not mind Boojy, France would, or, if not France, then Italy, and so on at each new border. When at each new border nobody even bothered to look at her, we felt chagrined despite our relief.

Meanwhile Boojy was enjoying herself as usual. I have told friends since that she went through five countries and saw nothing but cats. As some people go to see cathedrals, she went to see cats. She got her face slapped in Lucerne by one, and by another in Rome, and by a third in Cannes, and by a fourth in Paris. Those were her high spots, and to see a cat on the horizon gave her something of the same thrill that our first sight of the Mediterranean gave us. Hers were simple pleasures, but at least they were genuine, and she never pretended to be impressed, as I am afraid we sometimes did.

Nothing could be more admirable than the gusto with which she greeted each new day. She might be so tired at night that she could hardly crawl to her cushion, but with the sun she was ready, whiskers bristling, tail aquiver, to set out on her quest. Mile after mile she peered ahead, breathing hard or whimpering with eagerness. What was it she was looking for? I cannot be sure, but I suspect it was more cats or a bigger cat than she had ever seen before. One day, when she saw seventy-five cats all at once in Trajan's Forum . . . but I have no space to narrate that epic incident. On the road not a cat or a cow or a dog or a duck or a goose or a chicken could appear without being greeted with shrill defiance, as she spun about like a thing demented. I must admit that there were times when we discussed boarding kennels. There were even times when we mentioned chloroform. But she always ended by making us laugh; and on a ten-thousand-mile tour it is important to be made to laugh often.

IV

Nevertheless, I shall never advise anyone to take a dog to Europe. Almost any good dog will travel very nicely and will be welcomed almost anywhere. It is not the dog I hesitate about, but the people taking him. In general, of course, people who care enough for a dog to take him at all will

be the kind of people for whom his company will outweigh whatever inconvenience he may cause; and yet I must admit that mere traveling, and traveling with a dog, are two different things. When I observed the general fuss and flurry of travelers who had no one but themselves to worry about, I realized that only a certain kind of people should travel at all, let alone complicate their cares with a dog. There are people who could take not only a dog but three dogs and six children through Europe in a motor car and have a good time, but they are not many. There are others who, even with a well-lined purse and no cares in the world, could not travel at all without being miserable.

To travel happily, with a dog or without one, demands an artless philosophy of living from day to day, without too much planning, without addiction to itineraries and guidebooks, without preconceived notions of convenience and comfort. The conscientious traveler is an anomaly, foredoomed to disappointment. Expect nothing in particular, but be ready with a hospitable soul for anything. Assume (what is the truth) that people are much the same everywhere, chilling under a scowl, warming under a smile; and play up for all you are worth the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. It is easy enough to be happy on the road if you demand nothing, but assume that, however much may be lacking of your accustomed comforts, much that is more important than comfort will reward you. A friendly stranger is more important than a comfortable bed, and a human contact than hot water.

Now the Boojum was our one touch of nature. She might be a burden, a nuisance, a pest, at times; but she was also a symbol of zest, adventure, joy. Above all, she was an infallible passport to acquaintance and even to friendship. It is not generally realized that a dog is a perfect solvent of social stiffness and awkwardness. His insinuating nose and ingratiating tail will melt the ice, even of a shy Englishman. 'I think it's so sportin' of you to bring your dog all the way from America,' said an English lady, who was reputed to be somewhat frigid; and she was soon a good friend. Nothing is easier than to make acquaintances in Europe. All one needs to do is to take a walk with one's dog.

P.S. Satirical friends maintain that we took the automobile to carry Boojy. Whether we did or not is a question upon which I refuse to commit myself.

MR. LEVER

BY VAN V. ALDERMAN

Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me? — Book of Job

I

I am any one of these dumb guys slamming out of factory doors at quitting time. I am the common sort. You might stop me to ask for a match. You might not. If I have n't shaved for a couple of days and my hair is tousled, you won't, because I'm tough-looking — shoulders like the hind end of a ten-ton truck, arms long and hairy. I look as if I could beat up a dozen like you in less time than you could run the block. I look as if I might, too. I am the type you know all about, the class definition, one of these dumb Bohunks who get drunk every so often and raise hell. Just animal. So you may define me. I am not the individual; I am the generalization. Without knowing me, you know my life.

Aye, and I am as dumb as any bolt or clutch on this machine I run, dumping fondant into little impressions in starch, making candy for you to eat. I am in the world to work, a lever all by myself, for someone to push and shove this way and that; an intelligent lever that walks up to the job in the morning; a versatile mechanism that pushes another lever in the time clock, saying, 'How d'ye do, mister. All set to work, work the skin off'n me for the pennies I'll get.' And the well-behaved levers of my legs and belly and back carry me upstairs, and my arms divest me of my clothing and dress me in a uniform like the other levers who came to work with me.

I take a drink of water, for it's going to be a hot day and the starch I handle is dry. Ah, you see, I'm like any other piece of machinery that needs a bit of attention to run properly, at maximum efficiency; but I oil and fuel myself. It is the brain part of me, the top part of my spinal column, that has me do this. Can't afford to let myself feel weak or get sick, because I can't afford to go on the junk pile. Wife and kid, myself — our world is bound by the circumference of the dollars I earn. This machine's got to care for himself, and those he loves. No dollars, no life — doubtful existence.

Oh, I know I'm nothing but a lump of wood and carborundum with putty to pad me out, to give me the specified weight for my height. I have no feelings — a robot who can with ten fingers and suitable manipulation of arm and shoulder and head interpret commands. Words are felicitous levers prying this way and that in my brain, releasing the proper cog and pinion at the proper instant; every cog and pinion related to me as a whole, so that by the suitable manipulation of arm and shoulder and head I am judged to have obeyed the command, the words. It's adroit, sly as the devil. And they — they, the Controllers, the Bosses —

can hire a subtle machine like me for a few dollars a week, enough to buy me oil and grease and new parts and put a roof over my head, so I can always be in good condition for work.

The relationship between the Controllers and me is cunning. I lie awake nights just thinking, pondering over the ingeniousness of it. Sometimes it sets me giggling like a madman up at the ceiling — hee, hee! — till Maria begs me to be quiet. Sometimes I get mad — mad as hell. The Bosses do not own me in the sense the slaves used to be owned. They have no direct responsibility for feeding me, housing me, clothing me, watching my health. That's up to me, because I am credited with sufficient intelligence and desire for personal liberty to tend to myself. If I get overheated working and the air is bad, that's my business. If I am continually bothered by the heat and bad air so that my efficiency ratio as a machine is lowered — why, I'm scrapped. Mr. So-and-So will take my place. Mr. So-and-So, who has let himself out for hire, willing to give his life to the machine — provided, of course, he is competent. I? I can go curl up like a sick dog. I could n't stand the gaff. And the Bosses are sorry for me — sorry, but not intensely concerned, because they never owned me. I was never a high-priced roadster whose bumpers and nickel had to be polished every day; I was n't any property to be proud of. I am a perfectly common machine, man. Thousands of me born every minute.

Oh, do not misunderstand. The Bosses are kind to me. They prepare lectures for me on unselfishness and devotion and the sweet optimistic outlook on life, for God loves little gentlemen. And then I am obliged to function only a certain number of hours a day; and I get a half-hour nooning when I may eat if I so desire; and they do not hinder my passing down the stairs in the late afternoon, marching to the ticking clock with the other levers, and punching the card which is my life, my world. And the Bosses do not stop my going out the door and down the sidewalk.

What matters the brightness of an afternoon sun, the slight stir of air down the street, how blue the sky may seem, with what grace a pigeon glides down to the pavement? This body judges the heat and humidity and wonders about sleeping to-night, for a certain rest is requisite to it; and if a breeze does not come in off the lake or rain fall it may be as hot as last night — and last night was hell, no fooling. I sweated till the sheet was wringing wet and the mattress soaked. And the heat coagulating the night so it got blacker! Sleep? Ho, ho! . . . And the baby crying. That is a hard thing to hear. Occasionally a sugar teat will quiet him or a soothing song of words, and he will forget his rash or colic — go to sleep smiling, maybe. You've got to train the young machines early to be good sports, existing without a whine or squall till the morphia quality of words in later life plunges them into permanent narcosis. I think of this, and think of the wife at home standing over a hot iron in our little kitchen. There's a good machine, never complaining, working faultlessly — a smart lever like me, living merely for being a lever.

But I, as I go walking down the street, am not supposed to be thinking these things. I am the Bohunk, the Wop — the Type. I give a nickel to the kid in the middle of the block for a newspaper and take the three cents he offers me, since pennies are essential to my welfare and my wife's and baby's. I smile at the kid and he smiles back. We do not know why we do this and we do not concern ourselves with the reason. We unreasonably smile, telling

each other good-night with the smile, each hoping the other is all right, in good health, generally O. K. And I go down the street reading that the Cubs beat the Cardinals, in a game where little toys ran all about a great field with other toys chasing, and thousands of levers yelling for them. Huh, that must have been a good game! And I read that Hoover has held out a moratorium on war debts. He's a big lever. He's gold where I'm pig iron, and ruby and topaz where I am bone, and the fluids in his body are n't my fluids. Yet he's a lever just as I am; he's got part of the world pushing him around. I, thank God, I'm me.

I'm just a money earner. No creative artist, not worthy to brush a thread off the robe of a Leonardo da Vinci, even to carry slops for Villon. Einstein is to me a name, like Newton. 'Why' and 'how' are parts of speech — casual prefaces to a polite question mark. I understand nothing. I like music — Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt, Verdi, Puccini, any music; if I had more money, I would hear it more often. The radio helps some. I like paintings. I like the exotic Delacroix. Those lions of his! And quiet Corot and misty Monet — anything pretty. I know I'm not supposed to be like this — I, a machine. I'm just a money earner with a wife. I'm not all dried wood, you see — still a little sap left in me. I have n't bought or read a book on sex yet, so I may not be leading the love life a machine should; but I get along.

As a lump of wood, a quaint articulate timber, I like to sing a love song to Maria, a sweet Italian love song, —

'Ah! Marìa, Marì!
Quanta suonno . . . perdo pe te!
. . . Oj Marì!'

while I hold Joseph in my arms and feel his softness, the tiny muscles in his arms and even in his back, his small white back. I sit here holding him. You see, I've begot and am fashioning another lever in my own image for someone to be pushing around — the pertinent lever, the apt machine. *Homo automatus*, — not human, not even Christian, — the Machine. This flesh his? These muscles? Eyes, ears, nose, mouth? These his? Ho, ho! I had better drown him like a little kitten.

Words will rule him, magnificent imperial words — that click and clack of tongue and vibration of larynx, vocabulary of the two-legged automaton, man. Man and his loquacious money, forever talking. Justice, law, decency, good, evil, right, wrong, selfish, generous, short, long. Words! Words? Oh, no. Me, I'm not to be believing this and you are n't either — we're told it's not true. Books say it, and preachers crying out the divinity and intelligence of man from million-dollar pulpits say it. God sits on high. Evolution's a lie. Truth, divine. Divinity, truth. Books and preachers. But books use words and preachers use books — books and copper pennies. And churches do install lightning rods. Preachers, pennies, churches, lightning rods — machines . . . levers manipulating other levers and being manipulated. Oh, the system is complex, never static. When on earth will equilibrium be reached? Never on earth. Cunning as the devil, the system. No man, born of woman, may understand or appreciate its intricacy. Man sits on his haunches and whimpers like a scared baby jackal to the white moon.

II

I stand up in the street car all the way home. A jangling bell has counted me. Merely one single clang, decisive, emphatic. Bing! That's me, going

home from work. I do not mind standing up because I'm used to it, my body balanced to the jerking sway of the floor, one arm always alert at the strap. I do not mind. I read the newspaper even as I stand. I have become that clever. A giraffe could not do it; a steer could not do it; a dahlia could n't. They have n't the mechanisms for it. I am a man; only I can do it. A gorilla or a chimpanzee might be taught to stand and hold the paper, but its eyes would never rove hither and yon over the printed page as intelligently as mine, hunting for the gang story and all about the excessive heat wave with people dying from it — poor people, poor puny men-folk.

Where should I be in the jungle with my frail fingers and baby lungs and soft cry? I could n't live there. Every creature on earth is adapted for his own peculiar phase of existence, none other. We've all got our slots in life to fill, and fill them we must, — I, you, — moving along our individual rut that began as a wide road and now gradually, imperceptibly, sinks and narrows till the canyon of convention and ethic engulfs us; from the rut of life doddering into the completer rut of a worm's alimentary canal. Because you there would like a Handel oratorio and a *Comus*, and I prefer a street song and a limerick, and the monkey peels his banana — you are no more fit to breathe this air than I am, or the monkey.

If you use the finer qualities that make you fancy the oratorio or *Comus* so that you create, adding something to the world's art, produce, knowledge — why, then you are better than I am, or the monkey. But why, then, would you credit yourself? 'Let no man deceive himself. If any man thinketh that he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool, that he may become wise.' You did not fashion your genius; you had nothing to do with it; you are as insensible as the lilac that is purple in the spring, as much a victim to every wind that blows and the sun that shines. You are a mechanism, yet a subtler instrument than the average man. The very fineness of your machinery may be your undoing.

Me? You? Just levers that have adjusted ourselves to the influence of other machines, other men and phenomena. Emotions? Machinery to turn other machinery. Thoughts? The same. Muscles, bone, flesh, blood, lymph — every integral, discrete anatomy? The same. The whole of us a machine ready to actuate other machines and be acted upon.

III

The sun is very low as I near home — low in the twilight sky. Man with his sly fingers might never weave a lace or tapestry to match this sky, these flocculent clouds, this commingling of mist and shadow, though a legion trolls helped him. Man might not even tell of it, for he could use only words. . . . Indefinable color, indefinable shadow; foam and lace and filigree — violet and orange and red of flame. The darkening buildings. In the east a penumbra beginning. The trundle of a cart down the cobblestones, the crackle of a motor, the shouting of children at play, the clear call of a boy or girl or giddy laughter. All these reach my heart at a time like this; sometimes it's like hearing a sweet simple song, a nostalgic melody — like a handclasp from a friend. A world of sweetness, a world of melancholy. I forget the heat.

And these thoughts, these emotions, a gesture of machinery? Nothing but coruscations, emanations, diminutive sparks and tonguing fires, obscure rumorous sounds in the mechanical

whirl of my skull? As Melville said, a philosopher has something wrong with his digester. Certainly he, the philosopher, is not a good mechanism, not a logical one. What lever am I that I should be bothered this way? It merely makes me sorry for existence, and this is unreasonable. I exist. I must continue to exist until some command other than my own bids me cease. My particular machinery is sparking, smoking too much; has to be stopped. All I must do, — it's so simple, — I must never interfere with the copper pennies, the tiny gnomes muscling in on the old gods. Every time the copper coins jingle I've got to stand ready. I am the complicate slot machine called man.

I do not mean to be ironic, bitter. I do not mean to complain. I do not want to whine. If my voice be too querulous, forgive me my weakness. I am fulfilling my existence — perhaps not strapped to the ever-circling Wheel of Life by immutable Karma, yet certainly to the Nitrogen Cycle by law I may as well call Karma or Kismet or what I will. I am merely good for living. Oh, do not deny.

To-night as I sit here at home, in my tiny hot front room, I know the moon is shining. I know the clouds are sailing. I know that somewhere there are the wide lake and the waves lapping, and the catalpa and oak and elm in the parks, and the smooth grass. I know that down town the skyscrapers are a poetry, the great beacon whirling overhead and the fountain throwing colored water, the iron fishes gleaming. People laughing, lights shining. The huge globe rotates, a circuit unending. I know that somewhere in this vast huddle of shadow and shadow, in this night-beleaguered city, I am, Maria is, Joseph is. We are here, palpable. We are happy.

Still, somewhere to-night a friend of mine or yours may be taking an overdose of veronal so that his heart will break — desiring death, pallid Proserpine. Somewhere a man dying in an alley or in a hospital or at home — men-folk all, puny men-folk. Innumerable are the graves beneath the stars. And in the stores and factories and offices, coining immortal money, women and men, tired organisms working, worn-out mechanisms and mechanisms wearing out. Keeping their souls in their bodies? Pray God, they have no souls. Electric lights burn and meters tick. Cars race up and down highways and scuttle up alleys. People pleasuring, working. Tired men and tired women. Soulless? Some, thank God.

We are the machines. We are civilization. Never in the world was the like of us. Kubla would have sent Marco Polo a million miles to see us — us, the machines. I have my duty; you have your duty — each one of us a cog, a pinion, a thrust rod. I run the Mogul that casts candy. You, with your tubes and lenses, examine it. You, over there, write up the money accounts in an indexed file. No. 1 . . . No. 2 . . . No. 3 — each so much, each this and each that. You, there, teach school. You have your duty, — university, college, high school, kindergarten, — train machines. You, over there, make booze, and you, there, are good at drinking it. You woman, you get married. You man, support her. Beget children. Beget machines.

I go to bed and the clock rings me out again. I eat because I'm a mechanism needing fuel. I run out of the door for my street car because miles away the time clock at the factory says tick, tick — and tick, tick is the voice of copper pennies. And copper pennies are my life.

Me, a little lever all by myself — one damned clever hunk of machinery. Never was the like of me.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM

A Conservative View

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

DURING a visit to Paris in 1907 I saw for the first time some sculpture by Maillol, and later I told Rodin how much I liked it. He said at once that, had he seen Maillol's work earlier, his own ideas of form would have been changed — generous terms in which to speak of one so much his junior. I was soon to find English sculptors to be more grudging in their recognition of fresh talent.

About this time a stranger came to see me, bringing a letter from Bernard Shaw. Epstein was a young sculptor with a powerful head and frame, determined-looking, enthusiastic. His people were Russians who lived in New York, he told me. He wanted to work in Europe, but he had no means. Shaw could n't help him, — he thought his drawings mad, like burnt furze bushes, he wrote, — but Epstein deemed I should think otherwise, so Shaw sent him to me. He showed me his drawings, illustrations to Walt Whitman, which were intense in feeling, if somewhat thin and tenuous. Judging from the style of the drawings, I believed he would find more sympathy in Paris or Berlin than in London. But Epstein replied he had reasons for wishing to work in London. For the moment he must go back to New York, but must somehow get back to England again.

A friend of Epstein told me that his parents would n't hear of his being an artist; if he remained in New York they would ruin his career. Perhaps if I wrote to them they might be persuaded. There was a brother, too, who might help. Of course I would write, but would a letter from me be of any use?

Somehow Epstein did manage to return from New York. I approached a Jewish society and persuaded them to help him; and, with further small contributions, he was just able to live and work for two years. With a small shed for a studio, he began to model Rodinesque figures, wanting in form, I thought, but with a strange and uncouth power. 'What you say about my work is true,' Epstein said; '*but* do not think that I am satisfied with what I have done myself. I know its faults, and if a regard for perfect form makes an artist a classicist, I am a classicist of classicists.'

To bring a work of sculpture to perfection needs, more than anything else, time; also peace of mind in which to work out and perfect what one is doing. Neither of these conditions had, as yet, been realized by Epstein. He regarded what he had done as unfinished and only craved the time and opportunity in which to work on them to better them.

Epstein never complained of having to live on a very small sum, but worked ceaselessly. Then came Adams and Holden, those paragons among architects, who were planning a new building for the British Medical Association. They at once realized Epstein's power and proposed he should fill certain spaces on the façade of their building with symbolic figures.

Directly Adams and Holden were able to assure him that the matter would go through, he took a suitable studio and set to work. It was a big undertaking to carve twelve figures, but he was full of courage. He found the work, as usual with sculptors, more costly than he had bargained for. I took Count Kessler to see it, hoping he might be interested; but it failed to move him. Epstein met with many difficulties while carrying out the work. To carve twelve life-size figures was no easy matter; but when the figures, depicting the birth and death of man, were uncovered, there was an uproar. Here was a sculptor who actually attempted to say, through his work, what he meant. This was not to be tolerated. For two centuries at least sculptors in England had been saying what they did n't mean with such skill that mere empty gesture had crystallized into a tradition. Mischievous people complained to the police, and there was talk of action being taken against Epstein.

After fourteen months' work on his figures, Epstein complained bitterly that, on the score of indecency, secret malice and enmity seemed likely to bring about the destruction of his conceptions. 'To have labored, conceived, and brought forth, to embody and make conceptions evident and then to have them destroyed and mutilated, would be damnable.'

Besides the architects, John, McEvoy and I wrote strong letters to the authorities defending Epstein, and finally the work was left undisturbed. 'My dear friend Rothenstein,' Epstein wrote, 'I am overjoyed at the splendid result of the meeting on Wednesday and I will go on now quietly to the end. Your letter made me very happy and this great wave of sympathy from everyone has filled me with happiness.' And, as usually happens, after all the fuss no further objection has ever been made, and the building with its figures remains one of the most significant examples of modern architecture in London. Epstein was now free to do other work. He made some admirable busts, of Mrs. Epstein, Mrs. McEvoy, and Mrs. Lamb; Lord Howard de Walden commissioned him to model his child, Lady Ottoline Morrell a garden piece. His worst difficulties were now over.

I admired much of Epstein's work, most of all when it was not too forceful. He has a tendency, common among contemporary artists, to give more power to his forms than they can comfortably carry — as though one pumped more air into a tire than it needed. But when Epstein is at his best, as, for instance, in the 'Lilian Shelley' in the Tate Gallery, where head and figure are beautifully designed, there is no modeling in England to compare with his.

But Epstein seems to me essentially a great portraitist. So much was said, both for and against his 'Rima' and the carvings on the British Medical Association building, that in the din of controversy no sane voice could be heard. Indeed, no sane man could comfortably speak either for or against a man and his work so immoderately attacked, so uncritically praised. Epstein is by nature a modeler rather than a stone carver. There is no magic in carving; makers of tombstones have never ceased to carve. Nor is

there anything derogatory in modeling in clay. Yet for the moment it would seem as though modeling were something inferior, and only carving were worthy of sculptors. Ruskin has written more wisely than anyone else about sculpture; he realized perfectly that roughness is necessary for work which is to be seen at a distance — a roughness which, from a distance, looks smooth. But Epstein's stone carvings look neither rough nor smooth; I doubt whether he would have modeled his figures thus had he been working for bronze.

An artist is the god of his own creations. It is his business, as creator, to give them strength, sanity, and health; if he makes them either too feeble or too inflated, they are unlikely to survive. A disciplined ecstasy is the finest gift of the gods to man; it is likewise the best an artist can give to the work of his hands.

Meanwhile another figure appeared who was destined, though no one suspected it then, to stand high among English sculptors. This was Eric Gill, who was not yet a sculptor, however, when I got to know him.

I had recently painted a portrait for Magdalen College, Oxford, of George Edward Baker, their bursar. A Latin inscription was to be added. I was no letterer, but my friend Noel Rooke told me of Gill, who had recently painted their shop sign in Paris for Messrs. W. H. Smith. Gill had been trained as an architect, after which he came under Lethaby's influence. He liked to think of himself as a working craftsman, his work anonymous as a blackbird's song; and he charged so much an hour for his work. His ideal at this time was to change the lettering of London street names, an aim which was realized later. He now painted the inscription I needed.

I was charmed by Gill's blithe temper and we became great friends. When we went to Vattetot in the summer, he joined us there. He was delighted with the barns, the carts, the flails still in use, and the reaping hooks; he played charmingly on the penny whistle, and astonished the visitors at Étretat, whenever we went there, with his sandals, his red beard, and his hatless head.

II

Augustus John had now left Liverpool and had joined Orpen in starting a school in Chelsea; which, proving successful, was to be taken over by some other painter. They were to be paid £200 for the good will on condition that they continued to teach. Scarcely was the agreement signed when John was again sounded about Liverpool, where there was talk of Lever founding a new University chair of art. John consulted me. 'An excellent proposal, dear John,' I said, 'but are n't you bound by your recent agreement?' 'Only morally,' was John's laconic reply.

John was wise to look to his painting for a living. The closer he kept to his easel, the better for himself and others; yet he was paid but little for his paintings. Even 'The Smiling Woman' found no purchaser for some time, and then the price for this masterpiece was only £60. Nature intended John to be a great improviser. To repaint did not suit his superb lyrical gifts, which were best expressed through swift and happy lines and the fresh bloom of an inspired brush. The neglect of his copious inventiveness, so perfectly adapted for the decoration of a theatre or concert hall, irked me. I pleaded with Beerbohm Tree to get John to decorate His Majesty's Theatre; who better than John understood the genius of Marlowe and Shakespeare? The

cost would not then have been great; and how great the loss! We think only of preservation, of acquisition — yet to employ John would be a more fruitful form of preservation and acquisition than the purchase of a new canvas for Trafalgar Square, or some early treasure for South Kensington. But we artists are largely to blame; we should not allow such unnatural conditions to continue without energetic protest.

Formerly there were no museums; but, through the fruitful use of artists and craftsmen, the people were familiar with the arts. To-day we turn a deaf ear to living song, while we provide, as it were, golden cages for stuffed birds. We have removed images from our churches, to bend the knee and burn incense before them in our museums. By all means let us treasure the works of the great creators; above all, artists are grateful for the inspiration they get from such. Certainly it is the first duty of each country to look after its own inheritance, and a museum provides safe keeping for treasures which otherwise might be ill cared for or even destroyed; herein it performs a national service. Further, it offers, for our inspiration and information, a selection of masterpieces illustrating man's past. But the greed, the scramble and rivalry among collectors and directors of museums for mere possession, has become an ugly, an unnatural thing. I read lately of a drawing by Dürer which Germany desired to retain; but we gloried in outbidding the Germans, paying for it an absurd price which we could as ill afford as they. Would not a good photograph have sufficed for the use of our scholars? Moreover, how many would notice the addition or absence of a single drawing among the riches we already possess? Our museums are as vast as public cemeteries, compared with the old churchyards, veritable cities of monuments. Each addition becomes more costly, more wearying and confusing to the visitor, and a further encouragement to restlessness and haste, where peace and leisure are needed.

What, I wonder, will future critics of our civilization say to this disproportion between the claims of the living spirit and the preservation of her past garments? For a new Titian, much repainted, £120,000 was lately paid — an annual rental of £6000 for a few feet of wall space! Such a sum, well spent, would enable many living artists and craftsmen to add to the national wealth. The museums, whose function was to improve taste and active craftsmanship, have created a lust for antiques and for that pleasing quality which time gives to the work of men's hands. The growth of 'antique' shops is a disquieting sign of the times; our best craftsmen, who should be supplying the needs of the many who desire to have good modern furniture, silver, and tableware, are retained to make forgeries or copies of past styles.

It is true that much bad decoration would result from public patronage; but from quantity comes quality. Not from villages but from crowded cities hails the superfluous energy which generates art. There was much indifferent painting and carving in mediæval Europe, so general was art; but without a great demand few glorious works would have been achieved.

III

I imagine the great split between the older and younger painters in England came about through the Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1910. I was away in India when that exciting show at the Grafton Gallery was held. Gill wrote to me: —

You are missing an awful excitement just now being provided for us in London; to wit: the exhibition of 'post-impressionists' now on at the Grafton Gallery. All the critics are tearing one another's eyes out over it and the sheep and the goats are inextricably mixed up. John says, 'It's a bloody show,' and Lady Ottoline says, 'Oh, charming!' As a matter of fact, those who like it show their pluck, and those who don't show either great intelligence or else great stupidity. The show quite obviously represents a reaction and transition, and so if, like Fry, you are a factor in that reaction and transition, then you like the show. If, like MacColl and Robert Ross, you are too inseparably connected with the things reacted against and the generation from which it is a transition, then you don't like it. If, on the other hand, you are like me and John, McEvoy and Epstein, then, feeling yourself beyond the reaction and beyond the transition, you have a right to feel superior to Mr. Henri Matisse (who is typical of the show — though Gauguin makes the biggest splash and Van Gogh the maddest) and can say you don't like it. But have you seen Mr. Matisse's sculpture? . . .

Yes, I had seen Matisse's sculpture in his studio at Paris. I could not pretend to like it, notwithstanding that Matisse gave an elaborate explanation of his intentions. It was massiveness and significance of form he aimed at. 'But is form merely massive?' I asked. 'May it not be alert as an animal resting is alert, ready to spring?' I little thought when I saw this first example of the newest sculpture what was to follow. Indeed, it was puzzling, knowing the charm of Maillol's virginal figures, to meet with this sudden move away from the smooth radiance of form, so akin to that which Renoir had shown in his paintings of young girls, which had replaced Rodin's more restless modeling.

Why this dour heaviness, this solemnity which one was now to meet with? What total absence of movement, what megalomania! These cubistic sculptors seemed to be suffering from what might be called elephantiresomeness. There is a story of a saint, a lady whom a Roman general desired to share his bed. The lady thereupon sat on the ground, and first one and then several slaves were called upon to move her; finally a whole regiment was ordered up, but still the lady sat immovable. I am reminded of this saint before the massive blocks that now are alone deemed suited to architecture — as though carving should not play, like a flame, about a building. Ornament is the flower of the human spirit; yet some frost has now nipped its bloom. Observe the flowering of the chestnut — as though ten thousand candles in praise of life were lighted on the tree. I believe the human spirit will flower again; when this tedious pedantry of inert mass shall have passed its dull and heavy record, time and weather will refine with their merciful patina. Time is the master artist, who, with a touch or two, gives grace and style even to poor witless apprentice work.

I had also seen Matisse's paintings in Paris — chiefly studio nudes. The nude was a Salon tradition; each annual Salon provided paintings of *Parisiennes* lying on divans in provocative poses, and each year reproductions of these brought a wide sale for the Salon catalogues. Matisse's nudes were the honest studies of a serious student with a sense of good painting who improvised well from the model, yet a student with no clear aim, with no imagination, and with little sense of composition. Pritchard, a friend from Lewes House, had taken me to Matisse's studio, and the Berensons introduced me to Leonard Stein and Gertrude, his sister, whose flat was full of Matisse's paintings. Matisse had given up his rather dry studies and was now painting violent forms with violent

colors. He was still an improviser from the model; an improviser of simple figures, for his gift was too slender to master the more complex difficulties with which the older painters were able to cope.

Here were powerful studies, but how they smelled of paint! And the red hair he painted was too crude a red, the black eyes too large and black, and the drawing was over-deliberate. But Matisse was very intelligent, a man to be reckoned with. He knew his museums, had looked about him with a discerning eye, and was aware of the charm, not only of improvisation, but of direct statement of pattern. So he aimed at giving on canvas something of the quality of design which Persian potters and tile painters gave to their deft, fecund brushwork. A large clumsy design of women dancing, a prominent work at the Post-Impressionist Exhibition, which might have been suitable enough for tiles, seemed to me quite unfitted for oil colors and canvas, materials adapted for representative painting. But Matisse happened to hit the taste of the time, when connoisseurs, scholars, and dilettanti brought up on museums were occupied with the comparison of styles and of schools, with attribution and denial of works to particular masters; and naturally such men are avid of theories which appeal to the mind, for the minds of experts are more sensitive and better trained than their eyes.

Henceforth criticism was to be occupied with a literary or philosophical interpretation of the arts, with elaborate theories about form which soon became popular among those who wished to be in the fashion. The imaginative side of the painter's nature was now condemned as 'literary'; and literary faculties were concentrated on painting and drawing which could not be understood without verbal explanation. The height of absurdity was achieved when, at one and the same time, representative art was to give way before significant form, and highly complex theories concerning the third dimension and of color values were evolved, which were now applied to Giotto and the primitives, who, according to the theorists, could have been as photographically accurate as modern painters had they wished; it was their conscious æsthetic choice which dictated their naïveté, not their place in time! Could anything be less 'unpsychological'? And at this time, when men pride themselves on their analytical insight!

But to-day the priest who knows all about God has been replaced by the expert who knows all about art; and the orthodox throng to hear the latest word on creation from men who do not create. Even Matisse must have tired of the doctrine, for he has dropped 'significant form' and distortion, to return to direct drawing and painting. A charming colorist is Matisse, and a lively draftsman. His aim is now a modest one; he remains true to simple studies, and has little ambition for any but a limited objective. He shoots his bolt; it may hit the target near the centre, but the target is very close to his bow.

Yet for a man to impress his vision, as Matisse has done, on his own generation is no mean thing. Always there are at the same time similar germs impregnating art, literature, science, and philosophy. Indeed, the fact that there is so general a response to Matisse's art is itself significant, though that response may be the result of confusion, or despair, or hesitation after a period of conviction, of sustained faith and hope. Perhaps, when our philosophers return to a belief in the relative truth of appearance, painters too will again concentrate on this shining symbol of reality. Meanwhile there is an intui-

tion among artists, in sympathy with that of our psychologists, that dynamic shapes, swift angles, and strong colors have a marked effect on our mood. The artists of the baroque period were well aware of this influence, and the early painters used horizontal and perpendicular forms to give dignity and repose to their panels and mural paintings.

This sense of the emotional power of pure shapes and colors was lost by the academic artists of the nineteenth century, and it was against their irresponsible picture-making that the Pre-Raphaelites and Impressionists protested. To-day the younger men in their turn react against what they regard as the tyranny of appearance. It is not for our academics who try to be historians or retailers of anecdote to point the finger of scorn at our 'moderns' who put blinkers on their eyes to follow philosophers and mathematicians. Yet what irony in the fact that the very painters and sculptors we are asked to cherish — since, disregarding romance and illustration, they alone give us pure art — turn their eyes away from appearance, to look, as it were, inward, producing art so incomprehensible that it must be expounded in books and articles by men of letters.

The same fate has befallen Cézanne, whose good, solid, and powerful painting is enveloped in a fog of sentimental mysticism. But a much stronger claim is made, by the younger artists, for Cézanne: that he has revolutionized the painter's approach to form, as no one since El Greco has done; that he looked at nature more profoundly than a mere surface painter like Velasquez did, and, taking visible form as his raw material merely, passed the natural images made on his eye through the shuttles of his mind, whence it was transformed into a new material, an organized pattern, significant, illuminating, born of the marriage of sight and intellect.

Cézanne's hand, through its very inability to translate form from eye to canvas without constant failure, was to project rhythm less obviously representative, less like what men call normal appearance, than that of a more skillful artist like Manet or Degas. A solitary and impassioned worker, he was also a thinker, who saw that the value of a great work of art lies in its uniqueness, in the fact that what the painter did, that he experienced; that each touch of his brush was born of will and sensitiveness, and so, through a series of single acts, it became fused into a whole. He too felt himself to be unique; only in solitude, through his own struggle, he finally asserts his reality. In this spirit, as though no problem had yet been solved, he worked throughout his life. This, I think, is the secret of the power that Cézanne's work has upon his successors. The best of those stirred by his influence will also feel their own uniqueness, and thus his example will lead to paintings, not like Cézanne's, but far otherwise.

The younger artists are much preoccupied with volume; yet, to my mind, Cézanne never saw clearly, as did Millet and Daumier, that the sense of mass comes from our perception that parts of form are turned toward and others away from the source of light. They learned this lesson, perhaps, from the old-fashioned cube, though more likely from their firm grasp of this simple principle. Artists who have important truths to impart need a clear system of æsthetic. Daumier and Millet expressed the sense of volume more clearly and more completely, perhaps, than any artists before or since their time; yet, because their æsthetic sensibility was used to present a more epic picture of the life of man than their followers conceived, the im-

portance of their formal qualities goes unrecognized. A generation that sanctifies the austere devotion of a Cézanne and acclaims a Picasso is not easy to comprehend. But men travel by different roads; some toil up mountain paths, others speed along smooth, broad ways through the valley. While one man looks out upon the landscape from a height, and sees a smooth sea, on whose bosom quiet islands rest, while around are hills, olive- and vine-clad, and all seems eternal peace, the ears of another are split with the noise and confusion of a village which, to that other, appears but as a fleck of white on the crest of a hill or the sweep of a valley.

The impulse to replace vision by intellectual reason began in France, but the Frenchman has an innate classicism which gives distinction to his form and design, whatever his principles may be. It was not until some years later that the germ of this doctrine was carried to England. The urge to create pure form is, maybe, the first among many impulses; but an artist must relate his abstract conceptions to the evidence of his senses, for, fallible though our senses may be, they are yet, as it were, a fixed point to which all experience may be related. Art and literature which do not combine form with human drama cannot satisfy mankind. The minds of artists are not so limited that they cannot both create form and associate it with those emotions attendant on man's pilgrimage through life which bring the arts within the orbit of common experience. There are signs, indeed, that this is again being realized by some of our younger painters. Interest in form for its own sake has never distinguished English painters.

To-day, standing aloof from the 'abstract' painters, there are a number of young artists who give fresh and vigorous attention to the life about them. In English painting there is something akin to the provincial flavor of Mark Rutherford's and Thomas Hardy's writing, an imaginative quality set down with reticence, yet by no means wanting in passion.

It is not always the men who are most discussed during their lifetime who to succeeding generations stand as the interpreters of their generation. There is still surprising creative vitality in Europe; yet one asks one's self, seeing how naturally rich and fertile is the artistic field, whether the publicity given to artists in vogue does not corrupt many young, ingenuous natures, who, but for influences forced on their notice, would do more personal, more scrupulous work. Yet advertisement itself offers scope for much ingenuity, and the effect of contemporary painting on design, on the quality and pattern of our fabrics, pottery, book illustrations, posters, book jackets, fashion plates, — indeed, on everything connected with the making of books and magazines, — has been highly stimulating. Elegance and finish, disdained by painters, are happily expressed in the minor arts; much that is inappropriate to canvas and paint is perfectly suited to the crafts, and herein Picasso's influence — I once called Picasso the gigolo of geometry — has been fruitful. We are singing, maybe, the swan song of luxury before a new social order sweeps it away.

IV

The glory of Western painting has been the compassing of great achievement. So low a standard of skill as now permits men to practise painting has not been known since the dark ages. Invention, a fresh outlook on art and on nature, is rightly praised; some amateurishness, some technical incapacity,

may be condoned when true passion, or genuine naïveté, is present. But the imitation of passion, the affectation of innocence, these have no worth, save in the eyes of critics and dilettanti, who assume that something which looks like an acknowledged work of art must share its qualities.

The original Impressionists and Pre-Raphaelites, for instance, remain, while their imitators have disappeared. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the followers of a sound master at least learned their trade as draftsmen, painters, or craftsmen, and could deal faithfully with the subject set them. Mulready, Landseer, Winterhalter, and Frith, painters who are now held in contempt, could do whatever their fancy bade them with a virtuosity denied to the 'moderns.' I have often been asked to recommend painters for portraits of women and children, but the grace and charm the early Victorian painters commanded are no longer within our compass.

No doubt contempt for skill arises from impatience with the triviality or unreality of aim and vision, for which the academic Victorians were especially blamed. There was trivial painting done, too, in the sixteenth century and after; hence the growing tendency to look back to early periods of art.

It is to my mind a fallacy based on comparison with later developments to insist on the more abstract quality of early painting and sculpture. Yet it is doubtful whether any art, even that which appears to us the most primitive, seemed simple when seen by contemporary eyes. Homer's description of the shield of Achilles denotes a highly realistic complex art; yet, could we now behold such a shield as Homer wrote of, we should deem it naïve and archaic. Stories of paintings which have come down to us — the birds pecking at the painted grapes, for example — point to an acceptance of painting as a completely representative art. Shakespeare's notion of a work of sculpture, in *The Winter's Tale*, suggests a like conception; and no doubt the Byzantine mosaics and illuminations appeared, to contemporary eyes, vivid and lifelike pictures.

We prefer the simple, direct, and naïve qualities of early painting and carving to the false heroics of later artists, and need something of the austerity and conviction of the earlier masters in our work to-day. But we must look for a more profound explanation of a phase which is too characteristic of modern art to be overlooked. We are faced with a persistent effort, an attempt to replace the thing seen by the evidence of the intellect. Many of us differ profoundly from this attitude as applied to the arts; but it is in harmony with the challenge to our senses which is more and more occupying the attention of our all-powerful physicists.

Foreign critics first began to entice painters toward a new atheism: the denial of the material world. Painters and sculptors are no longer to trust their eyes, but must consciously use their intellects. They are unlikely to attend long to such unwise counsel. Indeed, if artists listened to this unseductive song of a blue-stockinged Circe, their art (like Humpty Dumpty) not all the King's horses and all the King's men could again set up.

Artists, always touched by genuine innocence, envy certain qualities which children — and sometimes amateurs — show in their work, a directness of vision and expression which seem beyond the compass of their own subtler eyes and more complex experience. The *douanier* Rousseau's painting is typical of this ingenuousness; so are the paintings of many workingmen

in England. But the affectation of naïveté is always ridiculous. Formerly there were harlots who walked in Regent Street, clad in the short skirts of schoolgirls, with golden hair hanging down their backs, but which of these poor wantons showed the maiden's liquid eye and sparkling innocence? Yet quite clever people are deceived by a similar pretense in literature and art. Picasso, that sad æsthetic rake, spends each week-end with a different style; and how many young foreigners, who envy him his gallantry, he has debauched by his example! I sometimes wish certain English painters would be a little naughtier, after his fashion. I could wish them more faithful to their wives — more true to Mary Anne and more faithless to Cézanne. Their bourgeois fidelity to this last becomes tedious. Our originals all paint alike.

Though a modern painter can, through his own inner passion, give significance to the everyday things of life, I was possessed by the idea that some subject of common interest to artist and public as well was needed if a healthy interest in the arts was to be born again. Æsthetic and technical problems, an essential part of their craft, are chiefly of moment to artists. Popular interest comes from subject and its presentation; the finer sensibilities grow therefrom. It is thus, too, with literature; interest of story precedes the attraction of style. Moreover, the recognition of familiar things in the form of art pleases everyone. Painters know the countryman's pleasure when he sees a familiar figure or landmark represented on canvas. In a village hall, the local hedger and thatcher, the carter and ploughman, would be fitly portrayed against the familiar local landscape. In town or city, the notables, the Lord Mayor, Vice Chancellor of the University, Town Clerk, doctor, banker, warehouseman, and others could serve as models for contemporary or past local history. For this local talent, too, would be well employed, and here and there a local school of painting might grow up.

I pleaded with Sir Robert Morant to appoint in Yorkshire or Lancashire an inspiring artist to lead the way in some such direction, and when (in 1910) a committee sat to inquire into the scope of the Royal College of Art, I gave evidence toward this end. I still cling to this heresy; indeed, the later developments of painting and sculpture, so little individual, so akin in their cosmopolitan sameness to the European tailoring which is everywhere replacing dignified and beautiful local dress, have convinced me of the fruitlessness of mere æsthetic gesture.

Let an artist, by all means, work for *himself;* he has within him something which he, and no other, can say. But let him not confuse this honorable isolation with painting or carving or modeling to please the *cognoscenti*, the baggage followers and the women who follow the foreign campaigns. To win the favors of these last is to risk an artistic disease, one from which many paintings and carvings suffer. Were I asked to name it, I would call it collector's pox, a *mal de Chine*, or *d'Afrique.*

Style grows from within; it is intrinsic in all good work; it is the quiet good manners of art. You know a man by his speech, by his behavior, by his dress; by the same tokens well-bred painting may be recognized. 'How like commonplace is a masterpiece,' said Gauguin.

The desire for perfection other than that dictated by the client, who wants 'finish,' is innate in the artist. Perfection exists apart from accuracy; the Chinese or Japanese artist aims at precision of touch, at a suggestion of a

grace he finds in every blade of grass, in the bend of a bough, in the petals of a blossom. He who desires to achieve this sweeping finish should not, to my thinking, use oil paint, which entails a less immediate but more complex process, fitted to render visual truth. In comparison with the graphic arts, too much prestige is given to oil painting. The essence of art is drawing, whereby body and spirit can be most perfectly united. Indeed, through drawing 'the modern movement' has perhaps been most legitimately expressed. Even in the pages of fashion magazines, in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, the fine flower of modernity can be seen; some of the fashion plates have a quality akin to that of Greek vase painting.

While painting sometimes seems to be a lost art, the number of men who do excellent drawings is surprising. Eric Gill, John Nash, Eric Ravilious, Gwen Raverat, and Blair Hughes-Stanton have once again raised English wood engraving to a high level. Some of their white-line compositions are exquisite works of art. But the influence of Continental artists, of Matisse and Picasso especially, has seduced English painters from their old independence. Only a few among the younger painters have kept their birthright, notably Stanley and Gilbert Spencer.

Ten years before this, John had written to me from Paris: 'I wish you could be in Paris these days. I don't want to work — that is, not on anything I'm doing. I want to start something fresh and raw. I feel inclined to paint a nude in cadmium and indigo and orange. The "Indépendants" is *effroyable* — and yet one feels sometimes these chaps have blundered on something alive, without being able to master it.' John too, for a time, looked on life with an 'early' eye. As with other virile men, his mind and heart were at the same time complex and simple. How often one hears the tedious cliché, 'Though a great artist, he is so simple.' The simplest persons are the egoists, who think overmuch of themselves; a superior spirit has more complex motives, which sensitive feelings allow him to educate.

John's ardent soul dances before the ark of Leonardo and El Greco as it does before that of Giotto. He is a spiritual gypsy, and scorns the armchair thoughts of sluggish minds. Yet he takes his subjects by assault, never by cunning. Epstein has similar courage, but he has not John's lyrical genius; it is in the external world that he finds his inspiration. That one should be head over ears in love with some aspect of life is what matters. An artist who turns from his work to fulfill his duties as a citizen may feel he is wasting precious life; for he is more ashamed of telling untruth with his pencil than of fibbing and prevaricating among his neighbors. Yet how tell the truth about the rainbow, about a blossoming almond tree, the lights and shadows that sweep over the mountains, changing their shapes from moment to moment, about the sun, about the night hung with a million million stars?

Behold a tree. It has grown, a miracle of strength and complex beauty, from a tiny seed; the sun has drawn it upward, gravity has disciplined its growth, the winds have twined and twisted its branches against the sky — no painter can comprehend the complex laws which have woven its shape on their mysterious loom. But by subjecting himself intuitively to its appearance, by emptying himself and concentrating wholly on this shape and that, he may yet interpret the hidden forces of which the tree is the effective symbol.

How absurd to speak of realism as though objective painting were of necessity less interpretative of spirit

than illustrative, romantic, or abstract art. Creation is intuitive self-surrender, the entering into the thing loved. As the youth with the maid does not think of the miracle of childbirth that may ensue, or even of the beauty of the maid he clasps to him, but surrenders himself that he may unite, body and spirit, with her body and spirit, so the artist is oblivious of the final picture, and loses himself in active union with the object of his desire. This is the value of the work of art — it is the supreme surrender of self and at the same time an act of masculine virility.

Herein lies the impossibility of any wide understanding of art — indeed, the relative unimportance of understanding. Appreciation is one of the social amenities of life; creation alone has positive value. Hence the ancient difference betwixt critic and artist, between artist and public. Criticism is refined gossip. The truth between man and woman is known only to the two concerned, but is yet the occasion of infinite surmise by outsiders; so only the artist knows what ecstasy, what agony, possessed him when he knew — simple and significant word! — his subject. The truth between man and woman! If women told it, how many men would hide their heads! The true work of art wears on its surface, as it were, something akin to the radiance on the face of the satisfied woman.

Yet how easily, with what cheap deception, can the appreciator be humbugged! An artificial accent, the frequent use of modish slang, — 'top hole, fed up with, I simply love it, too devastating,' — offend a sensitive ear; but a similar accent and slang in the form of painting may seem the last word in refinement. Hence one prefers ignorant people to the initiated, who are too familiar with the shibboleths of Mayfair, Bloomsbury, and Chelsea to have preserved their ingenuousness. In the company of a few rare spirits we are possessed by our truest self; and we see the light, as through a prism, red, orange, yellow, and violet. To speak of these colors to others were, for the most part, in vain. One can be truthful only with one's equals; with those who have not his whole respect, the wise man is polite.

(Mr. Rothenstein's next paper will be made of intimate memories of Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and Walter de la Mare)

THE WORLD COURT SETTLES THE QUESTION

BY JOHN W. DAVIS

I

THE instinctive American reaction to the news that the World Court had been asked for an advisory opinion in the matter of the proposed customs union between Austria and Germany was that the Court would do well to put the stamp of its approval on the customs union. The average American editor expressed the characteristic impression of the man in the street that the customs union was probably an excellent step, a first move toward breaking down the artificial tariff barriers from which Europe and the world are suffering. France, it was felt, as leading advocate of the idea of a United States of Europe, could not properly object to this concrete step toward economic recovery. Besides the feeling that Austria must certainly get help from some quarter, and that Germany should be permitted by the rest of the world to take any and all steps that would place her in a position to pay her debts, there also came into play the characteristically American philosophy that two sovereign states should be allowed to limit their own sovereignty in any way they chose without the prior consent of third parties or the sanction of any court.

These entirely natural feelings were freely expressed last May in complete disregard of the fact that the Court would have no opportunity whatever to pass upon the very interesting question of the desirability or undesirability of the customs union proposed by the Vienna Protocol of March 1931, or its advantages or disadvantages to the future of Austria, of Germany, of Europe or the world at large. As a matter of fact, the Court was asked to pass merely upon the compatibility of three treaties, and to decide whether Austria's undertakings in the customs pact of 1931 were or were not compatible with the international obligations assumed by Austria in Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain and in the first Geneva Protocol of 1922, the latter made at the time of the reconstruction loans to Austria. Germany is not, of course, a signatory to either of these earlier treaties, and therefore the legal propriety of Germany's action was not included in the question put to the Court. The neat question upon which the Court was asked to give its advisory opinion was as follows: —

> Would a régime established between Austria and Germany on the basis and within the limits of the principles laid down by the protocol of March 19, 1931, be compatible with Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain and with Protocol Number 1 signed at Geneva on October 4, 1922?

In short, the Court was faced with the necessity of interpreting and compar-

ing certain explicit agreements, not of announcing its opinion upon the policies they pressed.

It was natural enough, however, that this point should be entirely missed by the public consciousness of this country — and apparently of Europe as well, if one may judge from editorial comment there. The public had not before it the text of the question or the text of the treaties. It knew only that what seemed a desirable measure hung in the balance. And when, on September 5, the Court gave its opinion, the public felt some disappointment that this apparently desirable measure had been disapproved. The Court was assumed to have 'declared against the customs union,' and the protest against its opinion was immediate and voluminous. To the popular mind a blow had been struck at the cause of economic recovery, if not at the principle of the sovereignty of states — and, by the same token, at the prestige of the Court.

I shall not be so rash as to assert that the public reaction would have been different if it had, between May and September, been made clear from every rostrum in the country that the Court was passing merely upon the compatibility of certain treaties and not upon the desirability *per se* of the proposed customs union. In this country, perhaps in most countries, the general public is characteristically impatient of an adverse judicial determination of any problem that ramifies widely into social and economic life. The public consciousness is, often very healthfully, on the alert to detect a partial or narrowly legalistic attitude toward a question. The average citizen, moreover, jealously maintains his inalienable right to see the issue in a wider sense than that in which it could possibly come before any court. And by the practical event he is inclined to weigh not merely the Court's wisdom, but not infrequently its judicial integrity.

In the case of the present opinion, some of those who have abstained from ascribing the Court's finding to political motives have nevertheless deplored the Court's narrow conception of its function. Say they, in effect, 'The Court had an opportunity to do good and did not avail itself of the opportunity.' Even some of the commentators whose training and experience would seem to imply capacity to understand the sharp limitations of the question before the Court and the nature of the judicial function itself have apparently felt this to be one of those cases in which, looking to the equities, the Court, in order to achieve a great right, might have ventured to do a little juridical wrong. Those who make a virtue of decrying 'legalistic' tendencies find it easy to believe that most documents can be construed one way as easily as another, and that therefore not to 'choose' the way that leads to the happiest result is at best a great pity, and at worst evidence of lack of judicial integrity.

In the Austro-German case the division of the judges, with the judge from France on the majority side and the judges of England, Germany, the United States, and Japan upon the other, has offered dramatic opportunity for voicing hasty conclusions and prejudices. Any presumption that the judges acted as judges and not as national representatives has been entirely left out of the reckoning by certain critics. That portion of the public which never had directed its gaze to the nature of the question upon which the Court was passing, or to the legal basis of the Court's finding or to the closeness and difficulty of the question presented, has focused its attention entirely on two lists of judges assumed to be

'representing' their countries in the position they took rather than working out for themselves a legal conclusion based on rational grounds. This assumption that political desires rather than judicial deliberation motivated the Court leads naturally enough to such loose speculations and comment as that the decision is in the spirit of the Versailles and Saint-Germain treaties rather than in the spirit of post-war sanity; that the majority opinion was dominated by the French policy of restraining the restoration of German influence, and the minority opinion was dominated by the governments disposed to assist German restoration; that the opinion represents a triumph of French financial prestige; that it dramatizes the imperialistic attitude of France toward the great modern movement to lower customs barriers; that it subtly attacks the whole conception of a United States of Europe advanced by France herself; that the division illustrates the Latin versus Nordic cleavage, as to outlook on law and on life, and so on and so on. All of which speculations and inferences are sufficiently natural if we allow the original premise that the judges, having regard to national prejudices, voted like ordinary politicians for the folks back home.

The confusion caused by criticism of the above type is worse confounded by certain attempts at 'defense.' The defenders accept the probability that political motives largely affected the decision, but they become worldly and philosophical about it. They point out that no impossible standards of perfection should be set up for this international Court; that judges are not, after all, archangels; that the donning of the ermine does not automatically release its wearer from the natural tug of political influences; that in no court in the world are judges able to dissociate themselves 100 per cent from their inherited prejudices; that this Court is in its early years; and that if we followed the policy of doing away with a court because it had been accused of responding to sectional or political influence we should have abolished our own Supreme Court years ago. The more 'philosophical' of the defenders enunciate as doctrine that most courts in the end respond to the pressure of opinion and events, and should arouse no wonder by so doing; and the less philosophical hold that the real error probably lay in expecting *any* court to be able to rule on a question in which politics and law are inextricably mingled.

All of this 'defense' of whatever nature seems to me quite beside the point for exactly the reason that impairs the criticisms cited above. Both rest not upon a study of the case, upon analysis of the reasoning, but upon an *a posteriori* assumption that the Court failed. It would be a sheer waste of effort to attempt to answer a mass of speculative criticism that entirely ignores the question the Court was passing on, the history of the case, the content of the pleadings, and the complex nature of the opinions finally arrived at by groups within the Court. The comments touched upon above, if cited fully, would soon answer themselves by their contradictions. I have read comments 'proving' that the majority met the legal question and the minority did not; and, from apparently as competent sources, comments proving that the minority was guided by law and the majority by politics. The fantastic attempt to demonstrate a Latin-Nordic line-up shows the need to beware of the extremists on both sides. I submit that the only fair and rational ground on which to explain the line-up of the

judges is the assumption that the judges acted first of all as judges, and split, as judges will and must and do, upon questions clearly susceptible of different conclusions.

I am prepared to maintain that in the present instance the Court worked out a difficult case juridically, and moreover that the majority arrived at what, in my humble judgment, is the sounder result. If the minority opinion had prevailed, I should, while not wholly agreeing with it, still be able to understand the reasoning by which it was reached. The test of soundness is certainly not unanimity. If we have come to the point where we challenge the existence of courts because the judges differ materially, we shall have to rewrite history. It is high time that the public attention vouchsafed to this case should be led back to the essential considerations: (1) What was the question with which the Court was called to deal? (2) Was that question sufficiently difficult and close to make possible and natural a cleavage upon purely juridical lines? Those students who incline, as do I, to the conclusion that the Court's decision is correct will not find it less sound because the French judge voted for it, however much they may approve or disapprove the French political outlook and what they may choose to consider the present French tendency to sit on the lid that covers a reviving or at least a struggling Germany and Austria.

It may be that a genuine study of this case is exactly what some of the most articulate critics of it hope to avoid — for themselves and for others. For so soon as it is understood it ceases to be available as ammunition; and the opponents of the adherence of the United States to the Court have made it clear that, to their minds, this decision has rolled a marvelous train of ammunition into their camp. Indeed, if one may judge by certain expressions in the public prints, the friends of the Court have lost by this opinion a great deal that they never had. The gifted enemies of the Court have persistently shown a flexible capacity for seizing upon attractive new reasons for old positions. But what the situation, with these, amounts to (to paraphrase the words of Mr. Dooley) is that those who have been against the Court in all circumstances are now opposed to it in any circumstances. That is all.

Those of more open mind, however, and those honest students and observers who have been puzzled or chagrined by the Court's opinion in this case, may properly be invited to consider the case as the Court had it, and not the fancied case that some would seek to depict.

II

The majority opinion finds that the terms of the Vienna protocol of 1931 are incompatible with the First Geneva Protocol of 1922. Six of the majority conclude that the Vienna protocol is incompatible as well with Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain of 1919. Anzilotti arrives at this same conclusion, though by an independent line of reasoning, developed in a separate opinion. The minority opinion contends that the customs pact is not incompatible with either the Treaty of Saint-Germain or the First Geneva Protocol. After a study of all of these opinions and of the texts on which they are based, I not only find enough fully to justify the decision, but I find nothing whatever to warrant the conclusion that the eight judges in the majority were guided by political motives from which the seven in the minority were miraculously delivered.

It is in point to review briefly the earlier engagements of Austria, which

it was claimed the customs pact would contravene, and the conditions under which they were exacted and made. Let us take as first in order the Treaty of Saint-Germain. When, at the end of the war, various nations or national elements that had been incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, like Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, were set up as independent nations, the economic situation of the remnant of Austria became very difficult, and a movement began, which, as we all know, is still continuing, for the Anschluss, or the incorporation of Austria with Germany. The Allies, then determining the conditions of peace at the Paris Conference, felt, whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial here, that it was essential to the future peace of Europe that Austria should continue as a wholly independent state. A provision to that effect was incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles (Article 80),[1] in which Germany acknowledged and agreed to respect the independence of Austria within the frontiers to be fixed for it in a treaty between Austria and the Allies, and agreed that this independence should be inalienable, except with the consent of the Council. Nevertheless the Anschluss movement continued to grow. Soon after the Versailles Treaty had been signed, but before it had gone into effect by the deposit of ratifications, a new constitution for Germany was adopted at Weimar, which contained a provision for the representation of 'German Austria' in the Reichsrat 'after its reunion with the German Empire.' The Allies at once sent a letter of protest to the German delegation, calling this provision a violation of Article 80; and Germany thereupon signed a formal declaration admitting that this provision was null and void. A few days later the Treaty of Saint-Germain, making peace with Austria, was signed; in Article 88 it provides that

> the independence of Austria is inalienable otherwise than with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations. Consequently Austria undertakes in the absence of the consent of said Council to abstain from every act which might directly or indirectly or by any means whatever compromise her independence, particularly, and until her admission to membership of the League of Nations, by participation in the affairs of another Power.

A few weeks thereafter, in response to an appeal from the Austrian Chancellor in connection with separatist movements, the Supreme Council of the Allies adopted a resolution showing the official interpretation they put on this article, which declared that they would oppose any step that would be calculated to violate the integrity of Austrian territory, 'or which, contrary to the provisions of Article 88, would have the effect of compromising in any way, directly or indirectly, the political and economic independence of Austria.' This was after the treaty had been signed, but before it had been ratified.

Note, if you please, the sweeping language employed in this Article 88. It declares not merely that the independence of Austria shall be inalienable without the consent of the Council, but that Austria shall abstain from 'every act' which might 'directly or indirectly' or 'by any means whatever' either alienate or even 'compromise' her independence. No terms more all-embracing could possibly have been found.

And here we may pause to ask, as the Court did, what is meant by this

[1] Article 80, Treaty of Versailles: 'Germany acknowledges and will respect strictly the independence of Austria within the frontiers which may be fixed in a Treaty between that State and the Principal Allied and Associated Powers; she agrees that this independence shall be inalienable except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.'

word 'independence,' this thing so jealously guarded under the terms of the treaty; for it is precisely in the definition of this term that the divergence between the majority and minority of the Court most clearly appears. The minority, while conceding that the word has received diversified definitions, approaches the matter from the negative angle. They define what it is by declaring what it is not. They conclude that

> a state would not be independent in the legal sense if it was placed in a condition of dependence on another power — if it ceased itself to exercise within *its own territory* the *summa potestas* or sovereignty, i.e., if it lost the right to exercise its own judgment in coming to the decisions which the *government of its territory entails*. Restrictions on its liberty of action which a state may agree to do not affect its independence, provided that the state does not thereby deprive itself of its *organic* powers.

And so, while fully accepting the view of their colleagues that when the Treaty used the word 'compromise' it meant 'involve danger to' or 'endanger' or 'imperil,' they hold that before any act can come within the condemnation of the treaty it must imperil the continued existence of Austria as a state capable of exercising within its territory all the powers of an independent state as above defined.

Now this definition seems to me, with all due respect, not only to be too narrow in point of international law, but, when applied to the case under consideration, to beg the whole question with which the Court was called to deal. It is too narrow in point of law, for independence surely means something more than dominion over a given territory, or the inhabitants it contains. States act abroad as well as at home, and their policies are both foreign and domestic. Independence means also something more than the naked possession of those organic powers necessary to constitute a state. States may retain their powers as political organisms and yet have so 'compromised' or bargained away their freedom of action that, although they have kept the outward shell of independence, they have lost in fact its substance. Sir Frederick Smith (afterward Lord Birkenhead), one of the most brilliant Englishmen of our day, puts the true conception in his work on International Law: —

> An independent State is entitled to live its own life in its own way, the sole judge within the law of its domestic government and its foreign policy.

Or, if I may add without becoming tiresome a quotation from a standard American authority, Hall on International Law: —

> Independence is the power of giving effect to the decisions of a will that is free in so far as absence of restraint by other persons is concerned. The right of independence, therefore, in its largest extent, is a right possessed by a state to exercise its will without interference on the part of foreign states, in all matters and upon all occasions with reference to which it acts as an independent community.

I can find no fault, therefore, with the majority of the Court in their holding that the independence of Austria, within the terms of the Treaty of Saint-Germain as well as of the Geneva Protocol, means 'the continued existence of Austria within her present frontiers as a separate State, with *sole right of decision* in all matters economic, political, financial or other.' And having in view the circumstances attending the making of the treaty as well as the sweeping language employed, I find it hard to believe that the contracting parties understood the word in any more limited sense.

It does not advance the argument,

but merely begs the question at issue, to say, as do the minority of the Court in the quotation I have given, that 'restrictions on its liberty of action which a state may agree to do not affect its independence.' Yet this sentence, with the idea it conveys, is the hinge on which the whole dissenting opinion turns. Of course an independent state can enter into such contracts or treaties as it chooses. It can limit its freedom of action in many ways without actually depriving itself of its 'organic' powers. It can make offensive and defensive alliances, both military and commercial; it can submit to the will of a stronger power in order to secure that power's protection; it can grant to other states monopolies over its commerce; it can alienate parts of its territory; in many other ways short of absolute surrender it can compromise or endanger or imperil its independence — all in pursuit of its own free will. None of these things, however, can it lawfully do if it has previously agreed to the contrary. For, as Vattel puts it: 'A sovereign who is already bound by one treaty cannot enter into others in conflict with the first.' So if Austria definitely agreed, as surely she did in the Treaty of Saint-Germain, that she would not surrender in any way her liberty of action without the consent of the Council of the League, it is quite beside the point to consider what she or any other state might have done if no such promise had been made. To say that Austria freely consented to the customs union does not aid at all in determining whether she could remain entirely free after the union had been formed.

Coming back from this quite necessary digression to the second of the treaties under consideration, it appears that the obligations of the Treaty of Saint-Germain were repeated, and more extensively defined, in the First Geneva Protocol of 1922 when France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Great Britain made the so-called reconstruction loans to Austria, then in great financial difficulties. By this protocol, the four powers — with Spain and Belgium, who afterward acceded to the protocol — on their part undertake 'for the protection of the interests of the creditors and of the guarantor States' to

> 'respect the political independence, the territorial integrity and the sovereignty of Austria'; and not to 'seek to obtain any special or exclusive economic or financial advantage calculated directly or indirectly to compromise that independence.' They further agree, 'should occasion arise,' to appeal 'either individually or collectively to the Council of the League,' and to conform to the decisions of the Council.

Austria, on the other hand, engages

> in accordance with Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain not to alienate its independence; it will abstain from any negotiations or from any economic or financial engagement calculated directly or indirectly to compromise this independence.
>
> This undertaking shall not prevent Austria from maintaining, subject to the provisions of the Treaty of Saint-Germain, her freedom in the matter of customs tariffs and commercial or financial agreements, and, in general, in all matters relating to her economic régime or her commercial relations, providing always that she shall not violate her economic independence by granting to any state a special régime or exclusive advantage calculated to threaten this independence.

This, then, was the situation. Germany had agreed in the Versailles Treaty that Austria's independence was inalienable otherwise than with the consent of the Council; Austria had agreed to the same thing in the Treaty of Saint-Germain, with the further promise that, in the absence of the Council's consent, she would ab-

stain from any act which might directly or indirectly compromise this independence, and still later, in the Geneva Protocol, that she would abstain even from any negotiations or economic or financial engagements calculated directly or indirectly to compromise it, and moreover that she would not violate her economic independence by granting to any state a special régime or exclusive advantages calculated to threaten this independence. It was in the face of these covenants that the two nations announced last March their agreement to form a customs union on the basis of the principles contained in the Vienna Protocol of March 19, 1931. The consent of the Council was not asked. The action was protested as in violation of the treaties. On the motion of Great Britain, an advisory opinion was requested from the Court.

The customs union contemplated by this protocol is, as the mere reading of it will show, of the most thoroughgoing and finished character. In so far as it abolished all import and export duties between the parties while maintaining them against those not covered by a similar arrangement, it is confessedly a special régime of a reciprocally exclusive character. The mere fact that the parties express a willingness to negotiate in similar terms with other powers does not destroy the exclusive advantages of the arrangement in the meantime. Although it is true that each state must necessarily put the agreed tariff into force in its own territory by its own legislative and executive agencies, it is covenanted that the states shall act concurrently in doing so and that no amendments can be made to the tariff law or customs tariff without mutual consent. Internal customs duties, their rates, duration, and categories, the turn-over tax and the exchange of goods covered by monopolies or excise duties in either country, are to be the subject not of independent action but of joint agreement. The duties received in the joint area are not to belong to the state collecting them, but are to be apportioned according to an agreed quota.

When it comes to arrangements to be made with other states, Article 9 of the protocol — somewhat blandly, it would seem — reserves to each of the two governments 'in principle' the right to conclude commercial treaties with third states on its own behalf. Yet immediately all the vitality is sucked out of this ostensible right by the spirit, if not the exact letter, of the two succeeding paragraphs. One of these obligates each state to see that the interests of the other are not violated in any negotiations with third states. The other provides that 'so far as it seems opportune and possible' (and one can hardly imagine when or how it would be otherwise), 'with a view to effecting a simple, speedy and *uniform* settlement of the commercial arrangements with third states,' they will jointly negotiate and simultaneously ratify their commercial treaties with other nations. The language of treaties often stops by design somewhat short of expressing the real intent; but it requires no deep insight to penetrate the meaning here or to foresee the inevitable result that waits upon these words. They can mean nothing else but that the parties henceforth are to make commercial war and commercial peace by concerted action, together and not alone.

Finally, for those cases in which the customs treaty requires an agreement between the parties or the consent of the one or the other, a joint Arbitral Committee is to be set up which shall have power by majority vote — with a casting vote by its President in case of

a tie — to effect, when consent has failed, a compromise through its own binding decision, which shall stand in place of the agreement or consent of the unwilling party; leaving, it is true, to either government the right to terminate the treaty upon six months' notice if a decision of the Committee infringes 'its vital economic interests.' The minority opinion as to this point merely observes that any arrangement that provides for the friendly settlement of differences, whether justiciable or not, can hardly in these days be said to be calculated to threaten the independence of the states concerned. This may all be true, and yet this plausible general observation seems to me to take no account of the especial powers vested in this Arbitral Committee.

Such, in bare outline, is the régime which the protocol proposes to establish. The minority judges, in an attempt to point out the divergence between themselves and their colleagues of the majority, say: —

> If this [the majority opinion] means that the conclusion of a customs union between two states, *irrespective of the details of the arrangement*, involves danger to the independence of the states concerned, it is an opinion which the undersigned are unable to accept.

This would seem to be perfectly obvious, but it is precisely the details of this proposed arrangement which come on to be judged, since by these details the régime itself is defined.

For my part, I should have no difficulty whatever in concluding that both by its express terms and by its probable consequences the régime would compromise, endanger, imperil, threaten, — to use the words on which the majority and the minority of the Court were agreed, — that economic independence, that unfettered freedom of will and of decision, which, lacking the consent of the Council, Austria had solemnly covenanted to preserve inviolate. The minority opinion takes the view that the protocol does not contemplate a 'customs fusion,' but merely an 'assimilation' of the tariff and economic policies of the two countries — 'i.e., each of the two countries will have its own policy, but the two will coincide.' With the greatest respect to the distinguished jurists who employed these phrases, they seem, when we view the terms of the agreement and the surrounding circumstances, to be a mere play upon words. It is far more accurate to say that neither country is to have its own policy, but both are to have the joint policy and the joint policy alone.

All the judges of whatever shade of opinion were agreed that the Court must consider the proposed customs treaty from a practical standpoint, weighing those consequences which might reasonably be foreseen. They were not dealing with mere legal subtleties and abstractions. All of them likewise agreed that they were concerned solely with the law and not with political considerations or questions of policy. Judge Anzilotti concurred with the conclusion of the majority, but struck out on a line of reasoning of his own, occupying in some respects a middle ground between the two major groups into which the Court was divided. But in the light of those facts of general and universal knowledge which courts no more than laymen are permitted to ignore, it takes no use of the imagination to conclude with him that, 'in view of the great disproportion in the economic strengths of Germany and Austria, it must be regarded as reasonably probable that Austria's economic life would sooner or later become dependent upon Germany's.' The protocol is scrupulous in using terms of

equality between the parties; but in a partnership like this, Austria, with her pronounced inferiority in area, in population, in wealth, in trade, would seem to be foredoomed forever to play a minor and an increasingly subordinate rôle.

Let us put an analogy. Suppose, instead of being related to commerce and customs, this Vienna Protocol had undertaken to deal with matters of armament and defense. I choose this illustration because there is something about military contracts that makes their results easier to foretell than those that deal with commerce and finance, although the operation of the latter may be just as inexorable. An agreement is proposed between these same parties, let us say, for a common military policy; a common armament to be distributed on a quota basis; a joint negotiation of treaties of offense and defense with other powers; a covenant to protect each the other's interest in any treaty made; and finally a joint general staff to determine without appeal the common action when the governments themselves were unable to agree. Who would be prepared to say that such a plan would not compromise or threaten the independence and free will of Austria and thus violate the pledges she had given?

III

It is regrettable, but certainly not discouraging, that the Court was unable to reach a unanimous decision and that the division was so close as eight to seven. A counsel of perfection would suggest that judges should always be able to reach a concordant opinion. It does not turn out that way, however, in real life, not even in America. If you doubt it, ask any American lawyer, or read for yourself the long list of five-to-four decisions by which so august and respected a body as the Supreme Court of the United States has disposed of matters of the most vital consequence. Such happenings are due, in part, to the inescapable fact that men's minds are not cast in a common mould. If they were, one judge on a court of last resort would do as well as a dozen. Commonly these things occur because the questions under consideration are close and difficult, and the arguments for and against one or the other conclusion are so nicely poised that honest minds can honestly disagree. There is ample explanation in this for the situation we are discussing.

The eight judges who gave the majority opinion in this Austro-German case, with the country of their nationality, were Fromageot (France), Anzilotti (Italy), Rostworowski (Poland), Guerrero (Salvador), Altamira (Spain), Urrutia (Colombia), Negulesco (Rumania), De Bustamante (Cuba). Those of the minority were Adatci (Japan), Kellogg (United States), Rolin-Jacquemyns (Belgium), Hurst (Great Britain), Schücking (Germany), Van Eysinga (Netherlands), Wang (China). It would wreck the creative fancy of the most jaundiced critic to frame a theory that would explain that grouping on political or national grounds.

Is it the friends of France against the friends of Germany? Well, granted that Poland and Rumania are bound to France by military ties, how did she lose and Germany gain the vote of Belgium, who not only speaks the French language, but since the war, of which she was so great a victim, has thrown off her neutrality and made with France a military alliance offensive and defensive? Italy and Spain are not popularly supposed at the moment to be especially Francophile. While I fancy the American judge would be the first to protest that he was

not moved to his conclusion by dislike of France or sympathy for Germany.

Is it national interest? Admit, if you choose, that there are countries in Europe who for commercial as well as military reasons of their own would prefer to have Germany and Austria kept apart. Yet what earthly interest has Colombia or Salvador or Cuba in their continued separation? Or, for that matter, what interest have China and Japan in putting them together? And how does it come that, although Spain and Belgium both adhered to the Geneva Protocol of 1922 and may both be supposed to desire its absolute observance, a Spanish judge voted with the majority and a Belgian judge on the other side?

Is it racial tendencies, the Latins against the Nordics? If so, whence do the Poles derive their Latin blood or China and Japan their Nordic strain? Is it a clash of legal systems — those schooled under the Roman or civil law on the one side, and those under the codes of Germany or Japan or under the common law of England on the other? Hardly, for without stopping to show how impossible it is to apply this classification to the diverse systems of the various countries in question, it is enough to say that the most microscopic analysis of these various opinions would not enable one ignorant of the personality of the author to say under which, if under either, system he was trained.

Finally, does the Court speak by sheer weight of numbers or political power? If so, it is curious to observe that the countries supposedly 'represented' by the dissenting judges have ten times the political and economic power of those who composed the majority.

I repeat and repeat again that there is but one tenable theory upon which the division of the Court can be explained, and that is that these men, conscious of their responsibility and the dignity of their high office, met like judges, listened like judges, deliberated and decided like judges, and — differed like judges. The only explanation that does not involve absurd contradictions and discrepancies is the simple explanation that a hard case was worked out with entire juridical integrity.

An interesting side light is thrown upon the close character of the question at issue by the results of a recent inquiry addressed to a group of American judges, professors, deans, and presidents in schools of international law, jurisprudence, and history, requesting their comment on the opinion after a study of it and the pertinent documents. Out of sixty-three answers returned by these select and competent correspondents, twenty-nine announced their sympathy with the minority in its opinion and thirty-four with the majority. It is fair to add by way of emphasis that of those who thought that the majority had reasoned correctly a number declared themselves in principle none the less in favor of the Anschluss. The proportionate division within this group is singularly like the division in the Court itself.

IV

The practical effect of the Court's opinion, of course, was merely to return to the Council the right to decide the ultimate fate of the proposed customs union. That body had under the treaties the unquestioned power to validate the agreement by giving its consent. As a matter of fact, its consent was never invoked, for two days before the Court's opinion appeared Austria and Germany publicly renounced the proposed customs union. What moved them to this step we do not know.

Whether their dependence upon amicable financial relations with all their neighbors had become increasingly apparent in the intervening months; whether they no longer wished to challenge the hostile opinion which the publication of the protocol had invoked; whether the difficulties of the arrangement had come to seem more apparent and its advantages less obvious; or whether they sensed the adverse trend of the Court itself — all this is matter of pure conjecture.

But although the occasion for the opinion had passed before it came, the outstanding fact remains that a judicial determination of a vexed and dangerous question was achieved in a judicial way. It was a question not only attended by difficulty, but surcharged with deep national feeling. The Treaty of Saint-Germain and the First Geneva Protocol arose out of the compulsory adjustments and the cruel needs that follow war. The Vienna Protocol of last March reflected the not unnatural impulse and desire of Austria and Germany to surmount the disabilities those treaties had imposed. Much of the argument made to the Court on Austria's behalf was directed to depicting her difficult situation since the war. Her plight is truly tragic, and it may well be that it calls for some alteration of the treaty of peace. It may also be that, with the knowledge which the years have brought, the treaty would be written differently were it to be written to-day. But these are matters for statesmen, not for courts. The function of the latter, as the judges in the present case clearly perceived, is to declare the scope and effect of the agreements made, leaving to other agencies their alteration or repeal.

Even if the correctness of the Court's deliverance through its majority were more doubtful than I suppose it to be, I should still think it a great advance that a question so embroiled had been referred to the Court instead of being left to the arbitrament of force as the rival alternative. It is a welcome sign of progress that great nations were willing to submit to the Court matters of such vital consequence and reason out their case before it in open argument and debate. The decision of the World Court in the Austro-German case will stand in history for what it is — a decision sound in itself and a milestone on the path to the final reign of law. Whatever criticism or protest it may have evoked to-day will soon be of purely antiquarian interest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Electing Colonel Bogey

We have just had an election in my part of the country. I did not vote. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself. I suppose I am ashamed of myself. But listen.

The electoral district in which I reside is a respectable suburb. It is almost entirely populated by respectable suburbanites. All respectable suburbanites, here as elsewhere, belong to the same political party. This district has elected a representative of that political party ever since it began to elect anybody. It will continue to do so until the party ceases to be respectable and suburbanite.

So I did not bother to vote. It would n't have mattered at all if I had. But I am not satisfied with the fact that I did not vote, or with the system which rendered it practically useless for me to go to the trouble of voting. And I have worked out an election system which might do something to remedy that situation.

I have decided to call it the Colonel Bogey System, owing to the fact that it bears a close resemblance to the system in which the doughty colonel is employed in the game of golf. My proposal is that a registered voter who does not vote and who fails to file with the election officers a declaration of reasons for not voting shall be considered as voting in favor of the non-representation of his electoral district. If more electors thus abstain from voting than vote for the leading candidate, the district goes without a member. Colonel Bogey is declared elected.

The idea that every electoral district must have a human representative in the legislative body is all wrong. It originated in the early days of democracy, before it had ever occurred to anybody that large numbers of people possessing that priceless asset, the ballot, would care so little about it that they would not even walk around the corner and mark a paper. Now that we know that there are large numbers of people who care so little about it, it is time we gave them a chance to express their don't-care attitude (if they are a majority of the electors of their district) in the composition of the legislative body. We are not disfranchising anybody. We are simply giving a majority in any electoral district the power to disfranchise itself.

A district containing twelve thousand electors, of whom four thousand vote for one candidate and two thousand for another, while six thousand do not vote at all, is far more accurately represented in the legislature by no member than by the man who got only four thousand votes. Yet under the existing system the four-thousand-vote man goes to the legislature and exercises exactly the same powers as the man from the next district who got eight thousand votes. It is more logical, and more just, that the first district should have no member at all.

Under this system there would be no uncontested elections, for Colonel Bogey (or Nemo, or the Unknown Candidate, if you don't like my nomenclature) would always have to be reckoned with, and even if only one live human being were put in nomination it would still be necessary for his supporters to go to the polls to the number of at least half of the registered electorate, or the seat would go to the Colonel. This would involve a change in the tactics of the minority party in districts where the result hitherto has been a sure thing. In my own district, for example, the anti-suburbanite party would never nominate a candidate, and if one should nominate himself they would abstain from voting for him, because a vote given to him would have no chance of doing any good, whereas a vote not voted would have some chance of defeating the suburbanite. They would abstain, but their abstention would be a

deliberate political act, performed with malice aforethought and with a definite hope of results; not in the least like my abstention the other day. And the suburbanite party would have to see to it, first of all, that the register contained no names except those of real living electors (since under this system a dead elector would be counted as abstaining), and second, that all of its supporters were got to the polls, or, if they could n't get to the polls, were represented by a declaration to that effect; for any suburbanite not voting and failing to file a declaration would be voting for the enemy.

My one fear about this proposal, which has other advantages too numerous to mention, is that it is too good, too simple, and too sensible, to have any chance of being adopted. Yet it has one enormous advantage, which should commend it to many in these hard-up days. Colonel Bogey would never draw any sessional indemnity or salary or whatever you like to call it. He would never make any long speeches, to take up the time of the legislature and to be spread at great expense upon the record. He would never filibuster. He would never be unseated for corruption. (I do not go so far as to say that he could never be corrupt, for there is no doubt that voters might be bribed to refrain from voting by the heelers of a party which knew that it could not win the seat but hoped to prevent the other party from winning it.) He would never logroll for tariff items or local expenditures. He would never bolt his party or threaten to bolt his party. He would never —

But the more I think of him the more I am convinced that he is the ideal representative, and the only danger is that all the electoral districts in the country would elect him. And that, I freely admit, is another problem.

Meanwhile, a voter is more and more coming to be a person who does not vote.

B. K. SANDWELL

FOOTFALL AND FOOTPRINT

POETRY, which celebrates the human eye, lip, cheek, and even the hand, rather slights the foot, the weight-bearing and earth-touching part of the ambitious human frame. Sculpture and painting, in forgetting its uses, may reveal its beauty, but it may count itself lucky if it win a stanza, a line, or even a phrase from unobservant poetry. Poetry, itself all rhythm, will look at that plodding wayfarer only when the foot, forgetting labor, becomes itself rhythmical, and acquires in the dance the half-touching interest of a peasant on a holiday.

Yet the walk of man is itself a thing fit to ensnare the imagination. It is an interplay in which each foot is by turns anchor and propeller, in which each lifts and lowers itself as if to show alternately man's bondage to the earth and his fealty to the air. But it is not of the walk itself that I care now to speak, but of two of its minor consequences which have always greatly moved the souls of poets. Sometimes, when the foot strikes the earth, there is a sound, and sometimes, when the foot leaves the earth, there is a print. These are effects of the step. The sound is the proclamation of the step, and the print is its record. Neither of these is inseparable from the movement: the step must fall on a hard surface to beget a sound, and on a soft, though not a fluid, surface to bequeath a print. All the words that convey these meanings are among the most beautiful and touching in the language — footstep, footmark, footprint, footfall; whereas the other compounds of the word 'foot' — footgear, footnote, football, footstove — are, like the foot itself, prosaic; we might even say *pedestrian*. It is an amusing fact that, though the spring of Aganippe came from the foot of Pegasus, the only unpoetical poetical thing about poetry is its feet.

The foot of the unshod animal is padded and soundless, lest he rouse his enemy or warn his prey; but the foot of man, grown anxious, and fearing the thorn or the flint or the snow or even the water, has found a sheath for itself, and on the street, which his hand has paved with stones, his foot, which he has cased in leather, makes a noise. The sound is the trace in the air; the print is the trace on the earth. The sound vanishes instantly, and, since what is hard cannot take and what is soft cannot keep,

the print, too, is speedily effaced. But the mark in the sand will wait for the next breaker, the mark in the snow for the next noontide or the next snowfall before its fleeting record is expunged. Sometimes the soft printed surface becomes hard, and then one cycle may read another cycle's footprint in a beast's or bird's.

A footprint may be the sign of danger (we all remember Crusoe), the token of death, the seal of crime. Lucy Gray's parents tracked her footmarks into the middle of the plank across the stream, 'and further there were none!' A man's shoeprint in a lonely spot may be the first loop in a coil of rope that is to tighten with destructive certainty about his throat. The little hollow which his foot makes may scoop out a pit which shall gape for the entire body. The slayer puts his foot into a pool of blood, and puts the blood-marked foot into a drift of snow. The red blood leaves its mark on the white snow. The earth turns and the hours glide, and morning brings a torch by which the red script on the white scroll may be deciphered.

In lonely and empty places the sound of steps is sombrely enlarged, and silence drinks it in as a dry ground laps moisture. On paved ways at midnight, in the corridors of a deserted building, the foot has, as it were, secret understandings and whispered converse with the conspiring stones. Lie awake at night, and hear the tread of a man on the pavement underneath the open window. The sound begins, waxes, culminates, declines, ceases; the curve is the sad curve of life itself. The spell of these measured and divided sounds has bound you for ten seconds to a being of your race to whom you are, and shall be, nothing, whose name you may never know, and whose face you may never see.

The impressiveness of the fact of presence is often heightened when that presence is stripped of all the leafage of individuality, and reduced to an edge-like narrowness of vivid symbol. Reduce the ocean to a gray line, reduce the mountain to a white vertex, and its mere being, its *Adsum*, if I may so call it, is somehow reënforced. The man himself in his concrete person hardly testifies to his own presence so powerfully as those two august witnesses, the air with its passing outcry, 'He is here,' and the earth with its soundless record, 'There he was.' These are more than documents; they are spells: they teach us that the plodding foot is a magician.

O. W. Firkins

In Praise of Skeptics

A. Edward Newton has said that his bump of credulity is a depression. He never said anything more to his credit. Would that more men could advance a phrenological boast as praiseworthy! I say this in the full knowledge that a skeptic is usually regarded with suspicion and disapproval. The skeptic passes for a sour fellow, whose character is wizened and mean, and whose blood is largely bile. He is a misanthrope, a hater of his kind. At best, he possesses a fastidious mind, always pursuing delicate distinctions, withholding himself from the generous ardor of belief, and insisting upon barren and unattainable proofs for assumptions employed without thought by ordinary men in happily unconscious practice. The world distrusts and dislikes a skeptic, or at least that atrabilious and discouraging portrait which it accepts as the true visage of the doubter.

I venture to oppose this general opinion, and to incur whatever danger it may be

> To differ from the kindly race of men.

I wish to represent the skeptic as the lover and benefactor of his fellows, not as a misanthrope, but as a philanthropist, as Socrates defines a philanthropist in Santayana's exquisite *Dialogues in Limbo*. The philanthropist there pictured does not go about erecting colleges and hospitals, establishing foundations and endowments with funds that read like the calculations of astronomers or geologists. He is not photographed on his birthdays for the Sunday supplements of the newspapers, nor does he issue authoritative pronouncements on the aberrations of the stock market. Not what he does, but what he is, makes him of value. He is a lover of the ideal good of mankind, that good which, if it were rightly discerned, would be known for the true good.

From a thousand pulpits and rostrums

goes forth the call for greater faith. It would be more moral and more salutary to ask for more widespread doubt. Tennyson wrote: —

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The words are pleasantly liberal, but faith in doubt remains a paradox that could only be explained by other and further words. Perhaps the true emphasis falls on the word 'honest,' and the poet should have told us that there is more honesty in conscientious doubt than in most fervent adherence to creeds. A judge in North Carolina recently allowed testimony regarding the religious beliefs of a witness on the ground that she might be considered less likely to tell the truth if she did not believe in future reward and punishment. The integrity of the race certainly faces a gloomy prospect if it must depend upon this or upon any metaphysical doctrine. Integrity has its station in the immediate sphere of human character and action. It is at home there, or nowhere in the universe. One cannot doubt with any pains or penetration without a degree of intellectual responsibility of which most believers seem to feel themselves relieved. Forgiveness and salvation are always the promised rewards of the believer; there is balm in Gilead for a lie. A man who takes the trouble to doubt is inherently at least as apt to tell the truth upon his oath as a man who accepts the usual affirmations about the universe.

The world needs skeptics, not believers. Of the latter it has always had plenty, yet civilization has moved grandly from one wreck to another. Perhaps a great part of man's inhumanity to man has been caused by doubt; but I am sure that a much greater part has been caused by faith. What we believe in we impose upon our neighbors; usually to their annoyance, and often to their serious hurt. What we doubt has a much better chance of remaining our own concern. A feeling that sometimes besets a conscientious teacher is the fear, not that his words may have been of no effect, but that he may actually have influenced some shy and susceptible pupil without knowing it. How can he be sure that his faith is adequate to the situations his charges will meet? Perhaps they will take him at his word, and find that the belief he innocently held up to them as enlightened and wise leads actually to disaster. We believe in a theology, and at once suspicion and hostility are visited upon men of a different persuasion. We believe in nationalism, and the world must pay the price in war. We believe in a moral code, and those who have amiably sinned or who are born to different virtues are sacrificed on the altar of our conviction.

Too many people believe in art, in stocks and bonds, in the newspapers, in education, in patent medicines, in free thought, in science, in astrology, in advertising, in the host of faiths that daily keep the world grinding on without regard for humane feeling, common sense, or the fellowship of minds set free from the heavy onus of solemn and thoughtless faith. I am not saying that no one should believe in these things, or that such beliefs are without foundation. I am saying that too many people believe, and too easily. It is a certain proportion for which I contend. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and society would be poor indeed without examples of ardent and high-minded belief. It is always poor in this respect, as in all things excellent. Very few beliefs are ardent and high-minded; fewer still are well thought out or honestly and candidly adopted. The great need of the present is for more examples of conscientious and courageous skepticism, lest the vulgar, selfish, pragmatic, and cowardly credulity of the greater part of the world produce more instances of oppression, cruelty, and ignorance triumphing over knowledge and wisdom.

If a list were drawn up of all the objects of men's faith, it would include everything which can possibly invite belief, and a good many things that positively repel it. The standard of general belief is deplorably low and undiscriminating. If faith is such a privilege as the church represents it to be, one might expect the clergy to attempt to purge it of some of its grosser adulterations, and raise it to a more refined level. A want of candor and decent self-respect in the beliefs to which people even of high responsible station are continually inviting adherence would be evident to the most myopic eye that stopped to look for once without

the distorting influence of preconception and stupid training. It would be evident to a child, and indeed usually is. But a child, having no experience to advance against his elders, and (more subtle danger) being endowed with a keen imitative sense of social values and distinctions, is reduced to the miserable lot of accepting adult misrepresentations as truth, so that experience, when it does come, is colored and determined in advance, and seems anything but what it actually is. It is much easier to learn from books or tribal tradition than from experience. Indeed these forces determine largely what experience is to be. The corruption of faith begins very early in life. The imaginative fables and pretenses to which a child naturally and innocently turns are discouraged as false in favor of the anything but disinterested metaphysics of the adult. Most adult beliefs could not possibly be taken seriously by anyone if the child's elders did not soon begin enforcing the duty, supported by all the persuasions of reward and punishment, of being blind when it would be just as easy to see.

Perhaps now it will begin to be evident how the skeptic can be a philanthropist, a lover of the true good of mankind. In him the imposed machinery of belief, the system of enforced convictions received from society and education, have broken down. He has divinely escaped the tragic inoculation. Having the patience to doubt, he can also have the insight to see what mankind might have been if they had set out untrammeled to build themselves tentative beliefs, guided by imagination and tolerance. The beliefs that we hold loosely are generally preferable to those which we surround with the insulation of sacredness, or which we hold with unthinking vehemence. It is fanaticism, writes Santayana, to redouble your efforts when you have forgotten your aim. The skeptic does not so easily forget his aim. He spends his energy, not in laying about him with a flail on some behalf the reason for which he has lost in the heat of the fray, but in working wisely and patiently toward a goal which he strives ever more clearly to define. He holds himself, also, subject at all times to conviction of error. Forming his aims in this temper, he is more likely to select them wisely, to judge their adaptability to human change and development with better understanding, and to abandon them if they prove to have been misconceived, or if the mutations of the human lot leave them, like the salt-encrusted ribs of wrecked vessels, on the waste sands beyond the edge of the living tide.

If we had more skeptics and fewer believers, it is fair to think that we should have peace for war, urbanity for intolerance, kindness for cruelty, — is not some belief or pretended belief usually the pretext for a cruel act? — and humor for fanaticism. Let us hope that many more bumps of credulity will be transformed into depressions. What a deal of pious frauds, cheatings, deceptions, angry inflammations, ignorant persistence in bad causes, all that may truly be called inhumane, will be done away with if that happy consummation comes to pass!

THEODORE MORRISON

TALE OF A GRANDFATHER

I HAVE been thrown a good deal with a baby lately, and flatter myself that we have become intimate, and even that she enjoys my society. At any rate, she protests vigorously when nurse, mother, or some other interfering third party comes to take her away for bath, bed — the disciplined routine of life.

She knows that with me there is to be no welfare work, no uplift. It is all plain sailing.

Our time is short and we get down at once to the business of happiness. Would this be amusing? No! All right — something else, then. How about this? First-rate! You really do make surprisingly good suggestions! And in a moment we are hard at it.

We are not constrained by any burdensome idea, however, that when we have chosen a diversion we must stick to it through thick and thin. Not at all. The instant before it becomes a bore we switch to something else.

We know that drinking imaginary tea from tiny cups will begin to pall if indulged in too long. There are plenty of alterna-

tives: the study of pictures, shopping expeditions, or, if we feel energetic, strenuous construction work — erecting lofty towers, for example.

In this way we avoid ruts and keep ourselves from becoming stale. We are just as keen at the end of our hour, when the before-mentioned intrusion of authority arrives to spoil everything, as we were in the first joyful moment of being left by ourselves.

Of course we realize that life is n't all beer and skittles. We can be serious enough when we like. When it suits us to be so, we become serious without any fuss or awkwardness. Possibly we exchange ideas sedately, but generally we prefer to relax in mere thought. This does not necessarily involve complete idleness. On such occasions the baby is likely to be sitting on the wide sofa before the fireplace, inserting colored pegs in a square board. I am in my big chair facing her at a convenient angle. Every now and then she pauses in her work and looks over at me inquiringly. I nod, she nods back, and thereupon the work is resumed and the meditation goes on.

We are very forthright and outspoken with each other. That, I suppose, is because we meet on a basis of complete equality. She knows that I will do instantly anything she wants; I know that she will do instantly anything I want (because I could n't possibly want anything except her presence) — hence a sense of fair play and complete confidence all round.

My family and friends, so everyone says, are charming people, and I think so myself. They do the best they know how to be entertaining. It is pathetic, though, how uninteresting these good folks are — I mean, compared with the baby. They seem to think you have to get all worked up about trivialities: business, politics, literature, sport — that sort of thing. Moreover, I never know what is actually going on in the back of their minds. They say so and so; but what do they really think? I don't know. Probably they don't know themselves.

I am never puzzled about what goes on in the back of the baby's mind. There is no back of her mind. Anything she thinks comes out before it has been sullied by being brooded over. Moreover, she wastes no time figuring out how her present attitude is going to affect her future. Consequently, there are no mental reservations in her dealings.

It is a pleasure — I mean a purely selfish pleasure — to make anyone happy. It is a hard job, though, to make a grown person happy; so hard that I am afraid I gave up trying years ago. All you have to do to make a baby happy is to smile and speak kindly. And for reward you receive, and without any waiting about, a spontaneous and understanding sympathy such as all older people have long ago forgotten how to proffer, and most of them to feel.

Another pleasant thing: you can wear your heart on your sleeve with a baby. In fact, she expects it. Her own is defenselessly exposed, so why not yours? She won't think any the worse of you for giving yourself away.

All these things are obvious and superficial. If you are a close observer, however, a baby can lead you pretty deep into the mystery of life. Until she is, say, three years old, nothing is plainer than that a baby is the mere conduit of a message from another world. There is something speaking in her which you don't know anything about. It can only be God Himself taking a hand until such time as He may retire and allow the new life to go on without His direct intervention.

Wordsworth, of course, has said this; but not nearly so simply and clearly as a baby says it.

This particular baby I have been talking about looks like an angel. It really would be absurd for a baby to look like anything else.

ROBERT L. RAYMOND